Sept. 12, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

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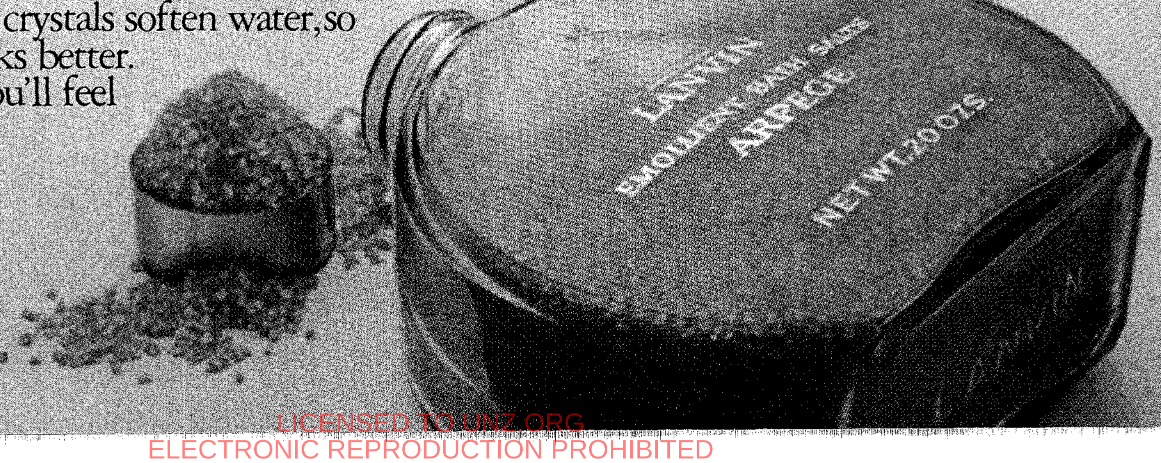

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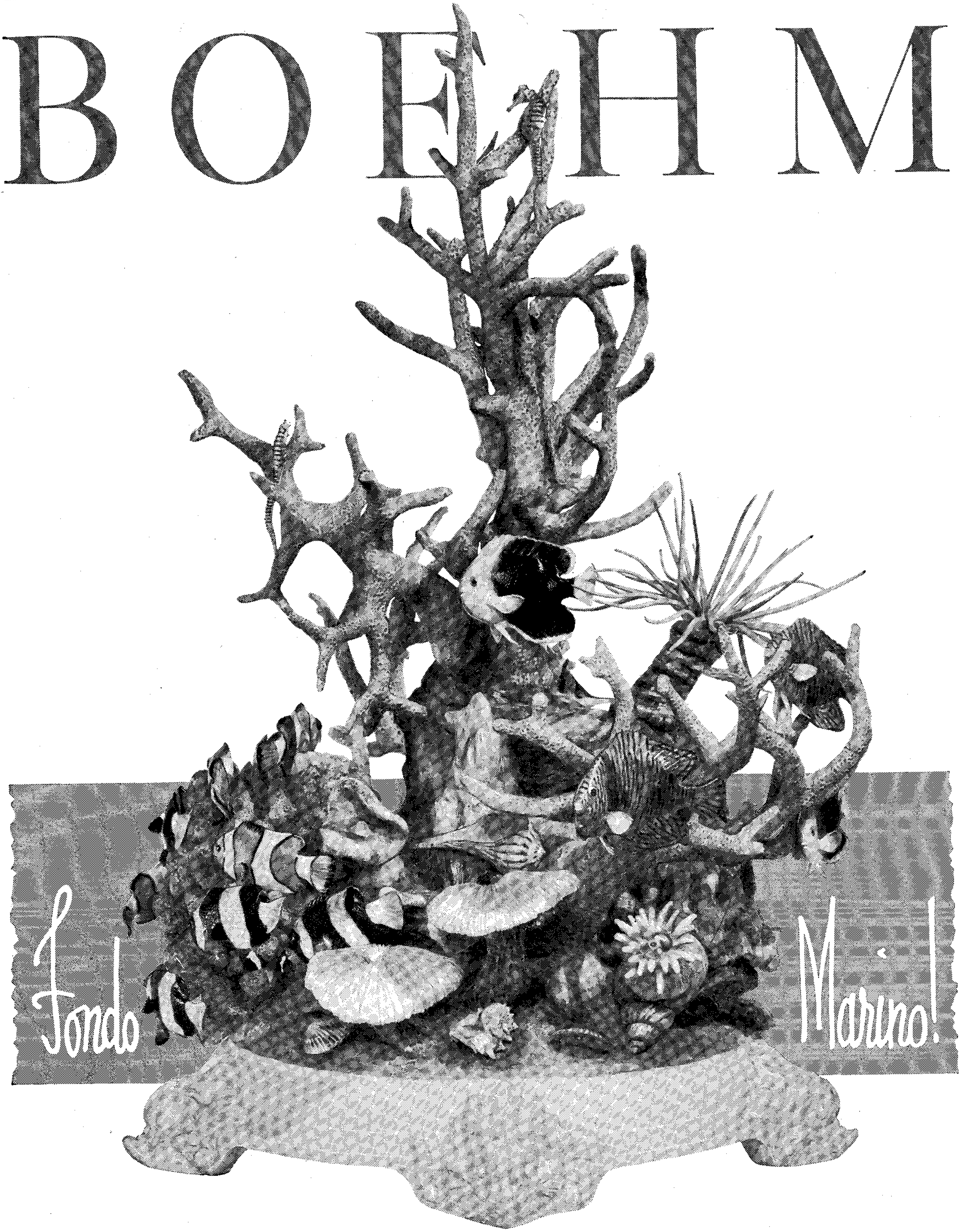

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and James Earl Jones are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cage—The horrors and brutality of prison life, as portrayed by six actors, all of them ex-convicts, including the play's author, Rick Cluchey. The situation depicted is indeed dreadful, but the play could be a lot better. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Child's Play—Robert Marasco's spooky play about how pedagogy corrupts and absolute pedagogy corrupts absolutely. With brilliant performances by Pat Hingle, Fritz Weaver, and Ken Howard. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most predictable" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Othello—A two-week engagement of the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre's production, with Moses Gunn in the title role. Staged by Michael Kahn. Opens Monday, Sept. 14, and will run through Saturday, Sept. 26. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Steambath—Purgatory is a steam bath, and God is a Puerto Rican attendant there. This comedy, by Bruce Jay Friedman, is not entirely successful, but it is much funnier than many tidier shows. Hector Elizondo is delightful as God, and Conrad Bain and Anthony Perkins, who also directed, are very good, too. Splendid setting by David Mitchell. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Keir Dullea, Kathleen Miller, and Eileen Heckart. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **FORTY CARATS:** Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, this trifle offers an occasion for Zsa Zsa Gabor, Tom Poston, and a number of other actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Applause—A rousing, tireless, immensely skillful retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Coco—Danielle Darrieux in a musical by Alan Jay Lerner and André Previn about the great Gabrielle Chanel of Paris, with sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—A marvellous cast, headed by Larry Kert, Susan Browning, and Elaine Stritch, in a fresh and funny show. George Furth did the excellent book, and Stephen Sondheim did the equally attractive music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Bat—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one of the most original, charming shows in

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 31
"THE BED" . . . . *Arturo Vivante* 37
"FOUR POEMS" . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 40
"AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT" . . . . *Sylvia Townsend Warner* 42
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 67
REFLECTIONS (CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE) . . . . *Hannah Arendt* 70
"IRISH SKETCHES" . . . . *John McCarten* 109
A REPORTER AT LARGE (MOROCCO—III) . . . . *Jane Kramer* 112
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 150
BOOKS . . . . *W. H. Auden* 153
  BRIEFLY NOTED 159

COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

DRAWINGS: *Barney Tobey, Lee Lorenz, Charles Saxon, Robert Day, Mischa Richter, Frank Modell, Ed Fisher, Donald Reilly, Edward Koren, William O'Brian, James Stevenson, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Warren Miller, William Steig, J. B. Handelsman*

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MEN'S FASHIONS AND JEWELS–CARLO PALAZZI FOR JAEGER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

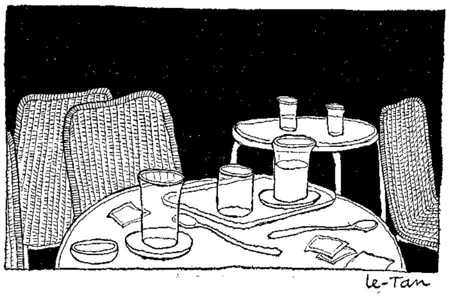
town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words of Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Purlie—An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious," grown too big for its hand-me-down breeches. With Cleavon Little and Melba Moore, who are very good. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** *Buck Mulligan sat down in a* sudden pet. —What sort of a kip is this? he said. I told her to come after eight. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —We can drink it black, Stephen said. There's a lemon in the locker. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** —O, damn you and your Paris fads, Buck Mulligan said. I want Sandycove milk. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Charles West plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. West at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and



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13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Gary Visconti, Marei Langenbein, and Anna Galmarini. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30, and Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 13.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Not for comfort-seekers, only for those who dig entertainment of a contemporary sort. Singer-composer Randy Newman shares the stand with a rock group called the Chapins. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Gregariousness is evident in this wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from eleven to three. Joe Beck's agile guitar is accompanied by Tony Levin's bass. Dinner is served until one.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight, mirrors, brick walls—a place of beauty is a joy for an evening. A kind of homespun jazz from eleven to one on piano and electrified bass and guitar. A distinctive menu. No live music Sundays.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Way West, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers music from the instrument it is named for, along with cooking from the Old Kentucky (or Georgia or Mississippi) Home. Attila Zoller will lead a guitar-and-bass duo through Saturday, Sept. 12. The next day, Skeeter Best will do similarly. Beginning Wednesday, Sept. 16, the capable Jim Hall will be assisted by a cellist named Sezuki. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The history of jazz is immanent in this club, where innovation tends to rest on strong foundations. The reliable Zoot Sims quartet will be onstage through Sunday, Sept. 13. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old hangout, a dependable haven for traditional jazz. The musicians, most of the time, are Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi, and they carry on from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Nostalgia efflorescent. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ersatz museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel peachy. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Some fast and explosive stuff from drummer Roy Haynes' quintet, which he has named his Hip Ensemble. On Tuesday, Sept. 15, one of the finest young guitarists around, Larry Coryell, will bring in his quintet. The atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, and so are the environs, but if the music beckons, you might as well enjoy it. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, Charles Mingus's trio plays for cocktails and dining, and the Mingus sound is a true sound. On Wednesday, Sept. 16, Junior Mance's competent trio will relieve C.M.'s. On Mondays, the regulars are off and new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs, rock is the shape of things. Swinging sounds—and dancing—from ten Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 9-10, J. F. Murphy and Free Flowing Salt; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, Jake and the Family Jewels; Sunday, Sept. 13, Children of All Ages; Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 15-19, Redeye and Freehand. A different spirit on Mondays, when Symphony Sid brings in Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Through Monday, Sept. 14, the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, which consists largely of multi-talented studio musicians, will keep the atmosphere heated. The Elvin Jones quartet arrives Tuesday, Sept. 15. Closed Sunday, Sept. 13.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers what is known as soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee Thursdays through Sundays.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant, and the dinners and suppers are near-Lucullan. The crowd, a svelte one, dances to 45s on a little floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

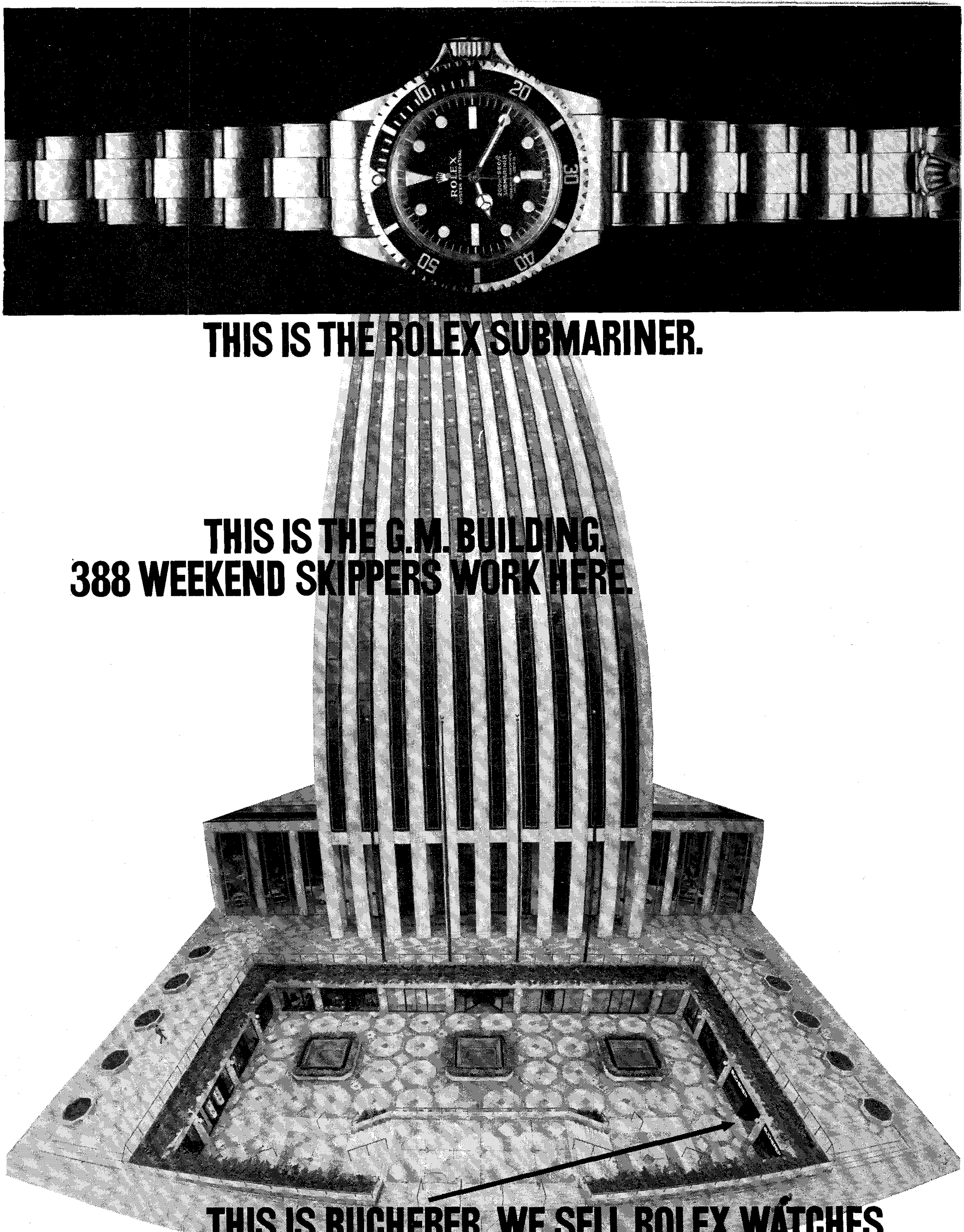
L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Soft carpets, the names of famous Frenchmen etched on glass, and a relatively timeless atmosphere. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort. Dancing to discs from eleven until three or four, but only on Fridays and Saturdays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Assiduously scoring points in the Fairest-of-Them-All stakes, as is usual in the world of the discothèque. Frills and furbelows have an Anglo-Indian look. Dinners are ornate, and crowds dance to records over a good sound system. Reservations are required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Small, intimate enough for the collegiate crowd that comes here, and musically subdued (records only). Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Looking out the fifteenth-floor windows, you can see all manner of neon signs flashing, pulsing, and gleaming in the heart of the second biggest city in the world. The interior is all right, too. Dancing to music, both live and recorded, Mondays through Fridays from ten to three. Light suppers are served. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (752-4365)—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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A restaurant called the Penthouse Club by day, a discothèque by night. People dance to strong records from ten until three or four. Dinners are available, and the view of the Park is fine. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—This ornate room—which reopens Friday, Sept. 11—would have been a wow some forty-five years ago, during all the Tutankhamen bother. As it is, the place is loud, active, and sphinx-filled. Three times a night, some polished and generally unexceptional entertainers do things. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—Can be compared to a quaint old village street, with shops, lampposts, tables, and people sitting or strolling about. Not bad, if quaint old village streets are your bag. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Will reopen Thursday, Sept. 10, with Dave Little's jazz-rock trio alternating with records. Wheels on the doors, wheels on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, heavy music. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Hey, Jude, your mother should know the fool on the hill. Yesterday, with a little help from my friends, lovely Rita let it be a day in the life. Michelle? She's leaving home. (Dancing to records from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea on weekends.)

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the foxtrot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Eight until around one on Tuesdays and Fridays; Wednesdays run from six-thirty until midnight; Sundays, Thursdays, and Saturdays begin at two. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): As close as the city can come to a midsummer night's dream, by the light of the silvery moon and/or Con Edison—*en-plein-air* feeding and footing it featly, this last to music that runs from seven-thirty or so until quite late. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren return to their post in the restaurant on Tuesday, Sept. 15. Eight to one or two is their schedule, which does not include Sundays and Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking begins at ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, at eleven the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," the one revue in town, is brightened by fitful gleams of humor, of which it could use more. The cast is brightened to approximately the same degree. On Thursday, Sept. 10, a new edition of the revue will open **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS.** Nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzim, the leader of whom is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Israeli bop, the song is sort of Israeli pop. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home, too. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel,* loud and clear, from six until one. Dance music for all hands. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—The Royal Box reopens on Thursday, Sept. 10, to present Totie Fields, a robust and rambunctious comedienne, during dinner and supper. The Lee Evans band will do the dance music. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Olga Guillot, a one-soprano spectacular, seems—in her declamatory yet dulcet Spanish—to espouse a number of causes, among them Cuba Libra and Women's Libra, for all of which she puts up a mighty good argument. Twice a night, and no dark nights. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Juan Jiminez) and voice (José Sordiall). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Dick Jensen, a well-known Voice of Experience for the young and inexperienced, ends his tour of duty on Wednesday, Sept. 16. Next evening's arrival is B. J. Thomas, one more of the Copa's long list of summer-replacement singers. Everyone works twice a night, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which has that open-all-night Las Vegas feeling, there is Las Vegas lounge music for homesick travellers.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Illustration, a large Canadian contingent, does not play Rock of Ages; its Rock is much more ebullient. The milieu is fair-to-middling ale-and-chophouse. Dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—On Wednesday, Sept. 9, at ten-fifteen, Joey Heatherton will become the centerpiece in the Persian Room. (Thenceforward she will do her carolling at both dinner and supper.) The jaunty bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte are there all evening long. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays), in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At nine the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday and Tuesday nights belong to another fiddler.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Jonah Jones, a saint who comes marching in again and again to his favorite rooftree, has done it once more, at the head of his Mississippi riverboat men. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The canaries who chirruped their way through dinner and supper in the Maisonette have been discontinued (oh, well, the audience never listened), but the dance music is still Right On. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The only change in La Boite this season brings in Ray Hartley, a pianist given to his own special arrangements of our worthier tunes of the day. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Wednesday, Sept. 9, is when the Empire Room comes out of estivation and Diana Ross starts singing at the dinner hour. Thereafter, she will sing during both dinner and supper. The Ted Simon orchestra will provide the dance music. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER, belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Sunlit Gre-

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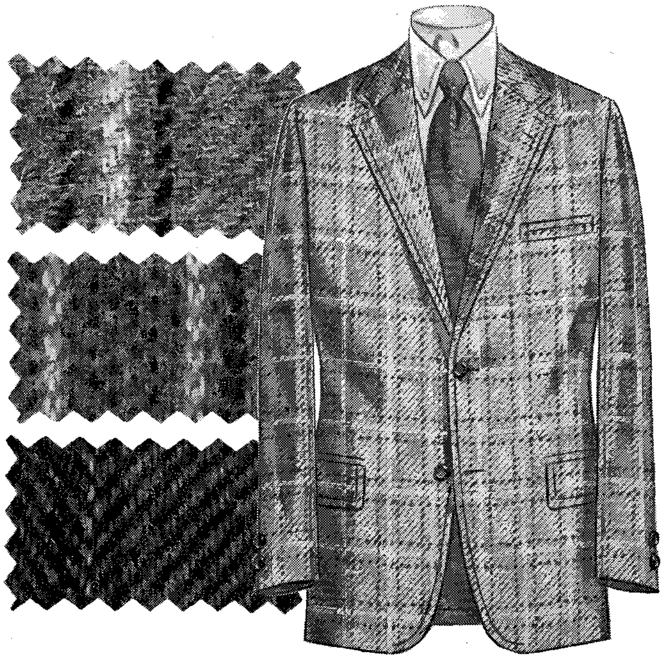

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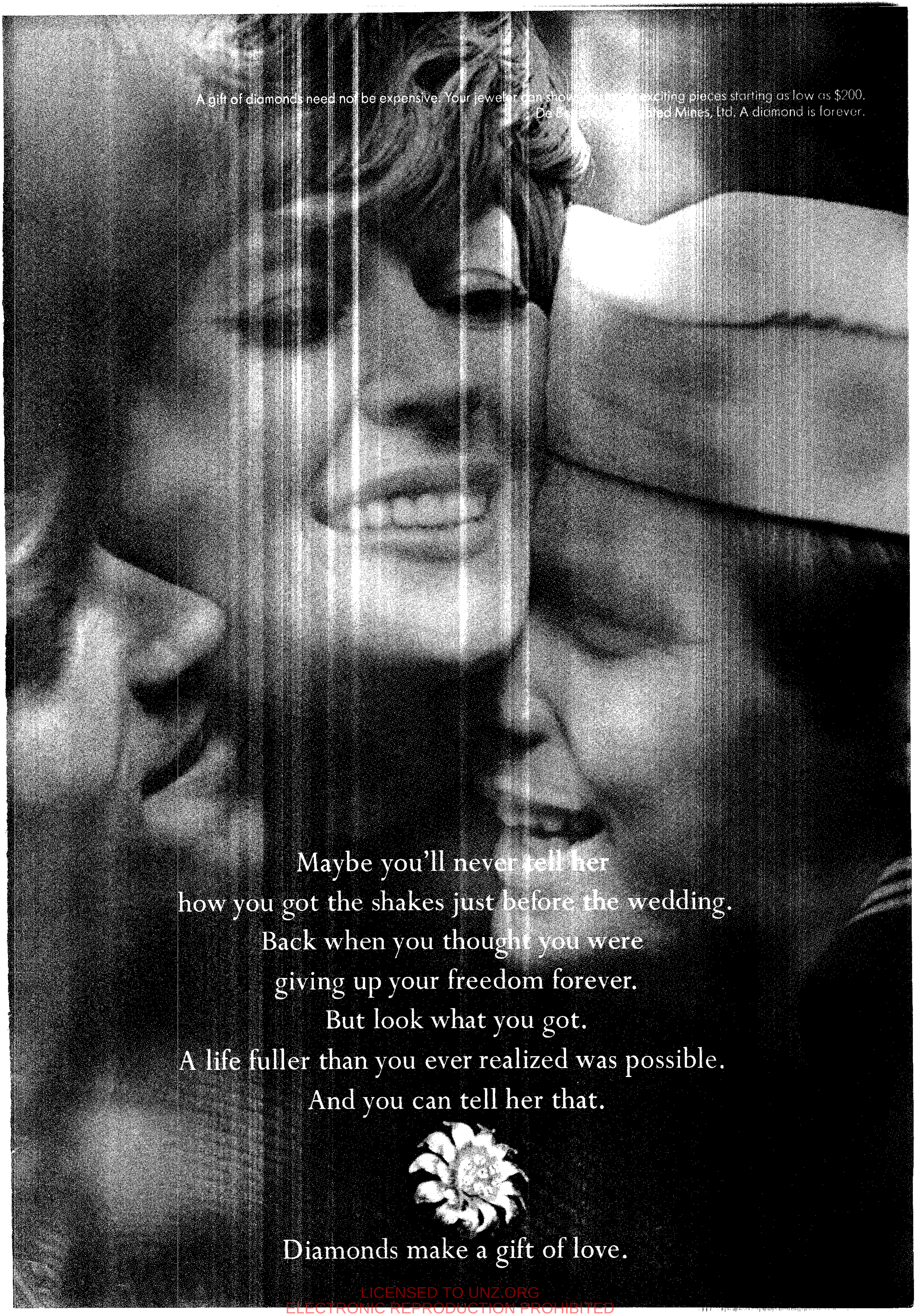
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cian isle, afloat in a sea of assiduous Greek musicians and Greek singers, and surrounded by a *bordure* of unquestionable Greek cuisine. Architectural triumph, and a lively one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Hark, what are the wild sound waves saying? "Hello, Young Lovers" and such from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her troupe, anything between the Seine and the Bosporus from her fiddlers three. Dinner until two, but no Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Strong measures are taken by the young men, equipped with guitar, clapping hands, and voice, who live in the plaza of a country town known to a fair number of off-the-beat Americans. The chef has never been out of the town in his life. Sound from seven-thirty until two, but not on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian mixture as before—Tibor Rakossy for *régisseur,* Béla Babai's band for serenader, and Budapest for remembrance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Reopens on Thursday, Sept. 10. A small world, but a good one of its kind, especially when Bobby Short, fitted out with two sidemen, gets to his piano and his lyrics, which mostly deal with the small world so well exemplified by his locale. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

SIGN OF THE DOVE, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and post-prandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. No nights off. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and knights in armor. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, romantic pianist, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A pretty formal occasion, and a just plain pretty one, too. Tony Gorody, the summertime pianist within, has the use of the piano from eight-thirty until half past one. No sound on Sun-



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PRODUCT OF FRANCE / MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., DEPT. NYI 745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY 10022 days. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): A renaissance—dance tunes once again in a celebrated pleasure dome, and night after night. The course: seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Sundays and Mondays, eight-thirty until a late curfew Tuesdays through Saturdays. Further to brighten this corner: Tony Bujka, violinist, and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, pianist-accordionist, who deploy between five-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Lotus is not on the menu of this duplex chalet, but eaters of it will be at ease in this world unto itself. Perambulating song and guitar every night on the lower deck, and a menu full of other things. Piano on the deck above the cellar, every night but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY (1889-1964)—Portraits, landscapes, and genre paintings; starting Tuesday, Sept. 15. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

BERT CARPENTER—Close-ups of roses in oil; starting Tuesday, Sept. 15. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

STEPHEN JAMES—Works making use of light, the intensity of which is controlled by Duke Ellington recordings; starting Saturday, Sept. 12. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

YASUO KUNIYOSHI (1893-1953)—Characteristic drawings and prints of circus performers, still-lifes, and women; starting Monday, Sept. 14. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

MAX PECHSTEIN (1881-1955)—Oils and watercolors by this German Expressionist; through Sept. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE SEGAL AND ERNEST TROVA—Prints and multiples by these well-known sculptors; starting Tuesday, Sept. 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

PAOLO SOLERI—Models and drawings of visionary architecture; through Saturday, Sept. 12. (Reese Palley Gallery, 93 Prince St.)

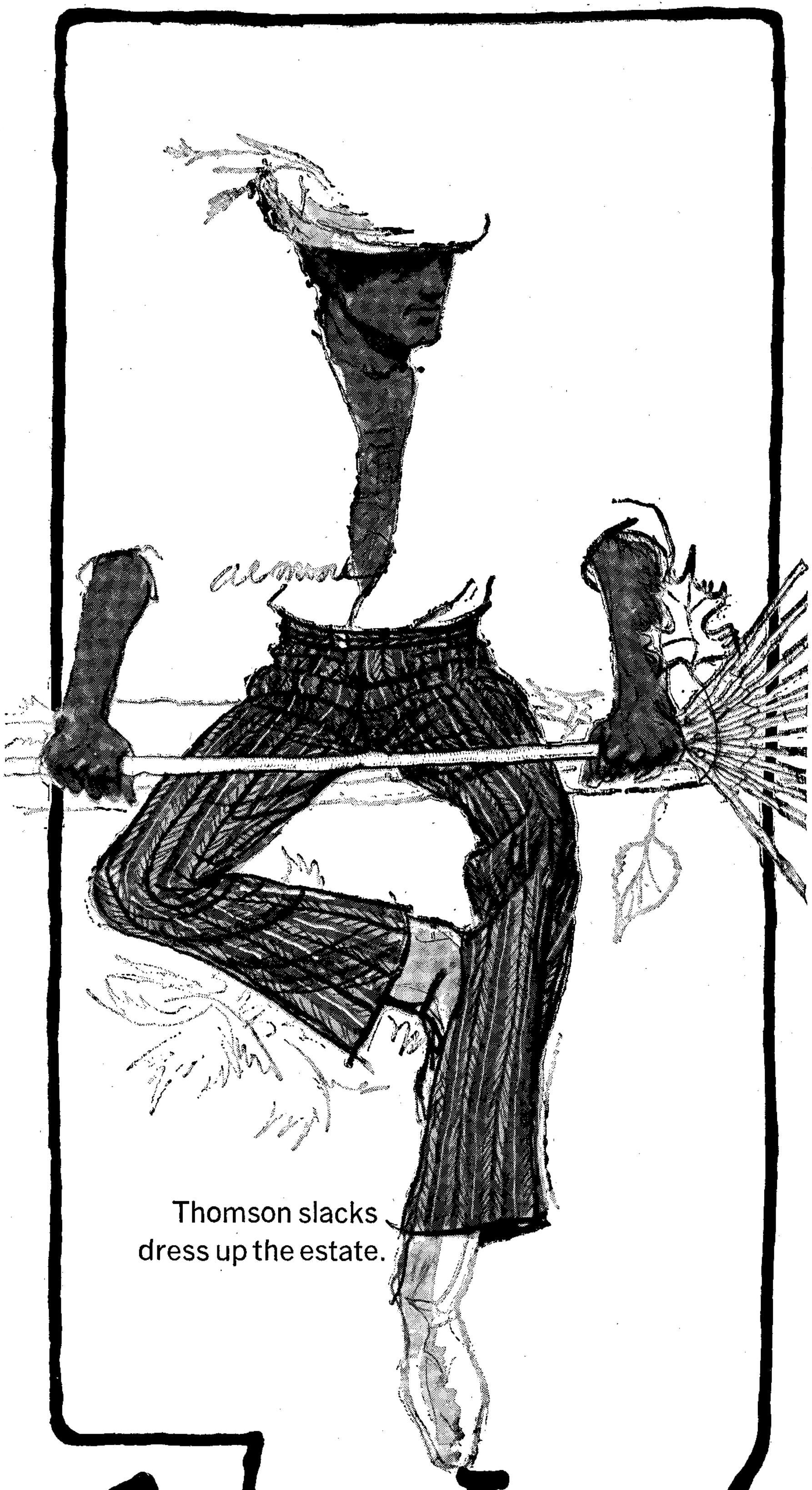
GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by scores of artists—Shahn, Sheeler, Sloan, Avery, Bellows, Dove, Henri, and Marin, to mention a few; through Saturday, Sept. 12. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Fifty Latin-American artists; through Sept. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6.) . . . **FEIGEN,** 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works by nineteen artists, including Breder, Castro-Cid, Ray Johnson, Gerald Laing, and Alphonse Schilling; through Wednesday, Sept. 16. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: New works by gallery artists, among them Bishop, Peirce, Cadmus, Vickery, Rosenthal, and Sepeshy; through Sept. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **TIROCHE,** 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Impressionist and School of Paris artists; through Monday, Sept. 14. (Closed Saturdays.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon to sundown; through Sept. 20.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Photographs depicting the rise of American architecture, 1815-1915; through Oct. 4. Optional contribution for admission. (Weekdays 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-six sculptures and seven works on paper produced by Alexander Archipenko during his Paris period, 1908 to 1921; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Works by about a hundred painters, sculptors, and filmmakers



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from European and Latin-American countries, Canada, Japan, and the United States representing new directions, such as earthworks and conceptual art; through Sept. 20. On Mondays at 3:30 and on Wednesdays at noon, a program of short films is shown in connection with this exhibition. (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.75 will be charged. . . . ¶ Every Thursday at noon, the Museum is showing documentary films that comment on various topics of the day.) . . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., is open free, weekdays, 6 to 10.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth anniversary show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sunday, Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Visionary architecture and city planning exploring possibilities of future living by Paolo Soleri, an Italian-born architect who studied with Frank Lloyd Wright; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Letters, clippings, and objects sent to the artist Ray Johnson in response to designs and other materials he has been forwarding through the mail to prominent members of the art world; through Oct. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The seventeenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and fifty works by artists (among them Al Held, Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Saul Steinberg) from every section of the country; through Sept. 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—French printing, 1470-1510, and primitive French photography; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A hundred and seventy-five objects from Africa, the Americas, and the South Pacific representing birds, beasts, and fantastic creatures; through Sunday, Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Forty drawings by Adolf Hitler of his architectural visions—colossal monuments and stadiums—of the future Germania, his home in Berchtesgaden, and his bunker; plus photographs of Albert Speer's scale models and of events in the Nuremberg stadium; through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Oils, watercolors, drawings, prints, and sculptures covering German Expressionism from 1905-30; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ A hundred color linoleum prints by Picasso, done from 1958 to 1963; through Sept. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Contemporary paintings, prints, textiles, metal sculptures, and reliefs by thirteen artists working in West Africa; through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibition of graphics and films by fifty black artists from the New York area; through Sept. 27. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 17—Monday evening, Sept. 14: "Ernani," with Martina Arroyo, Carlo Bergonzi, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Nedda Casei, Placido Domingo, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, James McCracken, Mario Sereni, William Walker, and Andrea Velis.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 16: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Reri Grist, Rosalind Elias, Pilar Lorengar, Frederica von Stade, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, and Andrea Velis.... ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 17: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Franco Tagliavini, and Ezio Flagello. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 18: "La Traviata," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giacomo Aragall, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 19: "Ernani," with Martina Arroyo, Carlo Bergonzi, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi.... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 19: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Nedda Casei, Placido Domingo, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, James McCracken, Mario Sereni, William Walker, and Andrea Velis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 15—Wednesday, Sept. 9, at 7:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Mary Cross Lueders, Norman Treigle, and Nicholas DiVirgilio.... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 10, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Hale.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 11, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Milena Dal Piva, Johanna Meier, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 12, at 2:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Elaine Bonazzi, Harry Theyard, Dominic Cossa, and Nico Castel.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 12, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Mary Cross Lueders, Norman Treigle, and Nicholas DiVirgilio.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 13, at 1:15: "La Bohème," with Milena Dal Piva, Johanna Meier, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 13, at 7:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Frances Bible, Maralin Niska, Beverly Evans, Michael Devlin, and Malcolm Smith.... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 15, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Milena Dal Piva, Carol Neblett, Enrico DiGiuseppe, David Clatworthy, and Robert Hale.... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Elaine Bonazzi, Harry Theyard, John Darrenkamp, and Nico Castel.... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Mary Cross Lueders, John Stewart, and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 18, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Frances Bible, Johanna Meier, Michael Devlin, and Malcolm Smith.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 19, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Milena Dal Piva, Carol Neblett, Enrico DiGiuseppe, John Darrenkamp, and Robert Hale.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Janet Winburn, John Stewart, and Seymour Schwartzman. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

MISCELLANY

Coldstream Guards and the Black Watch—The massed bands, pipes, drums, and dancers of these two British regiments. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 16-17, at 8, and Friday, Sept. 18, at 8:30.... ¶ Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Sept. 20, at 2 and 5:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

The Byrds and Great Jones—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 11-12, at 8 and 11:30.

Grateful Dead and New Riders of the Purple Sage—Fillmore East. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 17-19, at 10, and Sunday, Sept. 20, at 8.

Rhinoceros—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Sept. 18, at 8:30.

Led Zeppelin—Madison Square Garden, Eighth

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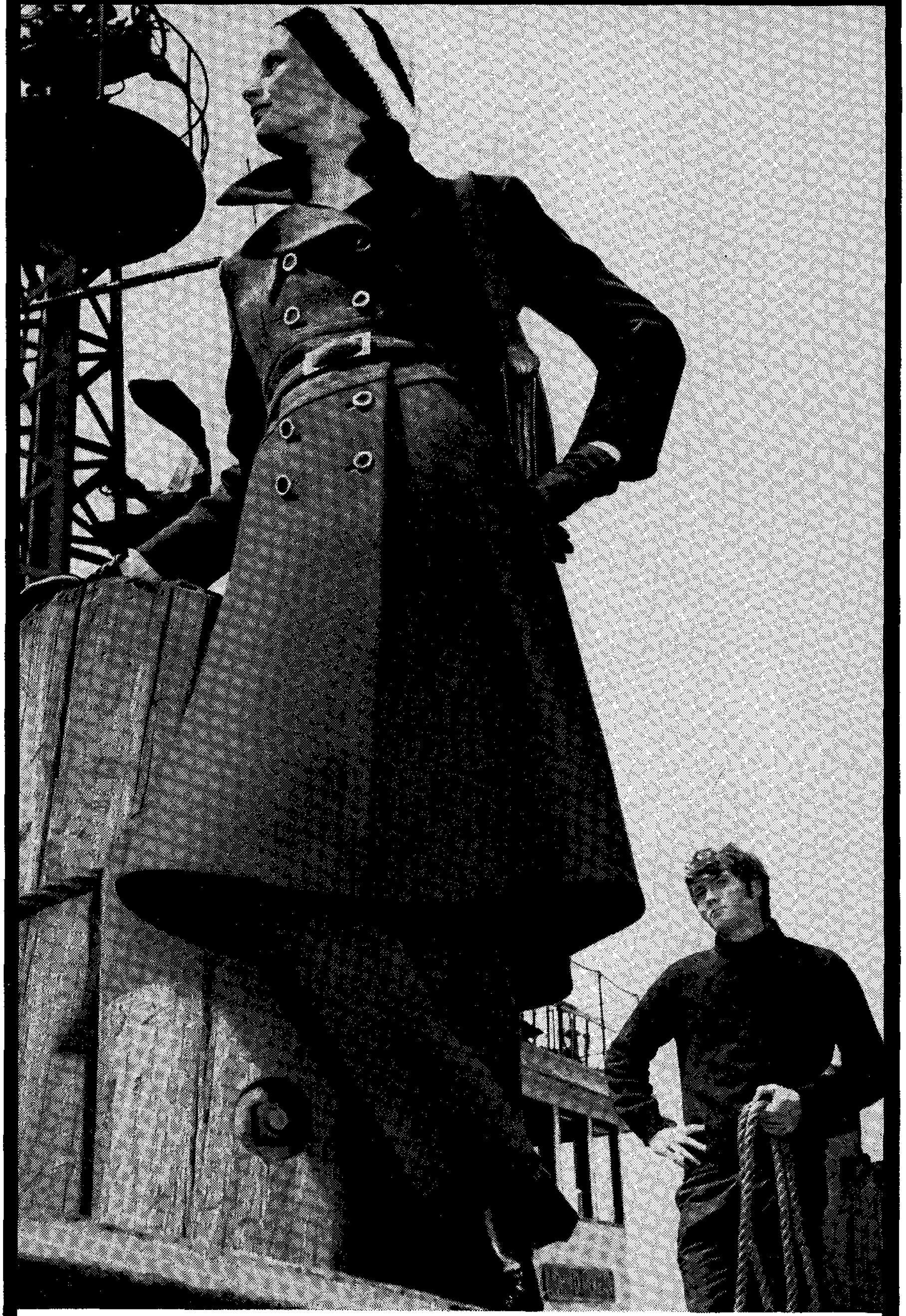

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 19, at 2 and 8.

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Sept. 9, at 5:05 (twi-night doubleheader), and Thursday, Sept. 10, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Sept. 11, at 8:05; Saturday, Sept. 12, at 2:15; and Sunday, Sept. 13, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Sept. 18, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 19, at 2:15. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Boston, Tuesday, Sept. 15, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 8; and Thursday, Sept. 17, at 2.

Boxing—Floyd Patterson vs. Charlie Green, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, Sept. 15. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—**friday, sept. 11:** Southern University vs. North Carolina A. & T. (benefit game), at Yankee Stadium, at 8. . . . **saturday, sept. 12:** Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Colgate, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . **saturday, sept. 19:** Army vs. Baylor, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick, at 1:30.

Professional Football—At Yankee Stadium—Saturday, Sept. 12, at 8: Giants vs. Cleveland Browns (exhibition game). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8: Giants vs. Chicago Bears (first official league game).

Horse Shows—North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 10-13.) . . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 17-20.)

Hunt Racing—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 12, and Saturday, Sept. 19.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **belmont:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 17. The Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 12; the Jerome Handicap, Monday, Sept. 14; the Astarita, Wednesday, Sept. 16; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 19. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 17. The United Nations Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 16. (Buses to the track leave the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:30 and 10:30.)

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 9-12, at noon, and Sunday, Sept. 13, at 1. For information about tickets, call BO 8-2300.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 17.

Yachting—America's Cup races. (Newport. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 15.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—The twenty-fifth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to convene on Tuesday, Sept. 15. In the meantime, there may be meetings of the Security Council and of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in an eleven-day series of international films—At **philharmonic hall** (TR 4-2424). Thursday, Sept. 10, at 9: "L'Enfant Sauvage" (France). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 11, at 9:30: "Five Easy Pieces" (United States). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 12, at 4: "Zorn's Lemma"

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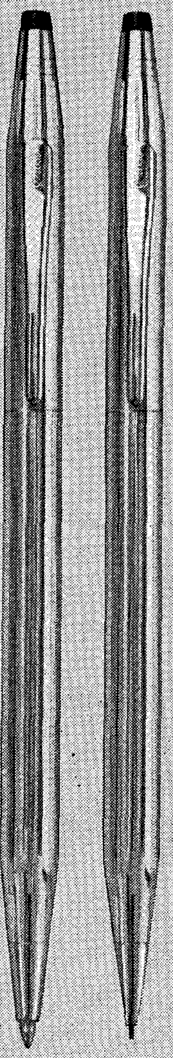

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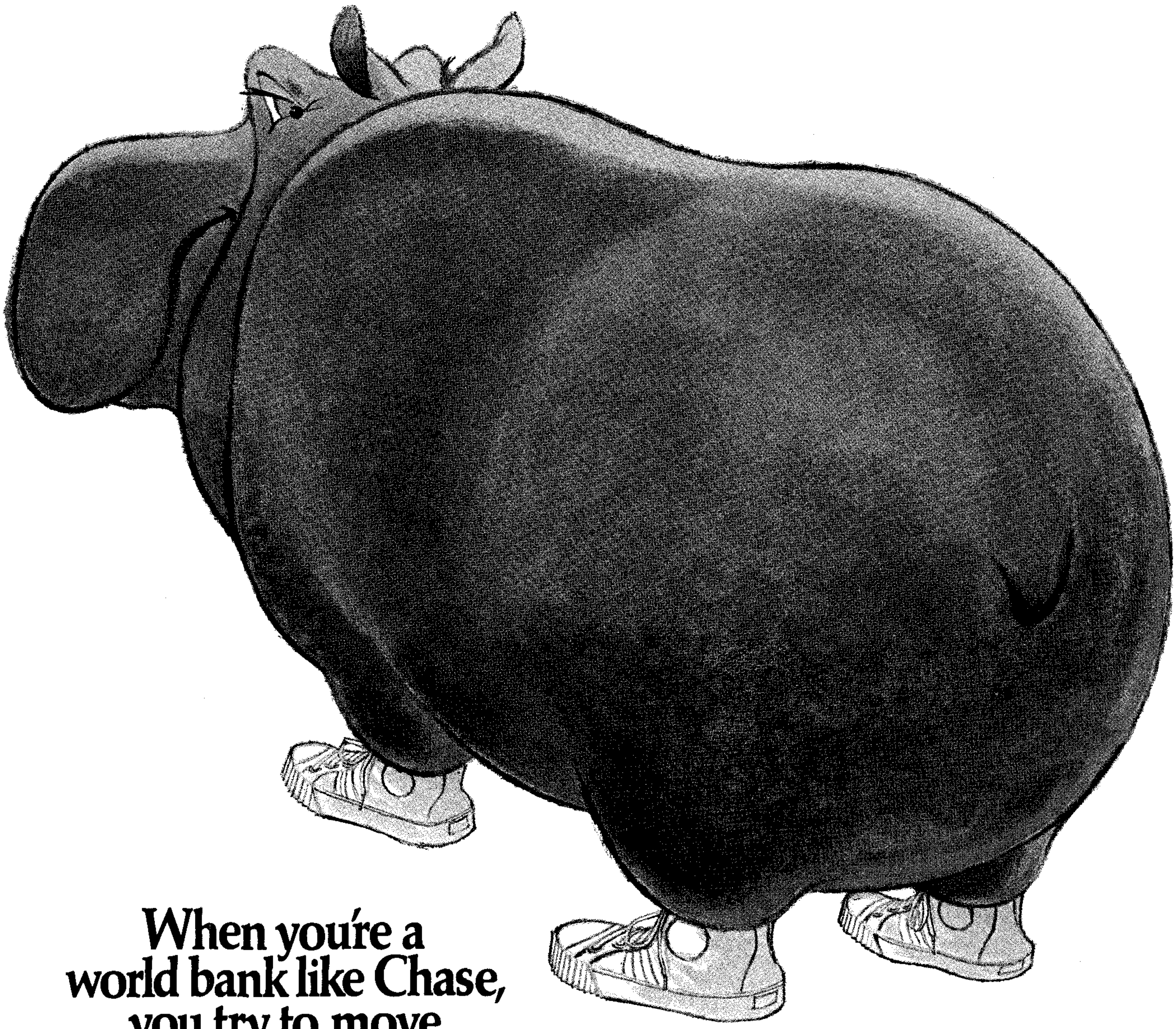

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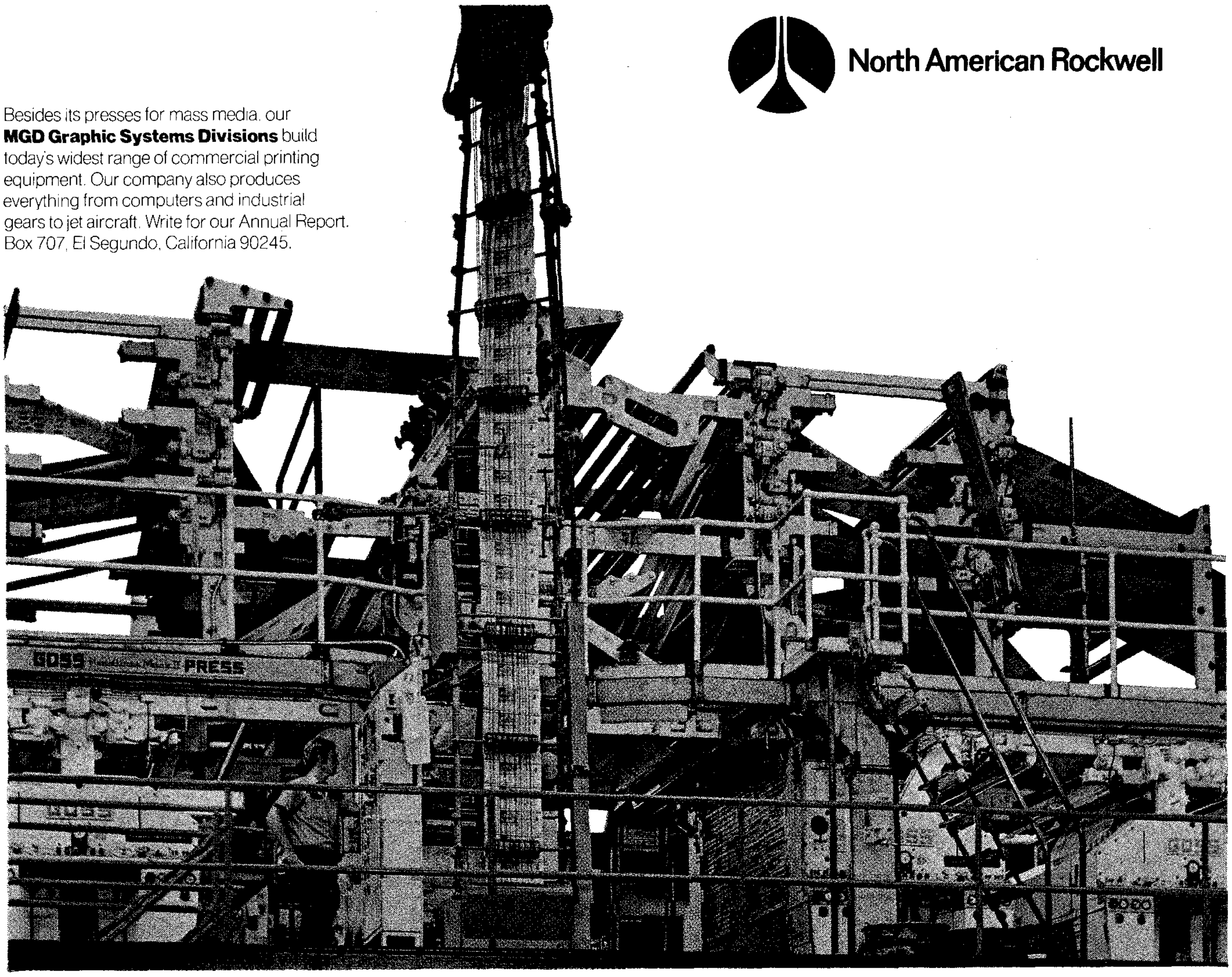

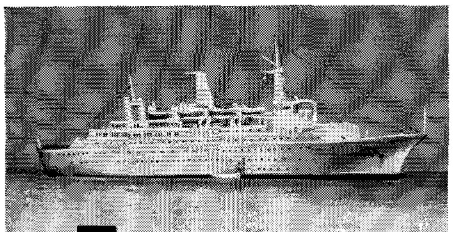

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(United States) and "Double Pisces" (Great Britain)....¶ Saturday, Sept. 12, at 9:30: "Le Boucher" (France/Italy)....¶ Sunday, Sept. 13, at 1:30: "Comrades" (France)....¶ Sunday, Sept. 13, at 9:30: "Kes" (Great Britain)....¶ Monday, Sept. 14, at 6:30: "Street Scenes 1970" (United States)....¶ Monday, Sept. 14, at 9:30: "Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime" (France)....¶ Tuesday, Sept. 15, at 6:30: "The Inheritors" (Brazil)....¶ Tuesday, Sept. 15, at 9:30: "La Musica" (France)....¶ Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 6:30: "Une Simple Histoire" (France, 1959)....¶ Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 9:30: "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (West Germany)....¶ Thursday, Sept. 17, at 6:30: "The Spider's Stratagem" (Italy)....¶ Thursday, Sept. 17, at 9:30: "Harry Munter" (Sweden)....¶ Friday, Sept. 18, at 6:30: "The Garden of Delights" (Spanish)....¶ Friday, Sept. 18, at 9:30: "The Conformist" (Italy/France/West Germany)....¶ Saturday, Sept. 19, at 2: "From Lumière to Langlois: The French Silent Cinema" (France)....¶ Saturday, Sept. 19, at 6:30: "Days and Nights in the Forest" (India)....¶ Saturday, Sept. 19, at 9:30: "Cannibals" (Italy).... **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911). Friday, Sept. 11, at 6:30: "Wind from the East" (Italy/France)....¶ Saturday, Sept. 12, at 6:30: "Othon" (West Germany/Italy)....¶ Sunday, Sept. 13, at 4: "Chikamatzu Monogatari" (Japan, 1954)....¶ Sunday, Sept. 13, at 6:30: "Mistreatment" (Sweden).... **NOTE:** Special films illustrating various cinematographic techniques, styles, and concerns will be shown concurrently with the Festival from Thursday, Sept. 10, through Wednesday, Sept. 30, at the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts (874-4070) and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 25-27, at Alice Tully Hall (362-1911). The schedule is rather complicated, so it would be best to call the box offices for details.

WALKING TOURS—"Brooklyn Heights," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Sept. 13. Meets on the steps of Borough Hall at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

NEW YORK FLEA MARKET—An open-air display of antiques, surrounded by about a hundred dealers. (Sixth Ave. at 25th St. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Ten programs in a series of films directed by George Cukor: Sept. 9 at 2 and 5:30, "Camille" (1937); Sept. 10 at 2 and 5:30, "Romeo and Juliet" (1936); Sept. 10 at 8, "Sylvia Scarlett" (1936); Sept. 11 at 2 and 5:30, "Heller in Pink Tights" (1960); Sept. 12 at 3 and 5:30, "Holiday" (1938); Sept. 13 at 2 and 5:30, "The Women" (1939); Sept. 14 at 1:30, "Holiday" (1938); Sept. 15 at 5:30, "The Women" (1939); Sept. 16 at 2 and 5:30 and Sept. 17 at 2 and 5:30, "Edward, My Son" (1949); Sept. 17 at 8, "The Philadelphia Story" (1940)....¶ Sept. 12 at *11:30: "North Star" (1943), with* Anne Baxter and Walter Huston....¶ Sept. 14 at 6 and Sept. 15 at 2: "Destiny" (1921), a German film, directed by Fritz Lang. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Sept. 9 at 4: "Once a Lady" (1931), with Ruth Chatterton....¶ Sept. 10 at 4 and 6: "The Lady Eve" (1941), with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda....¶ Sept. 11 at 4 and 6: "Night After Night" (1932), with Mae West and George Raft....¶ Sept. 12 at 4 and 6: "Angel" (1937), with Marlene Dietrich and Herbert Marshall....¶ Sept. 13 at 4 and 6: "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935), with Marlene Dietrich....¶ Sept. 16 at 4 and 6: "Dracula's Daughter" (1936), with Otto Kruger and Gloria Holden....¶ Sept. 17 at 4 and 6: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933), with Mae West and Cary Grant. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

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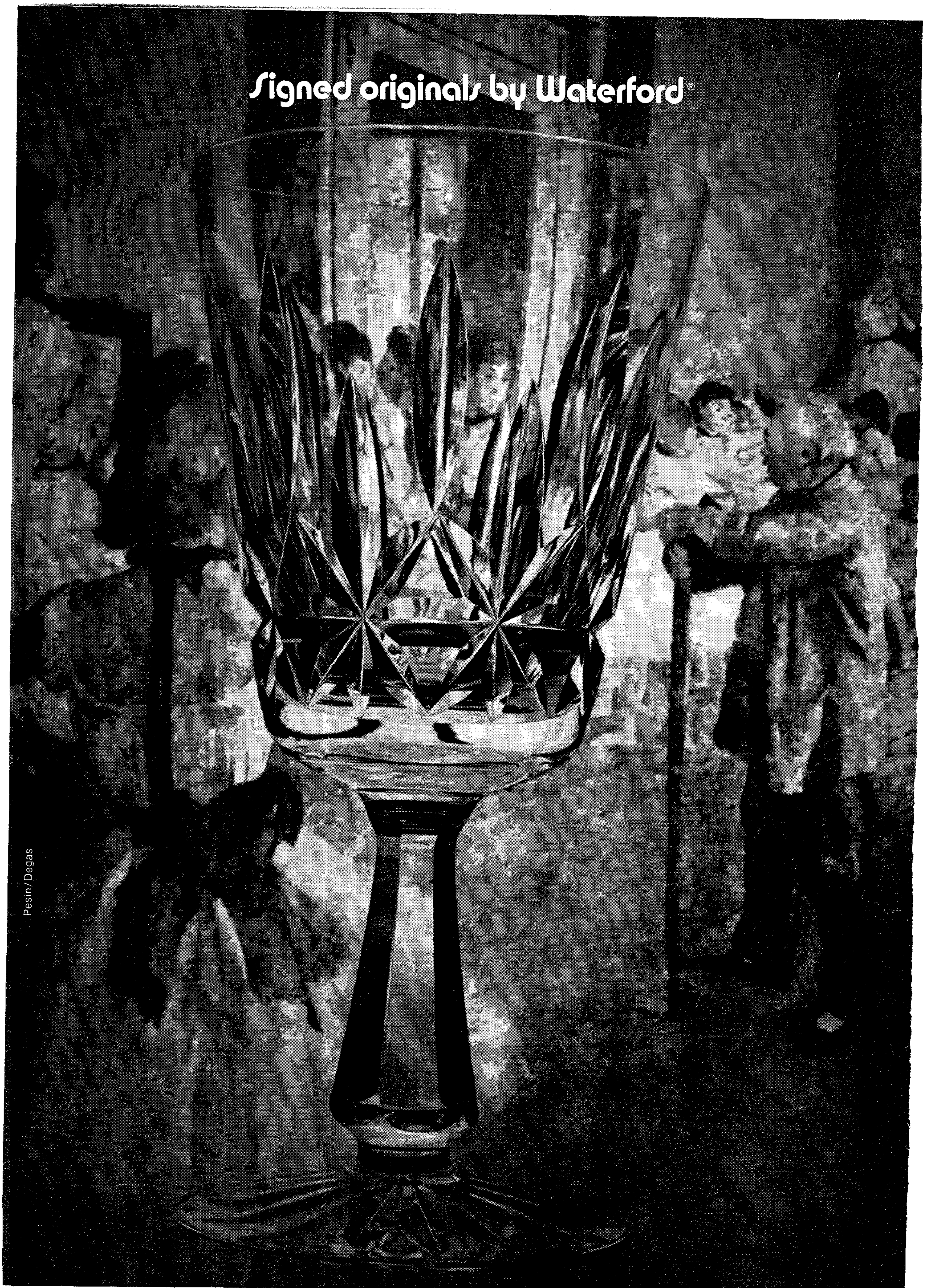
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17		

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction with mixed results. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 17.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beauty. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 9.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 13.)

The Boys in the Band—The message appears to be that the spirit of M-G-M in the forties still lives in the hearts and jokes of homosexuals. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 9.)

Catch-22—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; and Paramount, B'way at 61st, 247-5071.)

Closely Watched Trains (1966)—A Czech tragicomedy, directed by Jiri Menzel, about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 12.)

Devi (1962)—Sharmila Tagore is the young girl who is led to believe she is an incarnation of the goddess Kali in Satyajit Ray's subtle, ironic film about Indian superstitions, which was originally banned from export until Nehru interceded. Ray's feeling for the beauty within the disintegrating way of life of the nineteenth-century land-owning class makes this one of the few honest films ever made about decadence. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 10.)

Downhill Racer (1969)—Some exciting ski footage and a minimal story. With Robert Redford and Gene Hackman. The director, Michael Ritchie, comes up with occasional surprises in this promising début. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 15.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

L'Enfant Sauvage—François Truffaut's new film, set in the late seventeen-nineties, about a doctor, played by Truffaut himself, who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative; Truffaut is a lovable man. In French. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323; starting Sept. 11.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—Joe Orton's clever, funny, professionally outrageous play, filmed by Douglas Hickox, about four English working-class people eking out the appearances of a genteel life in a house that has been made from a deconsecrated chapel. All the while, speaking their mixture of euphemism, crime-reporter's journalese, and pieties desperately lifted from advice columns, the characters are in the middle of acts as violent as any in "The Cenci." Wonderfully performed by Alan Webb, Beryl Reid, Harry Andrews, Peter McEnery. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 15.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Ray Bradbury's story about a future society in which books are forbidden. Filmed in England by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. The performers seem listless and the whole enterprise is a little drab. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 17.)

Fellini Satyricon—The pre-Christian Roman world as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. A tired, oppressive movie, with many freaky people exhibiting their grossness or abnormalities and making faces to tell us they're soulless. In Italian. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

French-Cancan (1954)—Jean Renoir's account of how an impresario (Jean Gabin) builds the Moulin Rouge and revives the long-forgotten cancan. The show-folk charm is rather cloying. With Maria Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edith Piaf. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 10-16.)

Gilda (1946)—The story is turgid, melodramatic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at her most sexy-masochistic, and does that marvellous fully dressed striptease as she sings "Put the Blame on Mame." With Glenn Ford and George Macready. Charles Vidor directed. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 17.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Genevieve Bujold. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 11.)

Hello, Dolly!—A great star (Barbra Streisand) redeems an impersonal big circus of a show. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Henry V (1944)—Laurence Olivier's glorious version of Shakespeare's historical drama. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 14.)

Le Jour Se Lève ("Daybreak;" 1939)—The director, Marcel Carné, and the writer, Jacques Prévert, collaborated on this justly famous film about a decent sort of man (Jean Gabin) who is forced to become a murderer by the masochistic trickery of the man he kills (Jules Berry). Perhaps the finest of the French poetic melodramas. With Arletty and a good score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Sept. 17.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Sept. 17.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 10-14.)

Loving—George Segal gives his best performance yet as a commercial artist who doesn't like his life. An intelligent—often funny—movie, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd, SC 4-6745; through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., 674-3210; Sept. 10-16. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 16.)

Macbeth (1948)—Orson Welles' outrageous but lively version, shot on a shoestring in twenty-three days. With Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 14.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's pretty-pretty movie about pretty-pretty people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in romantic blur and mist. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 13.)

M*A*S*H—The best American war comedy since sound came in. With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Robert Altman. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style smothered his feeling for character, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Oh! What a Lovely War (1969)—A socially significant anti-war musical that is also a big, heavy movie in the pukka-sahib tradition of English moviemaking. Maggie Smith and Laurence Olivier are very funny, but oh, so briefly. With John Mills, John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, Ralph Richardson, various Redgraves, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 15.)

One Plus One—Godard's first English film. The Rolling Stones are rehearsing a song; the fragments of work in progress are interrupted by Godard's particular vision of modern life, full of stammered interviews and push-button incantations about politics and the Pop Art of billboard signs. The film is very fine, subtle, meticulous, with the director's typical way of pitting finely calibrated thoughts against crass images. Also called "Sympathy for the Devil." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 9.)

Orpheus (1949)—Jean Marais as the poet who needs to renew himself, in Jean Cocteau's masterpiece—the most magical of all modern films. With Maria Casarès, François Périer, Edouard Dermithe, and Juliette Greco. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 9.)

Patton—This huge epic was made in a style that might be called imperial; it's very impressive, despite the indications that it was designed to satisfy both war lovers and pacifists. It begs every question that it raises. George C. Scott is Patton; Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Picnic on the Grass (1959)—Jean Renoir, but at neither his best nor even his second-best. His themes are reduced to crotchets in this story about a scientist (Paul Meurisse) who preaches artificial insemination until he catches sight of Catherine Rouvel bathing nude. Some sequences were filmed at Les Collettes, the home where Auguste Renoir spent his last years. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 10-16.)

Platinum Blonde (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an aristocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie conventions of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue, and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles) is a natural aristocrat. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 17.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the robust, gluttonous monarch; among the ladies he marries are Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester. Alexander Korda directed this warhorse of the movie repertory, which is still alive and in good spirits. With Robert Donat and John Loder. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 9.)

Rembrandt (1936)—Perhaps because Charles Laughton's performance lacked the crowd-pleasing exuberance of his other major roles, the picture was not a commercial success, though it's a fine example of its genre and was obviously made (by Alexander Korda) with love and dedication. At times, the visual style seems more Vermeer than Rembrandt, but that's closer than most movies about painters get. Gertrude Lawrence plays the artist's shrewd housekeeper, and lovely young Elsa Lanchester is the kitchenmaid who becomes his mistress. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 9.)

The Revolutionary—A good film by Paul Williams, aged twenty-five, about the progression of a middle-class student from a bookish left-winger into a radical agitator. The film is set vaguely in present-day America, but there is also a tang of Europe and of the Old Left, and the casting mixes yippies with people who look authentically like the C.P. members of the thirties. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 15.)

The Rise of Louis XIV—Rossellini's fine picture about a man whom he sees as the first French king to understand the motor of the class system. It is scripted by Philippe Erlanger, very intelligently. Full of impassive long takes and shrewdly placed dissolves, the film is a witty study of the squalor and cringing that went on in the world of *luxe* and *volupté*. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Room Service (1938)—The Marx Brothers in the Broadway farce about the bankrupt theatrical producers holed up in a hotel room with their stranded players, fighting off famine and creditors. Unfortunately, the play fits them like a strait jacket. With Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Frank Albertson, and Donald MacBride grinning his great bulldog grin. Directed (lamely) by William Seiter. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 10-14.)

The Shameless Old Lady (1964)—An agreeable comedy about how an old lady discovers the pleasures of the modern world after her husband's death. With that great old screen-stealer Sylvie occupying center screen for a change. Directed by René Allio. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 15.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's picture is a fine, gentle study of adultery and its consequences. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 15.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 15-16.)

The Two of Us (1967)—Set during the Occupation in France, this account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant (Michel Simon) and a little Jewish boy is affecting but rather too artlessly sweet. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 12.)

The War Game (1966)—The time is the near future, and a nuclear bomb has dropped on London in Peter Watkins' quasi-documentary vision of disaster. Generally considered a searing anti-war tract, though it's on the creaking-with-good-intentions side. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 11.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak tale of a minister (Gunnar Björnstrand) who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 15-16.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037. . . . ¶ Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323; through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040; through Sept. 15.)

The World of Apu (1959)—Satyajit Ray's protagonist, Apu, whose consciousness developed from the village life of "Pather Panchali" and then through the city and university in "Aparajito," marries and, after the loss of his bride (the exquisite Sharmila Tagore), grows beyond self-consciousness to the destruction of his egotism and the rebirth of feeling. Rich and contemplative, and one of the rare modern films that is an affirmation. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 10.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 16.)

Z—A political thriller with a purpose. "Z" demonstrates how Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. Directed for speed and suspense by the gifted young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. (In French at the Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 16. . . . ¶ In English at the Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd, SC 4-6745; starting Sept. 16.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

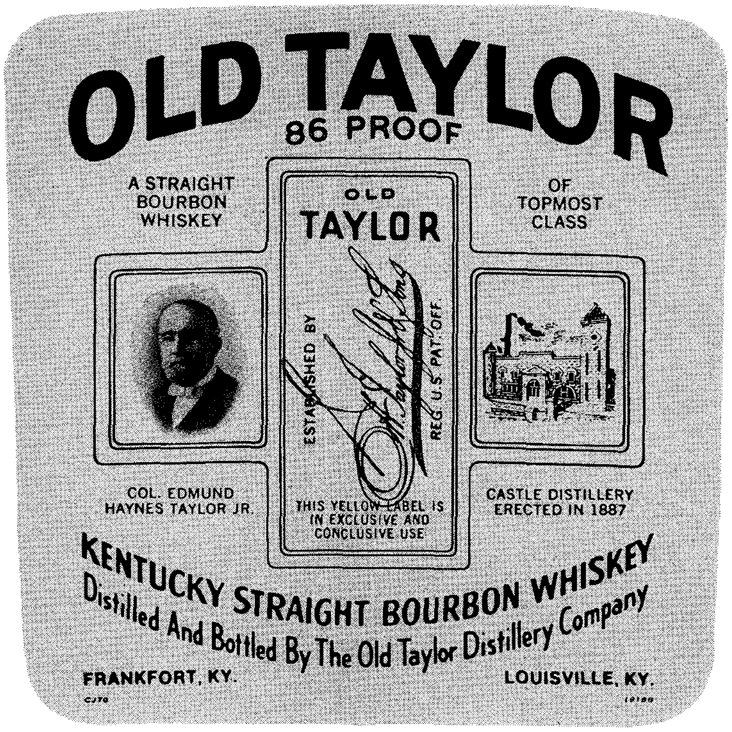
EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
FELLINI SATYRICON (in Italian).
Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
To be announced.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
YELLOW SUBMARINE; and "Let It Be," the Beatles.
Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Sept. 15: **THE REVOLUTIONARY**; and **DOWNHILL RACER.**
From Sept. 16: **LOVING**; and "Watermelon Man," Godfrey Cambridge, Estelle Parsons.
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 15: "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," Barbra Streisand, Yves Montand.
From Sept. 16: **Z** (in French).
Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
EASY RIDER.
Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Joe," Peter Boyle.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
M*A*S*H.
Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CATCH-22.
Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Performance," Mick Jagger, James Fox.
Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Things of Life" (in French), Romy Schneider, Michel Piccoli.
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Pound," a Robert Downey film.
Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
PATTON.
Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Sept. 11: "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx," Gene Wilder.
From Sept. 12: "Five Easy Pieces," Jack Nicholson.
Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Darker Than Amber," Rod Taylor, Suzy Kendall.
Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Bird with the Crystal Plumage," Tony Musante, Suzy Kendall.
Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.
Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Borsalino" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Alain Delon.
Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Eldridge Cleaver."
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife," Richard Benjamin.
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy," Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero.
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."
72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"A Quiet Place in the Country," Vanessa Redgrave, Franco Nero.
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.
U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
HELLO, DOLLY!
Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
To be announced.
Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The People Next Door," Eli Wallach, Julie Harris.
86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Landlord," Beau Bridges, Lee Grant.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Sept. 9: "Diary of a Schizophrenic Girl" (in Italian); and "Last Summer" (1969), Barbara Hershey.
Sept. 10-16: **LOVING**; and "A Walk in the Spring Rain," Anthony Quinn, Ingrid Bergman.
From Sept. 17: To be announced.
Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
WOMEN IN LOVE.
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 15: **ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE.**
From Sept. 16: "The Angel Levine," Zero Mostel, Harry Belafonte.
5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE RISE OF LOUIS XIV (in French).
Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," Barbra Streisand, Yves Montand.
Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Sept. 9: **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST** and **ORPHEUS** (both in French).
Sept. 10-14: **KING KONG**; and **ROOM SERVICE.**
Sept. 15-16: **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** and **WINTER LIGHT** (both in Swedish).
From Sept. 17: **JULES AND JIM** and **LE JOUR SE LÈVE** (both in French).
R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Sept. 10: "Which Way to the Front," Jerry Lewis.
From Sept. 11: "Suppose They Gave a War and Nobody Came," Brian Keith, Tony Curtis.
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
HELLO, DOLLY!
Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Darling Lili," Julie Andrews, Rock Hudson.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Soldier Blue," Candice Bergen.
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Sept. 10: **WOMEN IN LOVE.**
From Sept. 11: **L'ENFANT SAUVAGE** (in French).
Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
M*A*S*H.
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Carry It On," a documentary film on Joan Baez and David Harris.
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Ann and Eve," Gio Petré.
Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
8½ and **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA** (both in Italian).
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Something for Everyone," Angela Lansbury, Michael York.
Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5071)
CATCH-22.
Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 15: **WOMEN IN LOVE.**
From Sept. 16: "The Angel Levine," Zero Mostel, Harry Belafonte.
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE.
Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 15: **LOVING**; and "A Walk in the Spring Rain," Anthony Quinn, Ingrid Bergman.
From Sept. 16: **Z**; and "With Six You Get Eggroll" (1968), Doris Day, Brian Keith.
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 9: **ONE PLUS ONE** (also called "Sympathy for the Devil"); and **BREATHLESS** (in French).
Sept. 10-16: **FRENCH-CANCAN** and **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (both in French).
From Sept. 17: **PLATINUM BLONDE**; and **GILDA.**
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 15: **OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR**; and **DOWNHILL RACER.**
From Sept. 16: **YELLOW SUBMARINE**; and "Let It Be," the Beatles.
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 9: **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII**; and **REMBRANDT.**
Sept. 10: **THE WORLD OF APU** and **DEVI** (both in Bengali).
Sept. 11: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (in French); and **THE WAR GAME.**
Sept. 12: **CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS**, a Czechoslovakian film; and **THE TWO OF US** (in French).
Sept. 13: **BELLE DE JOUR** and **A MAN AND A WOMAN** (both in French).
Sept. 14: **HENRY V**; and **MACBETH.**
Sept. 15: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** and **THE SOFT SKIN** (both in French).
Sept. 16: "Live for Life" (1967; in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen; and "One Summer of Happiness" (1955; in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.
Sept. 17: **FAHRENHEIT 451**; and **ALPHAVILLE** (in French).
Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
FELLINI SATYRICON (in Italian).

Read this. You might decide our high price isn't high enough.


OLD TAYLOR
86 PROOF
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
OF TOPMOST CLASS
ESTABLISHED BY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COL. EDMUND HAYNES TAYLOR JR.
THIS YELLOW LABEL IS IN EXCLUSIVE AND CONCLUSIVE USE
CASTLE DISTILLERY ERECTED IN 1887
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Distilled And Bottled By The Old Taylor Distillery Company
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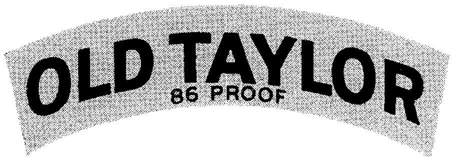
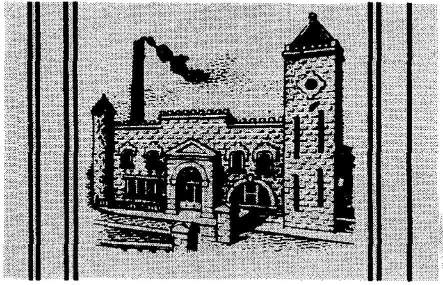

OLD TAYLOR
86 PROOF

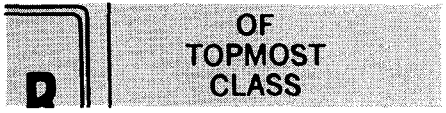
The name of the best-selling premium-priced Bourbon in the U.S.A. It's been a famous name in Bourbons since 1887.

That's Col. Edmund H. Taylor, Jr. An authentic genius and father of Old Taylor Bourbon. Born Feb. 12, 1830, in Columbus, Kentucky. Two of his ancestors were presidents of the United States—James Madison and Zachary Taylor.

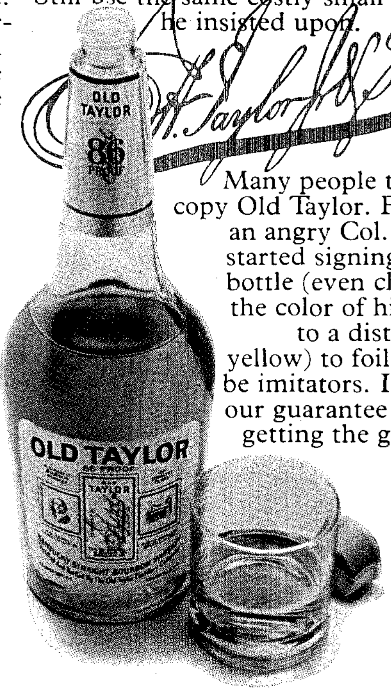
We make Old Taylor in this castle. We've been making the King of Bourbons here for nearly a century. (And one thing's for sure, when you make Bourbon in a castle, it had better be the best Bourbon in the land.)



Quality has always been the watchword at the castle. We still draw our limestone water from the spring that Col. Taylor discovered. Still tend our mash as tenderly as he did.

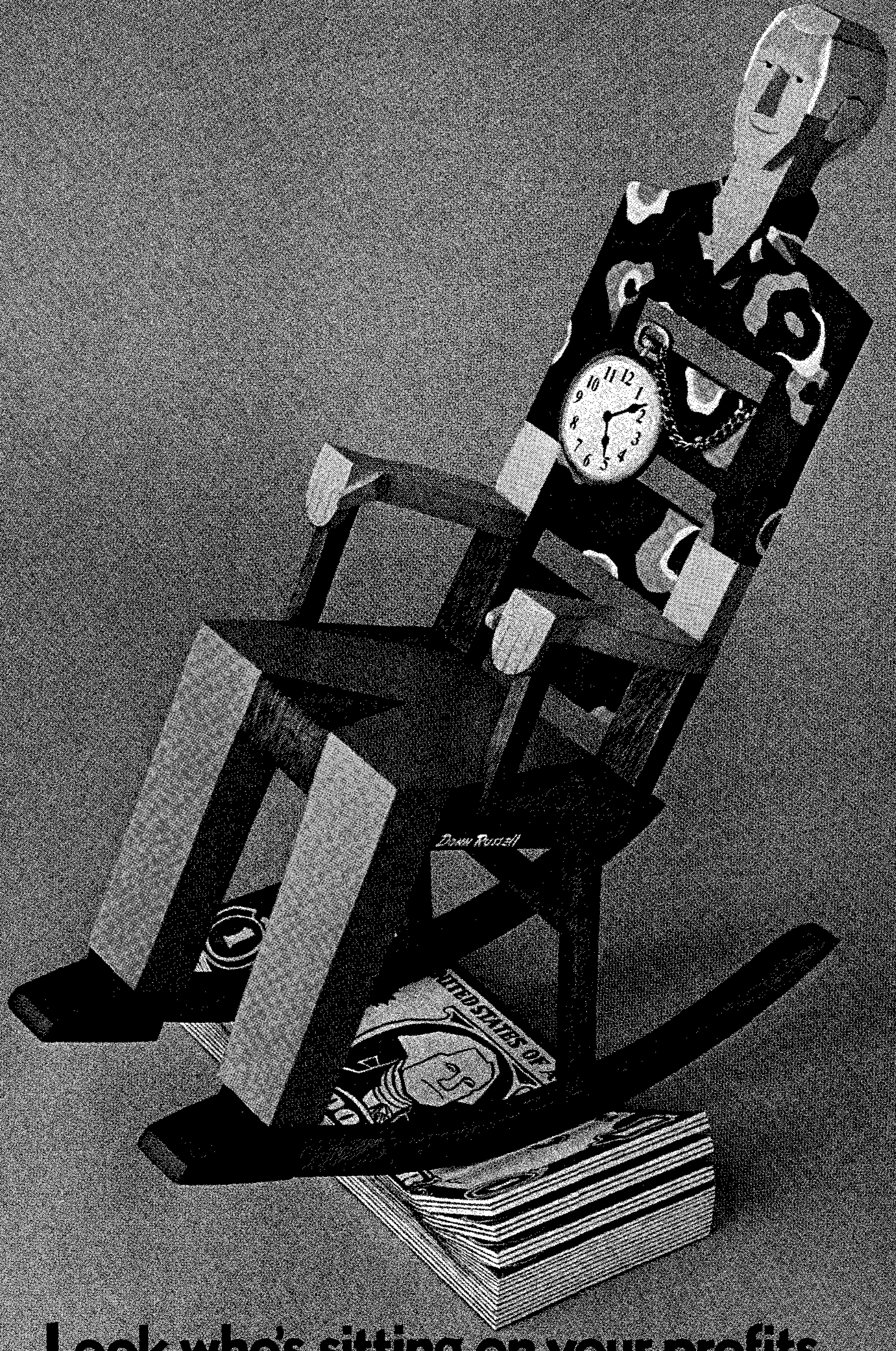

OF
TOPMOST
CLASS

Still use the same costly small grains he insisted upon.


OLD TAYLOR
86 PROOF
OLD TAYLOR

Many people tried to copy Old Taylor. Finally, an angry Col. Taylor started signing every bottle (even changed the color of his label to a distinctive yellow) to foil would-be imitators. It's still our guarantee you're getting the genuine article.

Old Taylor. What the label can't tell you, the flavor can.



Look who's sitting on your profits.

The growing impact of retirement costs on corporate profits concerns more and more companies. The trend toward earlier retirement will only increase the problem. ☐ That's why it could pay you to look into the performance of pension funds managed by Irving Trust Company. Astute planning and skillful investment of pension holdings can significantly reduce retirement plan costs. Your profit picture improves accordingly. ☐ With the Irving working for you, those who've stopped working can become less of a financial problem. ☐ At Irving Trust, your money takes on growing importance.

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In 88 cities, we have special airport and city maps. And in many of the rest of our 1275 U.S. offices, we can give you diagrammed regular maps of the city and state, and special Hertz touring guides with suggestions on where to go and what to see.

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We do these things because we think they should be done.

But a lot of things we do we're capable of doing because we've been at it much longer than anybody else.

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We also have offices in dozens of towns where there's no one else. When you rent a Ford or similar sedan in most of them, you can return the car to any other Hertz office in the country for what is usually a modest drop-off charge.

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At most U.S. offices, you can reserve anything from a Ford LTD, to a Lincoln Continental, and convertibles, sports cars, station wagons, or even a truck.

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We're in towns so small that about *all you can do there is* rent a car and go someplace else.

When you rent a car from Hertz, you get something nobody else can give you. Our company.

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You don't just rent a car. You rent a company.

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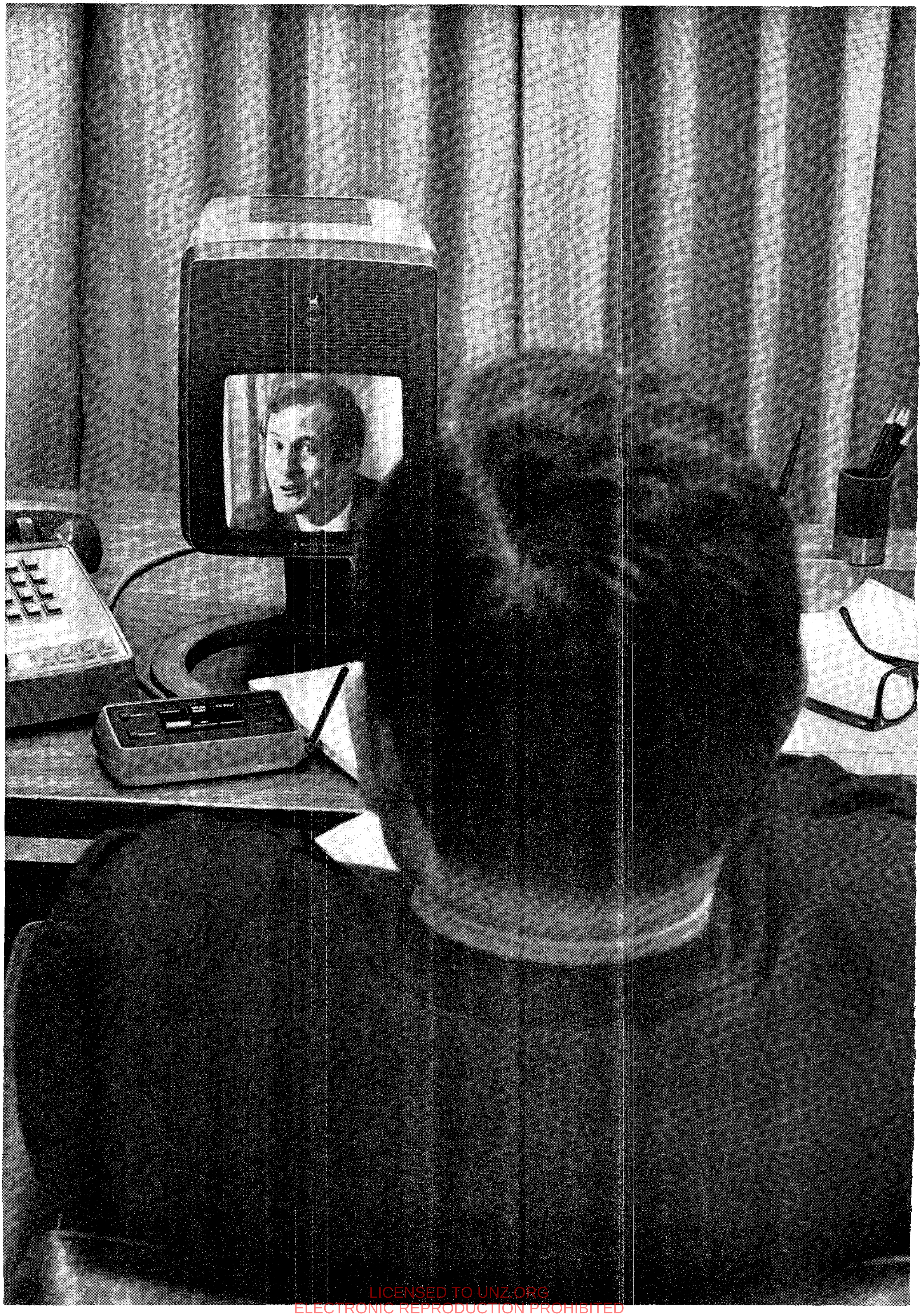

Some people in Pittsburgh are seeing voices.

Picturephone® service is a reality in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

And by the middle of 1971 it will be in Chicago and Washington, D.C.

By 1976 it will be established in 27 cities around the country.

Unfortunately, Picturephone service can't be everywhere at once.

Because to prepare for it means building and installing a new kind of network over the framework of the existing one.

And it means creating a different kind of telephone circuit. (Transmitting a picture over phone wires requires a circuit capacity 300 times wider than the one that carries a voice.)

As facilities grow, users will find countless new possibilities for Picturephone service.

Discussing layouts, viewing charts, and getting computer information via a Picturephone/computer hookup are just a few of the areas being pursued right now.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company keep working to expand the things the telephone does.

This time by showing you what's going on at the other end of it.

Bigelow wool carpets help make architectural innovations possible.

The woolmark is
your assurance of quality-
tested carpet made of
pure wool pile.

PURE WOOL PILE

What other kind of carpet could be so naturally resilient, so long-wearing, so soil-resistant, so luxurious? That's why architects, designers and other specifiers are innovating with Bigelow wool carpets—for schools, hospitals, and public buildings of every kind.

Whenever you build or renovate, plan around a Bigelow wool carpet. Its Woolmark label is the sign of the world's finest wool.

People who have everything always walk on wool.

Bigelow

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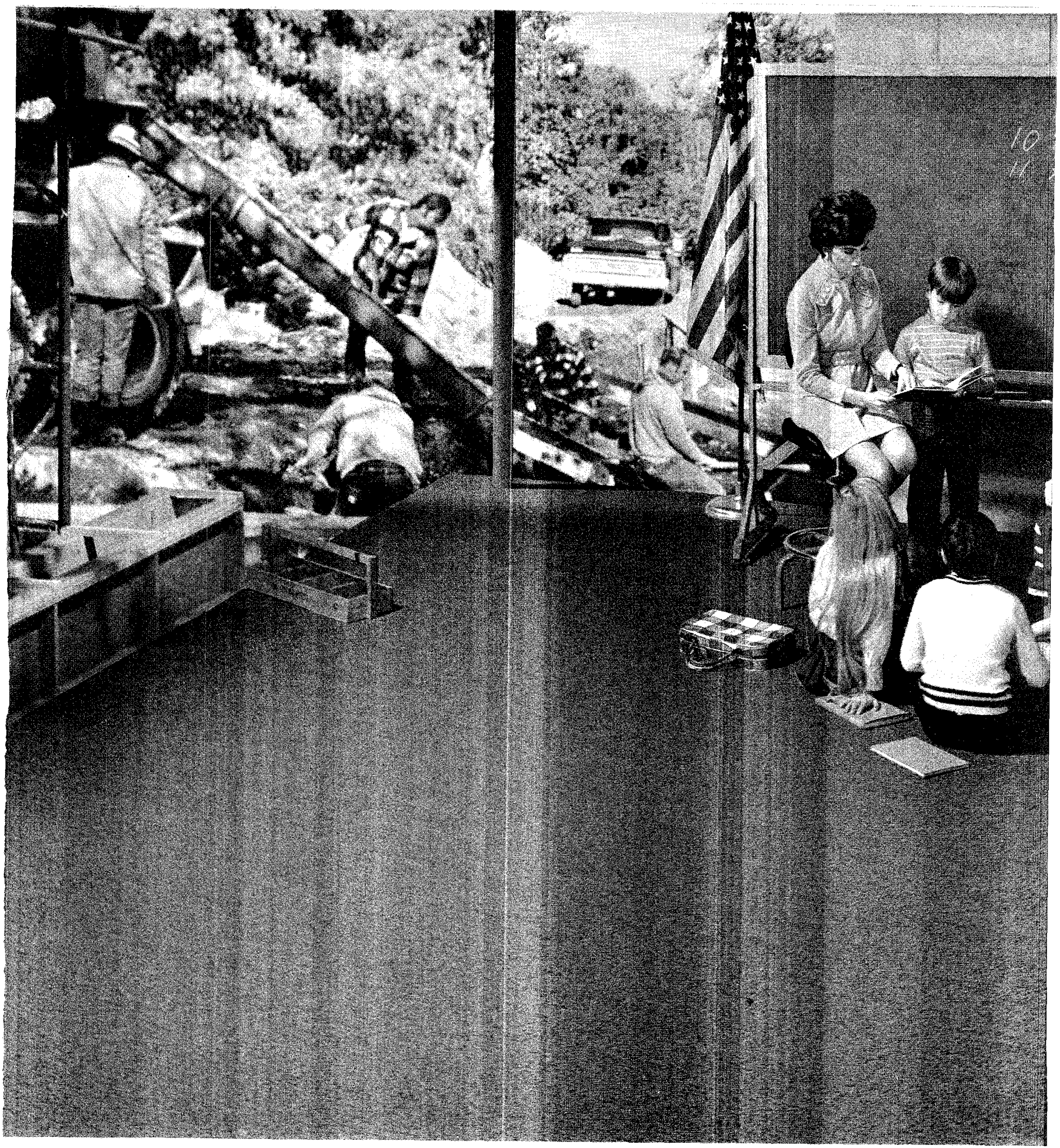

Handsome Gropoint® in Adriatic Moresque, Bigelow Approved 100% Wool Face.

The school that could never be built before.

Bigelow carpets help make architectural innovations possible.

Walls can be lighter, thinner than architects ever thought possible. Yet rooms stay remarkably quieter and warmer. Heat is conserved. Glare is considerably reduced. And when you choose Bigelow school carpeting, you can save substantially over the cost of maintenance of hard-surface floors.

Whenever you specify Bigelow, you get a vast engineering, design, and research staff in the bargain. Plus highly skilled Bigelow field specialists. All their new ideas are at your command—whether you're building or renovating a school, hospital, church, office, or store.

Our 57 trend-setting patents are proof that Bigelow is the carpet to innovate with. We offer a wide collection of time-proven grades. And a limitless variety of special designs, patterns, and colors. (If your specifications call for it, we'll even custom-make the right carpet for you.)

To achieve spectacular design innovations, do your planning from the floor up. The first step is to call the first name in the contract carpeting field: Bigelow.

PURE WOOL PILE
The wool mark is awarded to quality tested carpets made of pure wool pile.

People who know...buy Bigelow

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PLYMOUTH
BOTTLED IN
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DISTILLED
ENGLISH GIN
94.4
PROOF
100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
COATES & CO. (PLYMOUTH) LTD.
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NEW YORK, N.Y.

Distilled to the exacting criteria established at Black Friars Distillery in 1793. Coates & Co. (PLYMOUTH) Ltd.

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ad will customers.

True

Ernest Dichter, Ph.D. President,
Inst. for Motivational Research, Inc.

"Few Americans now drink your 170-year-old English gin. But many of these people have the feeling of belonging to an elite inner circle. They will resent it if a product that was once theirs exclusively is made available to a wider market.

In an attempt to increase your sales you could run the risk of losing this extremely loyal group of customers who will object to Plymouth Gin being advertised.

Conclusion: Do not advertise."

False

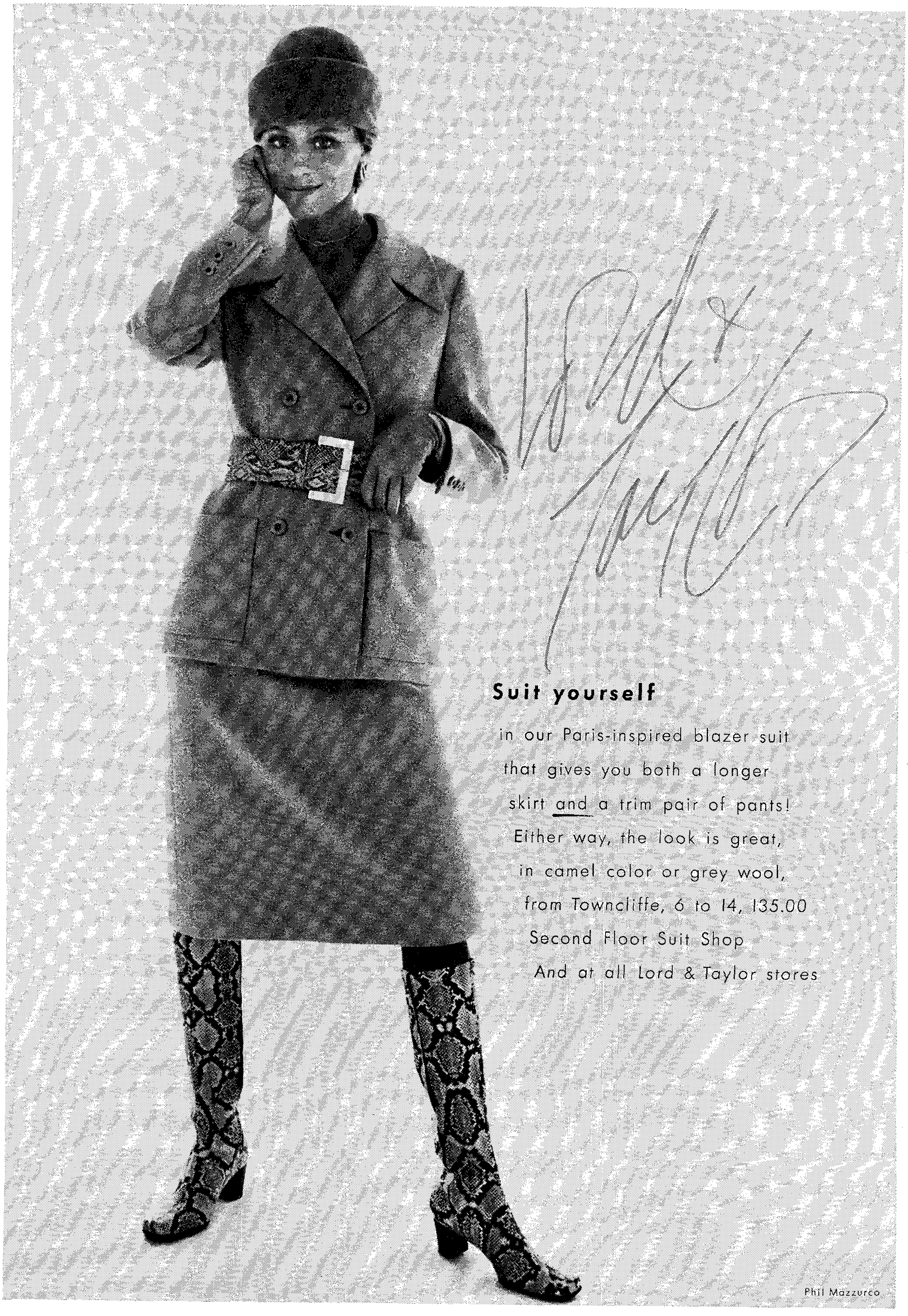
E. H. Demby, Ph.D.
President, Psychographics, Inc.

"Plymouth Gin drinkers are probably buying the brand as much for its unique status (It was the official gin of the British Admiralty) as for its superior taste. They consider themselves "creative" or "avant-garde" consumers. As such, they could resent mass advertising.

But, since the media used will be those that "creatives" consider their own, the ads will produce few dropouts. And they should attract new drinkers.

Conclusion: I recommend you advertise."

Plymouth Gin goes public.



Suit yourself

in our Paris-inspired blazer suit
that gives you both a longer
skirt and a trim pair of pants!
Either way, the look is great,
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from Towncliffe, 6 to 14, 135.00
Second Floor Suit Shop
And at all Lord & Taylor stores

Phil Mazzurco

THE NEW YORKER

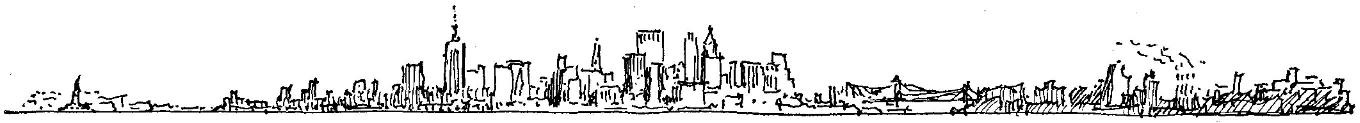
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ALTHOUGH men's religions and political philosophies have sanctioned the maintenance of infinite distinctions of rank, privilege, and class among the living, almost all of them have left the determination of things in the afterlife—or in the lack of it—to Nature and to God. There are few philosophies more unnatural, in our view, than those which, not being satisfied with manipulating and ordering the living, wish to extend their influence over the dead as well. We were prompted to these reflections by the recent news accounts of a black woman's attempts to have her son, who had been killed in Vietnam, buried in a Florida cemetery that had previously been reserved for whites. At first, the cemetery refused permission, and one man, who was white, and whose brother and sister were buried there, said that he would consider disinterring his relatives and burying them somewhere else rather than let them remain in the cemetery with the black soldier. Race hatred aside, we were struck by the gross materialism implicit in these responses. Whether or not men's spirits are immortal, we know that their bodies are not. Yet it is precisely a sort of monstrous notion of immortality that was suggested by the Florida cemetery's extreme regard for the company that its corpses kept. The incident reminded us of an experience we once had in another country. A few years ago, we visited Red Square, where for the last forty years the body of Lenin has been preserved and kept on public display in a mausoleum. We were taken to see it as part of a guided tour. After being led down a short marble staircase, we found ourself in a small, refrigerated underground vault. Lenin's corpse was lying under glass, and his face, which had turned a yellowish green, was illumined by pink spotlights overhead. Four soldiers stood at rigid attention at the four corners of the vault. When we were back in the daylight and were being guided past several ordinary graves where lesser figures in Soviet history were interred, we had a feeling of extreme revulsion. One of the graves was that of Joseph Stalin. Until several years before, when Stalin's reputation suffered its sharp decline in official circles, his corpse, as everybody knows, had been on view alongside that of Lenin in the vault we had just visited. We wondered, briefly, whether his corpse was being kept preserved in its new resting place, so that it could be lugged down into the vault again in case his reputation improved, or whether this time the Soviet government had relinquished him once and for all to the earth. We hoped it had taken the latter course, and we left Red Square wishing that men would occupy themselves with the living and let the dead rest in peace.

ON the same day that the Census Bureau estimated that the American people number more than two hundred and four million—with a new person added every fifteen and a half seconds—the *Times* carried a story about an anthropologist who has just returned from South America with some related news. The anthropologist, Mrs. Nicole Maxwell, believes that Indians in primitive areas of the Amazon jungle may possess the secret of using herbs to limit fertility. One such magic potion is given to young girls as they reach child-bearing age, she reports, and a single dose postpones the possibility of conception for six or seven years, at the end of which time the girl is deemed mature enough for motherhood. Reading this, we reflected on a couple of other stories about South American Indians that the *Times* has carried lately. One reported that the bureaucrats in charge of protecting Indians in Brazil had been accused of systematically murdering whole tribes in order to steal their land. Another story said that one of the military officers who had done the murdering was recently rewarded with a high office. A third story told of the Brazilian government's plan to colonize primitive areas. Bulldozers and earthmovers are destroying the forests that shelter the Indians, and waves of new, "civilized" settlers are drowning their indigenous culture, which is, of course, thought worthless. Today, many people, all over the world, believe that two things must happen if mankind is to be saved from self-destruction. One is a general speedy adoption of higher ethical standards, and the other is a general speedy adoption of a better contraceptive. Both seem tantalizingly within reach and yet both continue to elude us. Wouldn't it be odd if, lacking the first requisite for salvation, we destroyed the second just as it was about to be given us?

UNDER the impact of the drought that set in during July and lasted through the first three weeks of August, many of the home vegetable gardens of the Northeast contracted them-


Richard Edes Harrison

selves into a short-vined, quick-cycled, almost premature yielding of undersized produce. Not in years—to take the three most conspicuous examples of this partial failure—had so many gardeners picked so many small tomatoes and cucumbers, or dug so many small potatoes so early in the summer. The growth of the vines halted when they had filled only a third of their normal area; the cucumber runners, which usually throw away their first blossoms, produced fruit sets from the start. Tomatoes appeared in quick clusters, and quickly ripened, sometimes turning red in a single day's sun. Eighty-day sweet corn rushed through its intricate process of drifting pollen from its tassels down to its silks to produce nubbins, and produced them in sixty-five days. At the garden boundaries, sunflowers that had been expected to grow tall enough to look out high over everything toward the sun halted face to face with the people who had planted them. Only one crop seemed "happy"—as the flower growers say of their charges—in the special conditions of the 1970 summer. The eggplant, a year-after-year problem for many who prize the purple-gloss beauty of the fruit even more than they like to eat it, flourished sturdily in its rows, produced blossoms close to the earth, and soon leaned on its own fruit. The only other noticeable direct beneficiary of the drought was purslane, the weed once boiled up for greens or used in salads. Purslane seeds itself and roots itself with little moisture, refuses to die as long as it is left in any kind of contact with soil, and roots anew from every last shred of itself when it is chopped up with a hoe. As soon as the Puritan settlers could afford to without going hungry, apparently, they rejected purslane as a table vegetable. Anything so easily come by could not possibly be good for us.

The Mosaicon

WAY back on Earth Day, we met a man named Bob Siegel in Earth People's Park, on Fourteenth Street. Mr. Siegel was giving the first public performance of the Mosaicon, which is a visual instrument he recently invented. Now, a visual instrument is just like a musical instrument except that it emits colors instead of sounds. It might be called a "color organ," but Mr. Siegel won't do that, because he says "color organ" makes him think of various light-producing devices already on the market, all of which produce patterns of light automatically and mechanically. The Mosaicon does not do anything automatically. It is played like a musical instrument, and the patterns it produces are the creation of its performer, who plays it from a small control-panel keyboard. The Mosaicon itself is a grid of thirty-six six-inch squares, six on a side, set on one corner, so that it forms a diamond shape. Each square can produce fifteen different colors. The instrument can be played either as an accompaniment to music or all by itself, and it is easily possible to master a rudimentary technique after only five minutes' practice.

For his first public performance, Mr. Siegel brought along a tape deck and a couple of musical tapes he had put together. The first started off with some flourishes from a Bach organ toccata and segued into "She Comes in Colors," by the Rolling Stones, followed by the "Hallelujah Chorus." The second tape had the Beatles' "Let It Be" and a Symphony in D by William Boyce on it, among other things. The performance was unannounced. Mr. Siegel simply started one of the tapes, and then sat down at the Mosaicon and began to improvise. After a few minutes, he had collected a crowd of at least a thousand people, most of whom were sitting quietly on the ground and staring raptly at the visual instrument.

After the performance, he was mobbed by well-wishers, and we pushed our way through the crowd and introduced ourself. Mr. Siegel, whose clothes for public appearances are striking, running to vests and lavalieres, had a big grin on his face, which was still there a little later when we managed to get him off to one side and make a date for a talk.

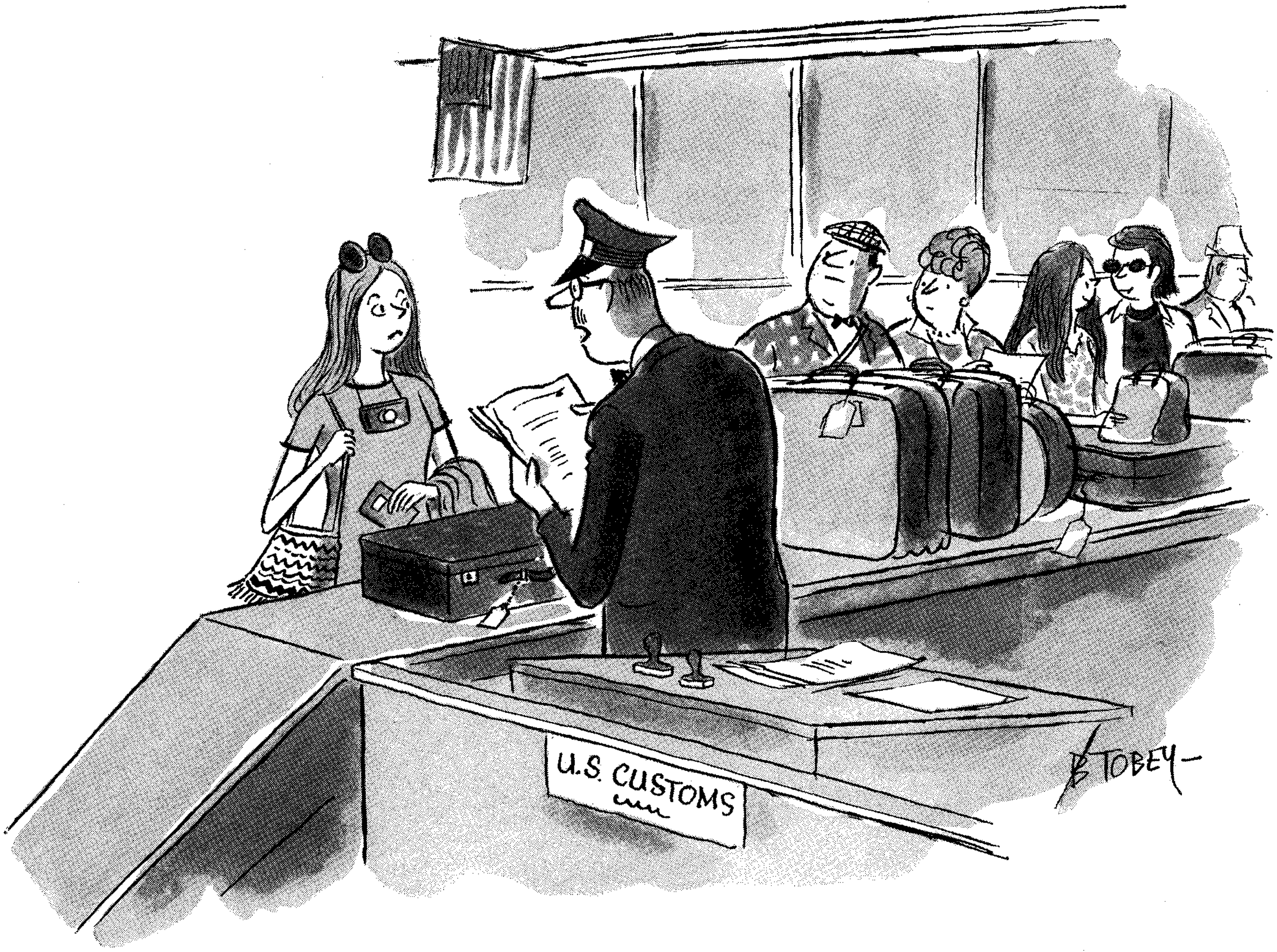
Mr. Siegel is twenty-seven, he thinks; has a full beard, a mustache, and long, curly dark hair; and wears glasses. "I've really never thought about all this before, but I guess you might say the light machine is the sum total of a lot of things in my life," he told us when we met a couple of weeks ago. "I work as a computer programmer for Young & Rubicam. When I was a kid, I got interested in electronics, because that was my father's hobby. He recently retired from an administrative position in the Parks Department, but he once thought of manufacturing ham radios. In college, I was a psychology major, which led me into reëxamining an experiment done by a very heavy cat on the ability of the ear to perceive variations in pitch. After college, I played the Fender electric bass in a blues band, where I learned what showmanship I know. Then, a couple of years ago, I went to the Forest Hills Psychedelic Exposition—yeah, that's what it was called—and saw a small light machine with nine boxes that flashed in random order. I'm sure you've seen them—they already have them with peace signs. Well, I was interested, so I figured out how it worked, and I made one, but on the one I made I could produce whatever colors I wanted. One evening, I started flipping the switches in time to music, and I discovered something. People like the Mosaicon. They say it helps them get out of themselves."

The Valenti Papers

ONE of the things we like to worry about when we have the time is the terrible decline of letter-writing in everyday life. It is very depressing to think about the wonderful, wonderful letters people used to get from letter-writers like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (one of our personal favorites), and then look at the slag on one's desk. Recently, we gave up on letters and began to collect Jack Valenti's press releases. This is called "going with the flow," and we want to report that it is very satisfying. First of all, Mr. Valenti, the president of the Motion Picture Association of America, has a certain identifiable style. Even better is that he writes often, so that one can form one's Valenti collection *fast*. Simply by not clearing off your desk for a week or so, you can collect a Valenti correspondence that will beat out Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's two to one in terms of volume. As for content, it's all there—SUSPENSE! ADVENTURE! For Release: IMMEDIATELY. Mr. Valenti leads a pretty exciting life at the Motion Picture Association of America, and he lets you in on every exciting detail.

For Release: Immediately
VALENTI WIRES CONGRATULATIONS
TO RIFKIN

New York, N.Y. August 19, 1970—Jack Valenti, president of the Motion



"Any diamonds, gold bullion, narcotics, perfume, obscene literature, plants, seeds, bird feathers, dried meat?"

• •

Picture Association of America, wired congratulations to Julian S. Rifkin, who is being honored at the Theatre Owners of New England Convention in Bretton Woods, New Hampshire.

Mr. Valenti does more than send telegrams, however; he spends a *lot* of time Sustaining X's. We have in our collection a record of almost every X Mr. Valenti has Sustained.

CODE AND RATING APPEALS BOARD SUSTAINS X'S FOR "THE SEDUCERS" AND "WHIRLPOOL"

APPEALS BOARD SUSTAINS X'S FOR "TO HEX WITH SEX" and "INTERPLAY"

From time to time, Mr. Valenti Sustains an R, too, and we're among the first to know. But this is just the day-to-day stuff. The meat of our Valenti collection is to be found in the transcripts we are sent after Mr. Valenti has conducted one of his famous personal-appearance tours. Mr. Valenti's speeches have a very special quality. Of course, they start off lightheartedly:

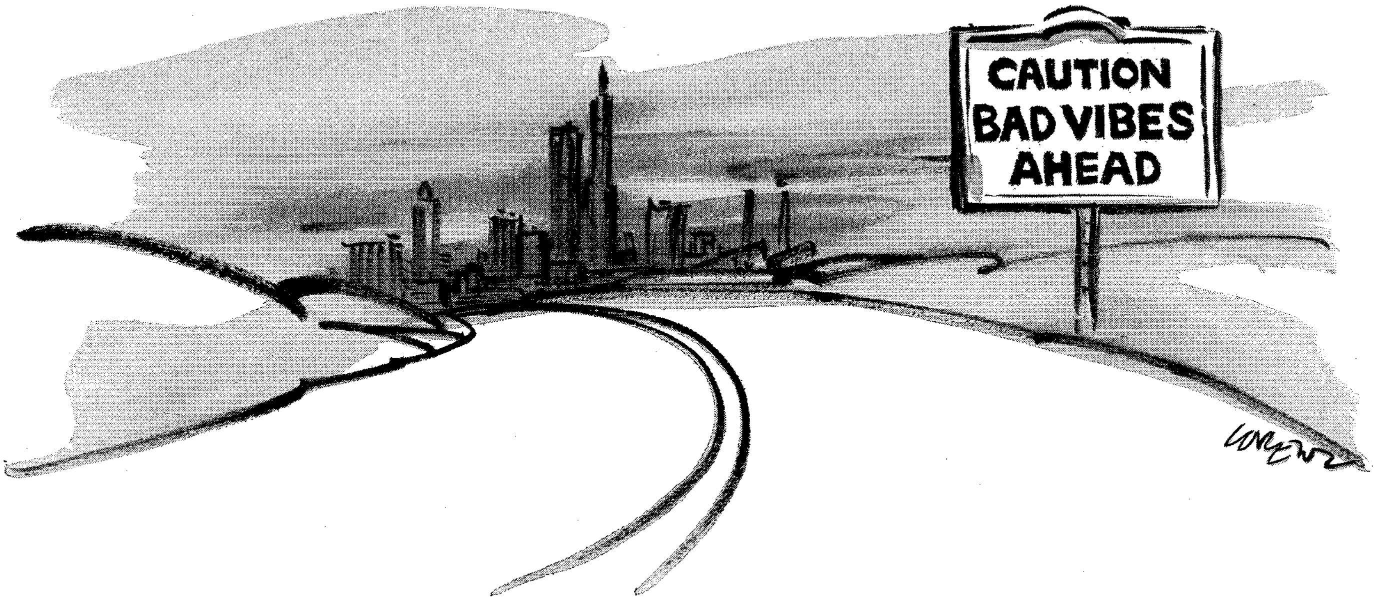
> At first, I thought I would start this speech by explaining why I am here. But ever since I "explained" MYRA BRECKINRIDGE I have felt like a shuttlecock in a badminton game. Now, when I am asked, I say "Myra? Myra who?" Or to put it another way, "Myra whom?"

Mr. Valenti moves quickly from lighthearted non sequiturs to important moral statements. "A closed mind is the companion of conflict" is Mr. Valenti's most memorable aphorism. But most important of all is Mr. Valenti's ability to put his work at the Motion Picture Association of America in an almost religious light. "I am committed, for whatever I can contribute, to the preservation of the United States as the residence of the finest motion-picture industry in all the world, as it was, as it is now, and as it surely shall be," he writes. World without end. Amen.

Computers

MORE than any other machine, the computer has come to symbolize the impersonality of the technological age, but at the same time there is surely no machine that is treated more like a person. People who work with computers give them fond nicknames, and some computers have actually been programmed to carry on conversations with human beings. Perhaps we say they are impersonal in part because we want to reassure ourselves that although they can do many of the things we used to think that we alone could do, they still can't do everything we can do. Reflecting thus on computers and men, we decided to visit the twenty-fifth annual conference of the Association for Computing Machinery. The convention, which was being held at the New York Hilton, was attended by more than two thousand people who work in the computer field—or "the computer community," as one official kept calling it at a convention luncheon—and it had as its motto "The Unconventional Convention."

After lunch, our first stop was a room devoted to displays of computing machinery. A machine made by the Honeywell Corporation and called the Kitchen Computer caught our attention. It looked like a large typewriter with a television screen on top, and a young woman was on hand to explain



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that it could select menus, balance checkbooks, play blackjack, play tic-tac-toe, give advice on the stock market, and play golf. We asked her how it played golf in the kitchen.

"You tell it your handicap, and it describes various situations—such as where the sand traps are, what par for the course is, and what hole you're at," she said. "So you select the correct club to use, and then it tells you where your ball landed." Offering to demonstrate Menu Selection, she asked our name and gave us a list of entrées to choose from. We chose lobster, and she fed the information into the computer. Very soon, a menu of five courses (the lobster had turned into crab) and one wine (Muscadet) appeared on the screen, along with the message that this menu had been prepared specially for us (spelling our name wrong), and that "the Model 316 Computer has been programmed with a wide variety of references taken from several nationally famous cookbooks." Each course was accompanied by a reference to the appropriate recipe in one of five cookbooks that were on a counter nearby. Wondering how much the computer itself had had to do with the selecting, we asked the young woman how the menu had been arrived at.

"This computer can give you a different meal for every day in the year," she said. "For each of the courses that accompany an entrée, the computer has about fifty dishes to choose from, and it selects them at random."

"At random?" we asked.

"Well, each of the fifty things goes well with the entrée, and the computer selects one of them at random. For variety."

"But what if something in one of the courses doesn't go well with something in one of the other courses?"

"All of the fifty things that go well with one entrée go well with all the things that might be selected for the other courses," she said.

"But isn't there a person who decides in the first place what dishes would go well together?" we asked.

"A programmer makes up the program."

"How does he know what courses go well together?"

"He works with the authors of the cookbooks."

Feeling that we had come full circle, we passed on to a display put on by a group called R.E.S.I.S.T.O.R.S., which we had been eager to see ever since a speaker at the convention luncheon mentioned it. The speaker had questioned whether computers, which have so greatly facilitated both warfare and government surveillance over citizens, would ever be of net benefit to mankind, but he did discern, he said, a glimmer of hope in the emergence of groups like R.E.S.I.S.T.O.R.S. This we took to be the unconventional part of the convention, and we were certainly surprised to see that the display was being run by a bunch of young people, some of whom could not have been more than nine or ten years old. We asked one youth, who was about sixteen, what R.E.S.I.S.T.O.R.S. was, and he answered, "It's a group of students interested in computers. R.E.S.I.S.T.O.R.S. stands for Radically Emphatic Students Interested in Science, Technology, and Other Research Studies. It's a non-profit organization. Mostly, we just play around with computers. We exist in a barn near Princeton. We have a Burroughs 205, a Libratrol 500, a Packard Bell 250, and a PDP-8. We're non-religious and non-political. We're absolutely neutral in everything."

"Then why is it called 'Radically Emphatic Students'?" we asked.

He answered, "The title has no connection with draft resistance and all that. A resistor is a very common element in electrical circuitry, you know. Our aim is just to expose students to computers. Then, when they go on with their education, they will relate their knowledge to computers."

Not such an unconventional convention after all.

Tokyo Kid Brothers

AT the end of each performance of "Golden Bat," the Japanese rock revue at the Sheridan Square Playhouse, the members of the Tokyo Kid Brothers Company, whose performances struck us as being a declaration of love for America from the youth of Japan, gather in the tiny lobby to bid their audience good night. After seeing the show on a recent hot evening, we stopped on our way out to congratulate Shoichi Saito, an actor whose communication with his audience reminded us of the young Marlon Brando's. Mr. Saito is a gentle-looking, stockily built man of twenty-seven—the oldest member of the troupe. His head was shaved, and he was bare to the waist; his costume, a blue-and-gray striped robe, was tied about him at stomach level. Having seen a photograph in a souvenir program of Mr. Saito with a full head of hair, we inquired why he had shaved it. He looked confused, and a pretty, serene-looking young woman, who had hair to her shoulder blades and was wearing a purple blouse and dark-red pants, came to our aid. She introduced herself as Kazuko Oshima, the interpreter for the Kid Brothers. After she had repeated our question in Japanese, Mr. Saito answered slowly, in English, "When I was coming to America, I said I must start all over. How can I be new? So I shaved off my hair." He rubbed his head.

"Shoichi learned English in the Tokyo Y.M.C.A.," Miss Oshima told us.

"On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays," Mr. Saito said.

Miss Oshima added that Mr. Saito is the only member of the company who speaks more than a few words of English. The scene where Mr. Saito tells the love story of a young Japanese man who has learned English in order to come to America, and then writes to his girl friend that he regrets having left her behind, married to someone else, is a true story, she said. "It is my story," Mr. Saito said, and looked solemnly at us. Then he bowed and disappeared up some stairs from the lobby to the dressing rooms, following the other actors.

"Everyone is excited because a man from Texas who was at the performance tonight has invited everyone to the Plaza Hotel for drinks and food," Miss Oshima said.

A young woman in a hand-dyed blue T-shirt and bluejeans and sneakers came rushing down the stairs. We recognized her as the girl who had asked us earlier from the stage if we were happy. (We had answered that we were *very* happy just then.) Her name is Yukiko Kobayashi, and she is twenty-two. Through Miss Oshima, we asked her where the actors usually ate.

Miss Kobayashi, who herself has the happiest face we have ever seen, pushed her shining bobbed hair out of her eyes and beamed at us. "The company live in the Hotel Albert, where there are kitchenettes, and they eat there," Miss Oshima translated. "Yukiko does her shopping in Chinatown."

To our question of what language she used in Chinatown, the answer was "English."

"English," Miss Kobayashi echoed proudly, and burst into giggles.

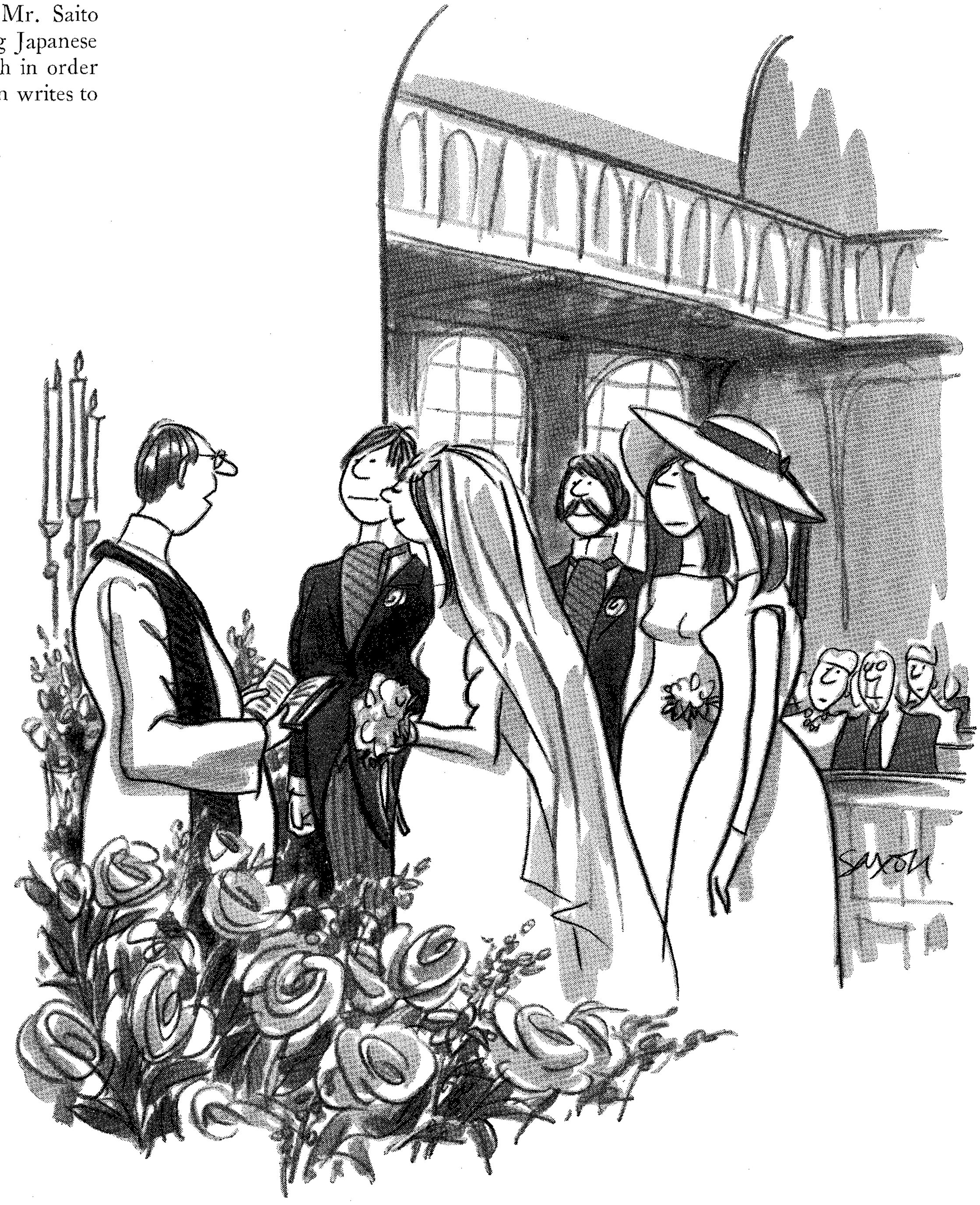
"And fingers, pointing," Miss Oshima added.

Two young men in dungarees and dark T-shirts, whom we had not seen on the stage, and who looked as though they might be younger brothers of some of the Tokyo Kid Brothers, came up. They were Yutaka Higashi, the author and director of "Golden Bat," and Itsuro Shimoda, the composer. Both were serious, slight, and long-haired. Miss Oshima told us that they were twenty-five and twenty-two years old.

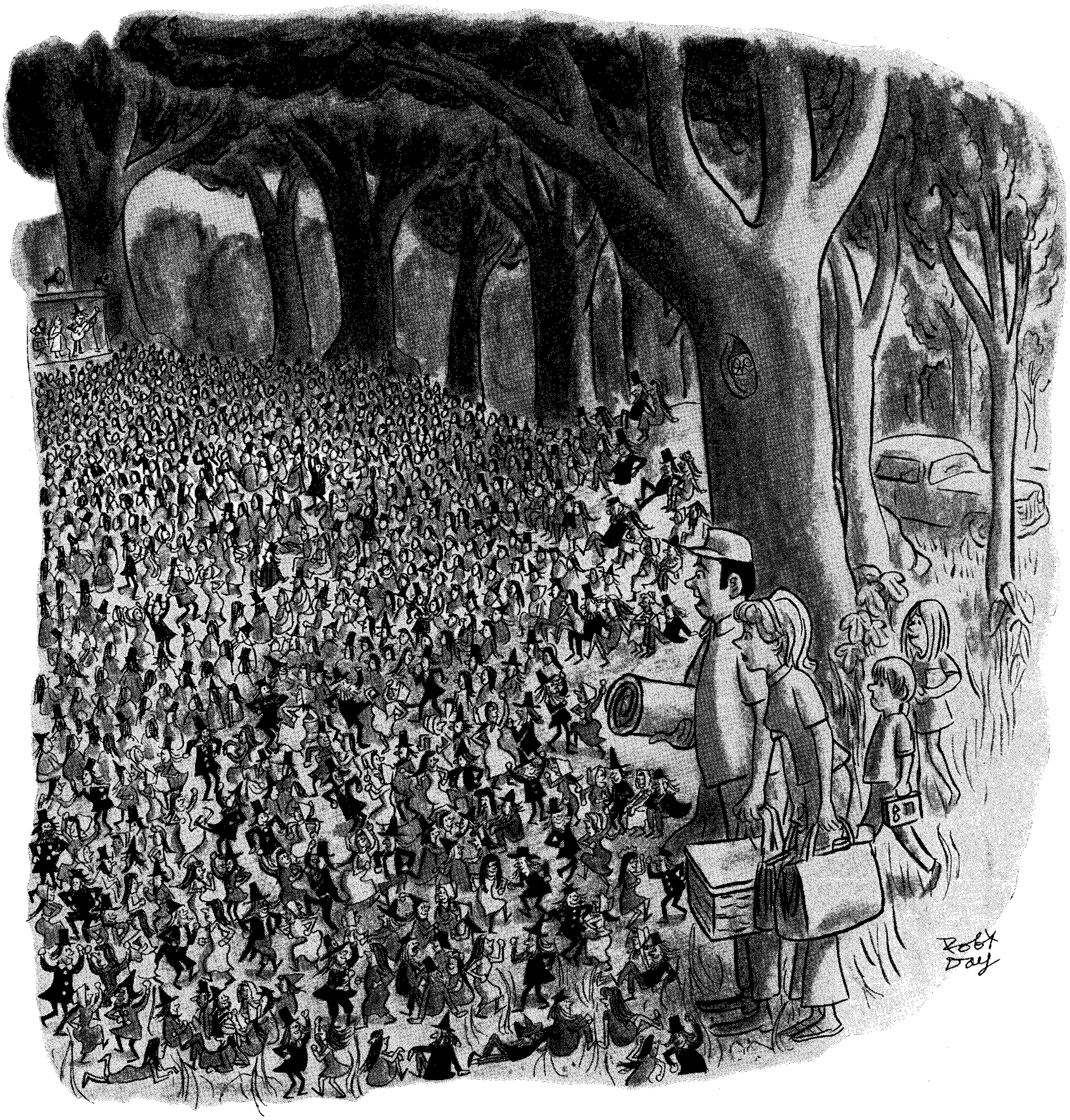
We asked them how they liked the New York heat.

Mr. Higashi spoke. "It is hotter in Tokyo," Miss Oshima translated. "And he wishes it was hotter here. The actors communicate better when it is hotter, he says. They communicate more the more they perspire. The air-conditioning is for the audience. He liked it better at La Mama, where they played when they first arrived from Tokyo, three months ago. At La Mama, the air-conditioning was so noisy they had to turn it off. He liked that."

We asked how the members of the company were managing to communi-



"Do you, Walter, promise to love and cherish, to make every effort to relate to a compatible life style, and to communicate on all meaningful levels?"



"It's the same everywhere you go. Crowds, crowds, crowds!"

• •

cate with people in their everyday lives in New York.

Miss Oshima listened to three overlapping replies. "They have not made friends," she said. "They only speak a little to a few people. They stay together. Yukiko here is married to the boy who does the monologue of the character who loves Western movies." (Miss Kobayashi smiled at us radiantly.) "And Shimoda, the composer, is married to the pianist. The marriages have happened since the company was formed, two years ago, in Tokyo. There are also two sisters, and there are brothers-in-law, and cousins. They stay together."

"We go on the ferry to visit the Statue," Mr. Shimoda said in careful English.

The actors were now assembled on the sidewalk in front of the theatre: Mr. Saito wearing glasses and dressed in an open shirt and dungarees; a girl in a Garbo slouch hat and a cotton midi; a very thin boy in dungarees and a workman's shirt, lounging against a parked car—a typical Village group. They were waiting to start uptown to the Plaza for drinks and food with the man from Texas.

It occurred to us to ask Miss Kobayashi how the Japanese restaurants in New York compare with those in Tokyo.

Miss Kobayashi smiled even more radiantly, gestured rapidly, and looked supremely happy as she answered.

"She does not know," Miss Oshima translated. "They do not eat in the Japanese restaurants here. It is too expensive."

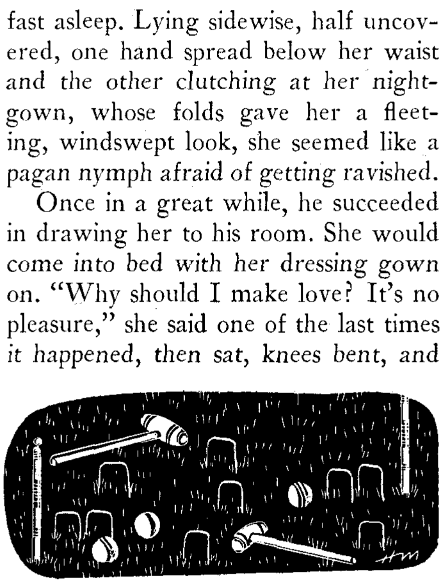
THE BED

THE bed lay unmade, a Civil War officers' folding iron bed that had belonged to his father-in-law. He remembered seeing it—unmade, just as it was here—in the home of his in-laws, at the top of the stairs in the back bedroom. The door was open, and he had looked in. Besides the bed, the room contained a ladderlike staircase that went up to the attic, a few cardboard boxes, a hard chair, a metal desk with some papers scattered over the top. A Spartan sort of bedroom (though his father-in-law was anything but Spartan; poor man, he liked his comfort). Across the hall, facing south, also with the door open, was the master bedroom, where his mother-in-law slept.

The arrangement was similar to the one here in his own house. Here, too, there was a small room at the top of the stairs, and he slept in it, in the army bed. Opposite, in the master bedroom, facing south, slept his wife, with two of the children—one of them beside her in a double bed, the baby in a bassinet. A third child, the eldest, slept in an adjacent room, though sometimes she, too, crowded in with her mother and sister; he would hear a moan, then the tread of her bare feet as she hurried over to her mother's room. The children, first one and then the other, had taken his place, and he had shifted to the army bed, where he slept alone, pining for the comforts of a double one—like his father-in-law and, long before him, the Civil War officers for whom it was made. It had been his for three years now—ever since the house of his wife's parents was put up for sale after her mother's death and her father's subsequent remarriage. Then, gripping with one hand the head- and footrails of the bed (when folded, it came together in the middle), straining under its weight but unable to stop on the way down the narrow, steep staircase, he had carried it outside to his car and on to the apartment they had had in town, and, a year later, to the house they had bought in the country, up that staircase with it, to his present room.

Its being a Civil War bed gave it a certain distinction. Its having been his father-in-law's bothered him, however, for it pointed to the similarity in their situations—they had both been reduced to an army bed. He looked at it with displeasure. It was surely an odd sort of bed for a married man. How his father-in-law had been relegated to it he didn't know, but he suspected that the reasons were more or less the same as those for which he himself had made the move, and he couldn't entirely blame it on the children. After all, whether they had children or not, most married people slept in the same bed for years—no, for all their lives. It was something else. His working habits? He worked in his studio, which was in the house, next to his bedroom, till late into the night—sometimes till dawn—and got up late, so late he felt ashamed. Yet he had to get up late if he was to be bright when it mattered to be bright—during the night, when his wife and children slept, and the only sounds were those of the burner in the winter, and of the wind summer and winter. But he had kept such late hours even at the beginning of his marriage, and they had not prevented him—when his work was done, and a sort of numbness came over him that made him lay down his brush or pencil—from going to lie beside his wife on the double bed, close to her, his knees behind her knees, his feet behind her feet, his arms around her arms, as if they were about to walk into the night. Now, if at the end of his work he were to go over and move the children to make room for himself or rouse her and call her over to his bed, she would resist him—his embrace would meet her flailing arms. No, it wasn't the late hours he kept but something else, something that was at the roots of her nature and of his—in her, at all but the rarest times, an unconcealed shrugging away from making love as though it could give her only pain; in him, age-old, wearisome desire. Sometimes he went into her room, and if she wasn't reading the newspaper, which she often did for hours, he stood beside her bed and watched her fast asleep. Lying sidewise, half uncovered, one hand spread below her waist and the other clutching at her nightgown, whose folds gave her a fleeting, windswept look, she seemed like a pagan nymph afraid of getting ravished.

Once in a great while, he succeeded in drawing her to his room. She would come into bed with her dressing gown on. "Why should I make love? It's no pleasure," she said one of the last times it happened, then sat, knees bent, and arms like a chain's link ringing her knees.



"Lie down, will you."

She finally lay down, still in her dressing gown.

"If you took off that overcoat, it would help."

"It's too cold."

"It's not a bit cold."

She sighed.

"Oh, stop sounding as though you were on the critical list all the time."

"*We* can't make love," she said, and laughed—laughed at him.

"Don't laugh. Why can't we? What's so strange about us?"

"It's you! It's you!" she said in a loud voice.

"Stop shouting at me. You're supposed to be loving me, not shouting at me."

"Oh, it's your fault," she said in a rage, and her thin, long arms, suddenly alive with strength, shook his heavy frame. "You are to blame."

"Other women don't complain."

"What other women?"

"You don't really think you are the only one?"

"Of course I am."

"Of course you are not."

"I don't believe you."

"What do you think I am? Some kind of monk?"

"There's no one else."

"Don't be so naïve."

"Who?"

"You don't believe me, do you?"

"No."

"Susan."

"Susan? You're fooling."

He wanted to say, "I am not fooling, and it wasn't anything like this," but a *frisson* had gone through her, and he didn't say anything.

"Of course you didn't make love to Susan," she said, but he could see that she believed it. "Not with Susan. She was so homely."

"She wasn't so homely."

She rose from the bed.

For a day or two, Susan, who had recently been a guest of theirs and had slept in the downstairs bedroom, seemed back in the house. Then at last he said, "No, I didn't really make love to Susan."

"I know you didn't," she said, and though she knew he was lying, the lie comforted her. He had denied Susan; it was something that he had denied her. She would become one of those half-true, half-fictional characters about whom he himself hardly knew whether they existed more in real life or in his imagination.

Strange, he thought, that his wife

should care so much about his relations with other women when she was so content to sleep alone. Or perhaps not strange at all. Ownership was the important thing—property; her interest was only stirred when someone was about to take him away from her, or borrow him for even a short while. Then, a peculiar intensity in her gaze, she quivered; then her eyes lighted and looked at him. But oh, that gaze, he thought. It was something to be gazed at like that by a woman. He responded. He could no more not respond than he could be spoken to and not answer. That gaze was his recompense—a sort of handout, which he accepted and was grateful for. Any other man would go, he thought—wouldn't stand for it one minute.

Again he looked at his bed, unmade, and made it, stretching the sheets tight and folding the corners in as he had learned to do so long ago he couldn't remember who had taught him. Some sergeant, was it, in the war? Very probably. If so, it went famously with the army bed. He tucked the blankets in with the same care. When he was a child, he remembered, he wasn't happy till he was tucked in so tight the sides of the mattress curled up like a hull and the covers formed a kind of deck. He slid into bed and switched the light out.

He recalled a verse that he had read, "Delighted and delighting like a bride," and laughed—in his mind only, of course. How very many things I go through the motions of only in my mind, he thought. Even painting is just a slight step beyond—tracing one's thoughts with a brush, color, or a pencil, the canvas only a step from nothingness. I am really at my best here in my thoughts while I lie still and silent. Definitely I am not a man of action. For every night that I don't sleep alone a hundred nights will pass in which I do. He turned over.

Only a few minutes had passed when he heard the door open, and a rustle, and in the half-light from the stairway saw his wife in her nightgown. "Well, what brings you here?" he said, switching on the light.

"Look," she said, holding out a page from the New York *Times*. "Here's a photo of a reproduction of this bed. Six hundred dollars. This is an original, so it's probably worth over a thousand."

"It'd be worth even more if you came into it."

"Oh, you can't think of anything else," she scoffed, and with a rustle of silk and paper went back to her room.

HAVING his studio at home, he hung around the house most of the day. At two o'clock, there was no sign of lunch. He strode into the kitchen. "Well, aren't we going to have lunch? It's two o'clock, you know."

"Oh, just make yourself a sandwich."

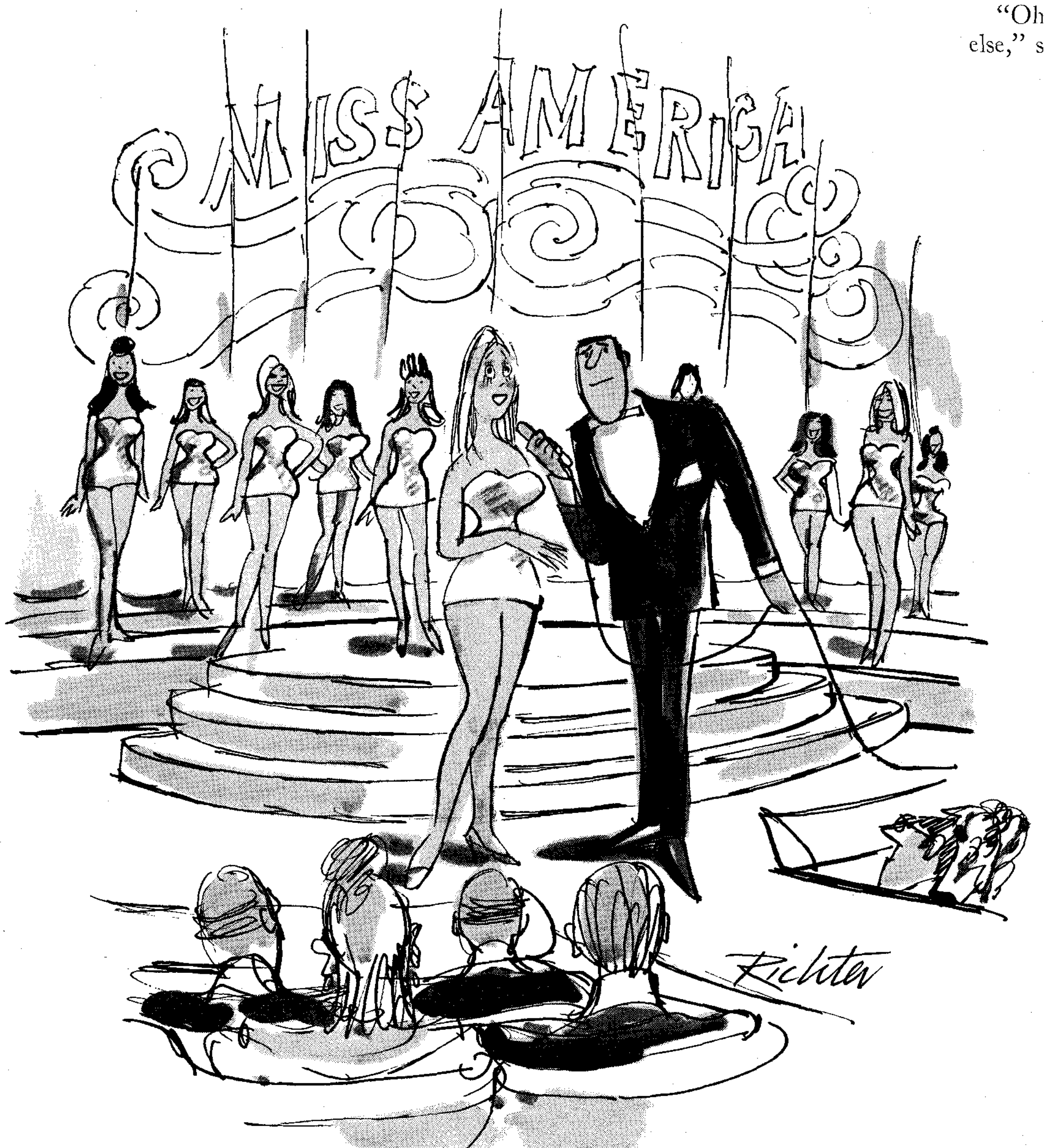
"Wonderful. We never see each other—not even at meals."

"We see each other all day. We see too much of each other. You're always around. Why don't you go out? Why don't you do something? I thought I was married to a painter."

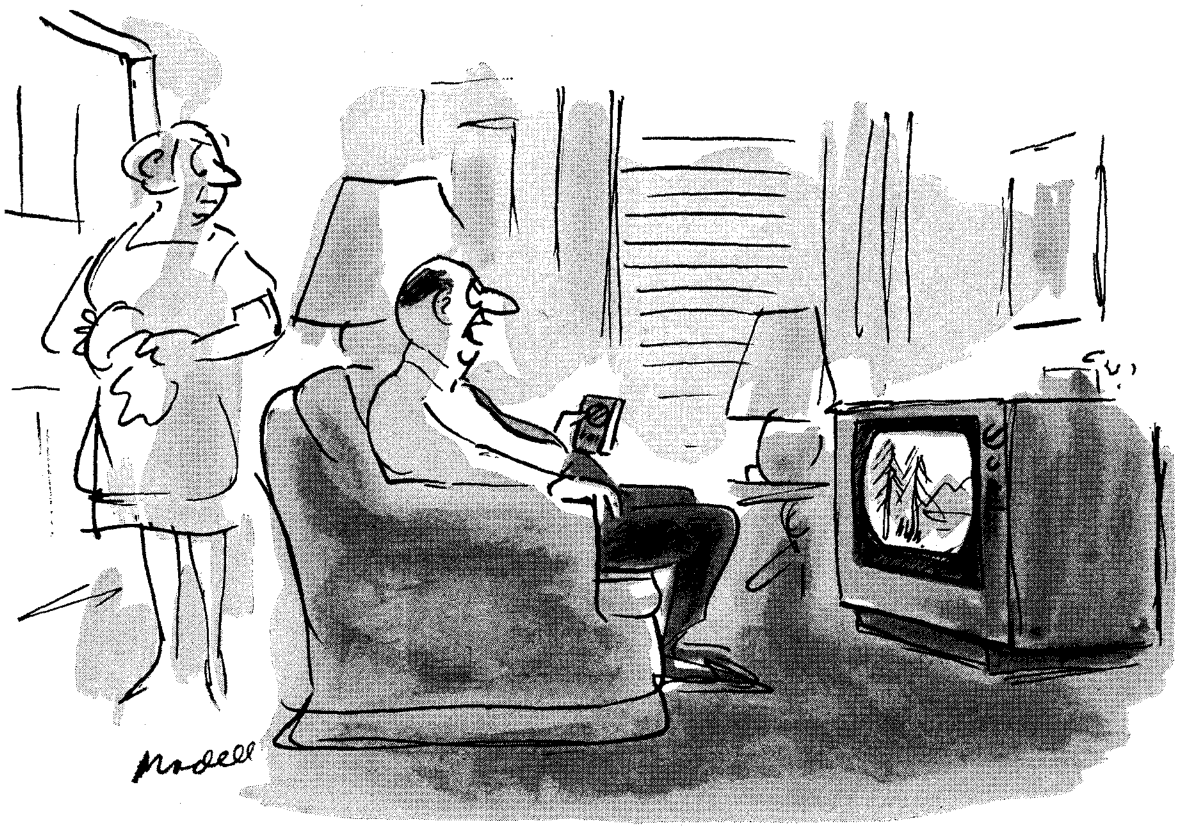
"Oh, yes, you think it's so easy—just sit down and do a painting; turn them out like pots and pans. But I don't work like that."

"I'll say you don't. You work ten minutes a day. The rest of it you're around grumbling, complaining. No wonder I don't want to have lunch with you."

"I know, this is going to be just like your parents' house. God, I remember your father coming home from the office and nothing ready. I'd see him in the kitchen cooking himself some dinner. Pretty soon there won't be any supper here, either."



"I play the violin some, I like sports, I paint and I sculpt, but my real dream is every girl's dream—to go to Washington and head the Office for Consumer Affairs."



“Again ecology!”

“Oh, you are the world’s worst grump.”

“Just like at your mother’s and father’s home, that’s the way things are going to be.”

“What are you talking about? My mother used to prepare meals all the time, except during the last years when she wasn’t well.”

“I see myself getting into your father’s position more and more. I’m already sleeping in his bed. Well, you may be the image of your mother, but I am not like your father. I am not going to stand for it! What do you think!”

“I don’t know what you are talking about even.”

“His sleeping alone all the time. Don’t tell me that went on just the last few years.”

“Your parents slept separately, too.”

“That doesn’t mean *I* have to. I’m going to leave; I am not just going to wait and wait until I die.”

“Why *don’t* you leave? Go. I’m not holding you. But you aren’t going to leave. If anyone is going to leave, it will be me.”

“Why do you think I won’t leave?”

“You’d miss us too much.”

He was silent a moment. Perhaps she was right. He resumed complaining. It was easier, less consequential than threatening to leave. “Yes, if I don’t do something, little by little the setup is going to be just like at your home. I remember one night when your mother was sick. I was sleeping in the sunroom, your sister was on the living-room sofa, and your father was sitting up in case your mother needed something. About three o’clock in the morning, your father was so tired he asked your sister to take over, and she said to him, ‘Oh, no, you don’t! You stay right there,’ in a voice so harsh he didn’t dare move, or even say anything. And she’s always so gentle and sweet. I can just hear her talking to me that way—oh, not now, not this year or the next, but if she comes and lives with us, as she might, and gets more familiar with me, I can just hear her telling me off in that same voice.”

“Oh, you are crazy. What do you want to eat?”

He looked down at the floor, slightly ashamed. As usual, he had said too much. “Oh, anything—whatever there is.”

“Come on, Jennie,” she said in a cheerful voice to their eldest daughter. “We’re going to have lunch.”

LATER, he went up to his studio, paused in front of the canvas, and looked at it as if it were the most alien thing; he could not work. He wasn’t always this nasty; when he could paint, when some strong idea gave him the energy to paint, his mood improved and he would go downstairs happily and play with the children or do some odd job around the house. Not today. Today he was without an idea, without energy, and he felt the pull of the bed drawing him like an undertow. He let himself go, dropped on the bed, and slept.

One day, two days, he was his beastly self. The third day, he must do something.

“I’m going out for a drive,” he said to his wife. “I’ll be out most of the day.”

“I’m going, too,” she said unemotionally. “My brother is coming this evening to pick me up.”

“What?”

“I thought I’d go and stay in an apartment for a while.”

“Are you joking?”

“No. I’ll go with the children to my sister’s, then look for an apartment.”

He stared at her. Was she serious? He had known her to say things like this before and not mean them. Underplaying it, like a perfect Actors Studio graduate, she had been absolutely convincing every time, and every time he had fallen for it. He wondered. No, this time she really seemed to mean it. “Look,” he said, “we could have your sister come here. We could . . .” He was quite beside himself with worry.

She was looking at him in a funny way—differently from before. He thought he could see a softening, the beginnings of a smile. “You don’t mean it, do you?” he said.

“No.”

“Why did you say it? Just to spoil my trip?”

“No,” she said.

He left then, feeling at the same time exhausted and relieved, like one who has run a serious danger and escaped it.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

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THURSDAY—A God in Earthly Guise: Brahms, Vishnu and Shiva, the Hindu Trinity. 2:30 P.M. Joan L. Cohen.—*Boston Herald Traveler.*

Forget the sitar—just bring a violin!

FOUR POEMS

THE CEREMENTS

She made him a roof with her hands
from his own voice she wove
the walls to stop the wind
with his own dreams she painted the windows
each with its kingdom
and the doors were mirrors she fashioned
of his eyes

but when she opened it he was gone

gone the vision
gone
the witness

She made him a cage of wishes
he helped when he could
helped long
and indeed with all the heavy parts

but when she opened it

She made him a net of consents
where he might turn in his own place
like an eye in its veins
a globe in its hours
she hung it with tears
with both of theirs

but when she opened it he was gone

gone
the asking

She made him a box of some sweet wood
she knew he remembered from his childhood
in corners rose columns she painted like smoke
she drew a star inside the lid

but when she opened it

She made him a bed such as the fates have
in the palms of the newly born
but there they do not lay them down
they have risen

and when she opened it
he was gone

gone the cry the laughter

They made him a fence of names
each with its story
like his own teeth
they laid claim
to his ears

but he had others

when they opened the echoes even the echoes
he had gone

They made him an ark of the one tree
and places for him builded in
two of every kind

but before the rain came
he was gone

laws of the hands gone
night of the veins gone
gone the beating in the temples

and every face in the sky

THE WEB

So it's mine
this leg of a thin gray travelling animal
caught in the web again
tearing
in a stocking of blood

the old scars waking opening
in the form of a web

the seamless fabric itself bleeding
where it clings

and all this time dark wings
cries
cries flying over at a great height

o web

over the sand you are woven
over the water you are woven
over the snow you are woven
over the grass you are woven
over the mountains you are woven
over the heads of the lambs you are woven
over the fish you are woven
over the faces you are woven
over the clouds you are woven
over pain itself you are woven

the tears glint on you like dew
the blood is spreading wherever you have held me
the days and the nights
keep their distance
without a sound

but I remember also the ringing spaces
when I have crossed you like a hand on a harp
and even now
in the echoless sky the birds pursue our music

hoping to hear it again

LETTER

By the time you read this

it is dark on the next page

the mourners sleep there
feeling their feet in the tide

before me in the dusk an animal rose and vanished
your name

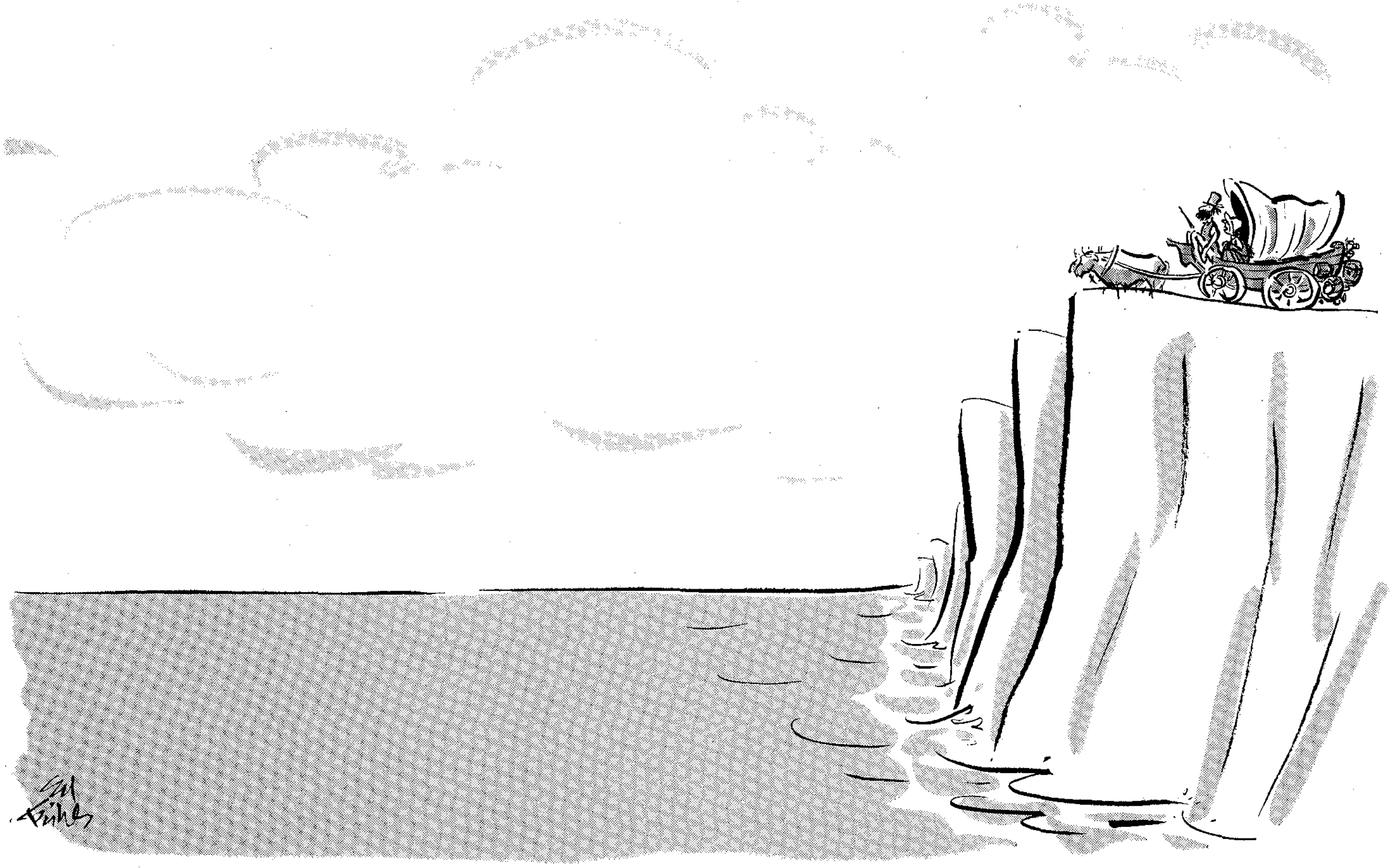
you have been with me also in the descent
the winter
you remember
how many things come to one name
hoping to be fed

it changes but the name for it
is still the same
I tell you it is still the same

hungry birds in the junipers
all night
snow

all night

by the time you read this



"Well? Which way the course of empire now?"

* * *

the address of the last house
that we will sleep in together on earth
will have been paid as a price
dialled on a telephone
worn as identification
passed on speedometers in unmarked places
multiplied by machines
divided divided
undistracted
standing guard over us all the time
over past future
present
faceless angel

whom each rain washes nearer to himself

but I tell you
by the time you read this
wherever

I tell you

SHORE

We turned hearing the same note
of the flute far inland unfaltering and
unknown to each other but already
wrapped in the silence that we would each wear
we left two the hills one the valley before
day entered the pearl and we drew
together as streams descend through their
darkness to the shore

there it was even then by that horn light
of an old skin to be seen approaching
out of the black the lifted prow which waves
touched and fled from on the engraved flood
the scar on the wooden breast climbing above
the breast and the after vessel gazing
up and back at the night the family
the resemblance invisible to us
as it bore in bore in rapidly
to the rocky plain the eggs of venerable
stones the leaden shingle washed and washed under
the shrieks of curlews and that unbreaking
note as of a planet

making in fast toward our eyes fixed
on the uncolored bow one massed and older
jutting in velvet hat and the gown dark
to the shingle beyond whom the sky
whitened out of the gnarled littoral
the other no nearer the waves still young
a fisherman bareheaded in boots
it is my feet that are bare and others
may have gathered behind us the fires
would have been lit at home but we no longer
see behind us

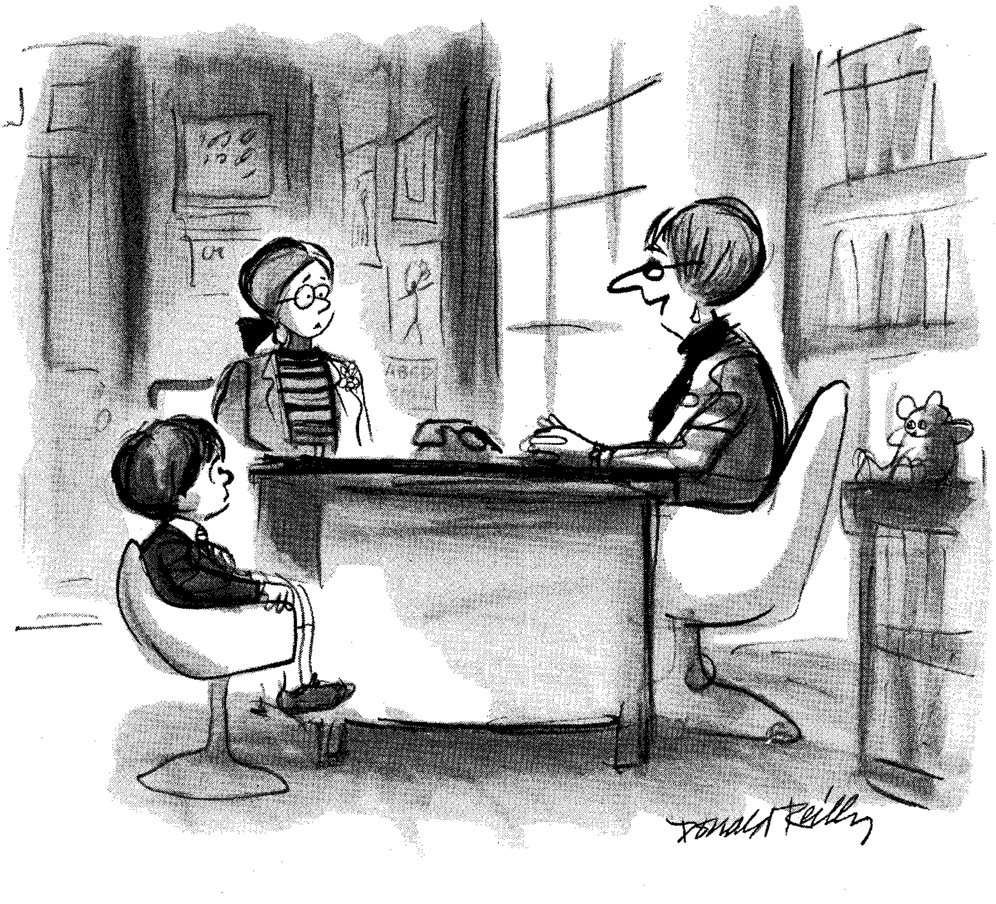
and we hear nothing above the haul
of tongues leaving the shore to the flute's
accompaniment silent flocks pass
on their black journeys it is making in
at a speed that ignores the steely elements
we are waiting waiting what it was carrying
in the early hours as we believed
it could no longer have borne living when the white
shadow gained on heaven and a figure
like the beam of a black lantern seemed
to stand in the bark but now though the hollow
board is plainly nearer the light will set
soon where it first rose and we get by heart
the spot where the shingle will scrape in the night
if the keel touches

—W. S. MERWIN

AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT

SHE was last seen by Mrs. Barker, the charwoman. At ten minutes to eleven (Mrs. Ridpath was always punctual, you could set your watch by her) she came into the kitchen, put on the electric kettle, got out the coffeepot, the milk, the sugar, the two pink cups and saucers, the spoons, the coffee canister. She took the raisin cake out of the cake tin, cut two good slices, laid them on the pink plates that went with the two cups, though not a match. The kettle boiled, the coffee was made. At the hour precisely the two women sat down to their elevenses. It was all just as usual. If there had been anything not just as usual with Mrs. Ridpath, Mrs. Barker would certainly have noticed it. Such a thing would be quite out of the common; it would force itself on your notice. Mrs. Ridpath was never much of a talker, though an easy lady to talk to. She asked after Mrs. Barker's Diane and David. She remarked that people in the country would soon be hearing the first cuckoo. Mrs. Barker said she understood that the Council were poisoning the poor pigeons again, and together they agreed that London was no longer what it was. Mrs. Barker could remember when Pimlico was a pleasure to live in—and look at it now, nothing but barracks and supermarkets where they treated you with no more consideration than if you were a packet of lentils yourself. And at eleven-fifteen she said she must be getting on with her work. Later, while she was polishing the bath, she saw Mrs. Ridpath come out of the bedroom and go to the front door. She was wearing her grey and had a scarf over her head. Mrs. Barker advised her to put on a mac, for it looked like rain. Mrs. Ridpath did so, picked up her handbag, and went out. Mrs. Barker heard the lift come up and go down, and that was the last she knew. It was Saturday, the day when she was paid her week's money, and she hung about a bit. But Mrs. Ridpath didn't come back, and at a quarter past one she left. Her credit was good, thank God! She could manage her weekend shopping all right, and Mrs. Ridpath would pay her on Monday.

On Monday she let herself in. The flat was empty. The Aga cooker was stone-cold, the kitchen was all anyhow; the milk bottles hadn't been rinsed, let alone put out. The telephone rang, and it was Mr. Ridpath, saying that Mrs. Ridpath was away for the weekend.



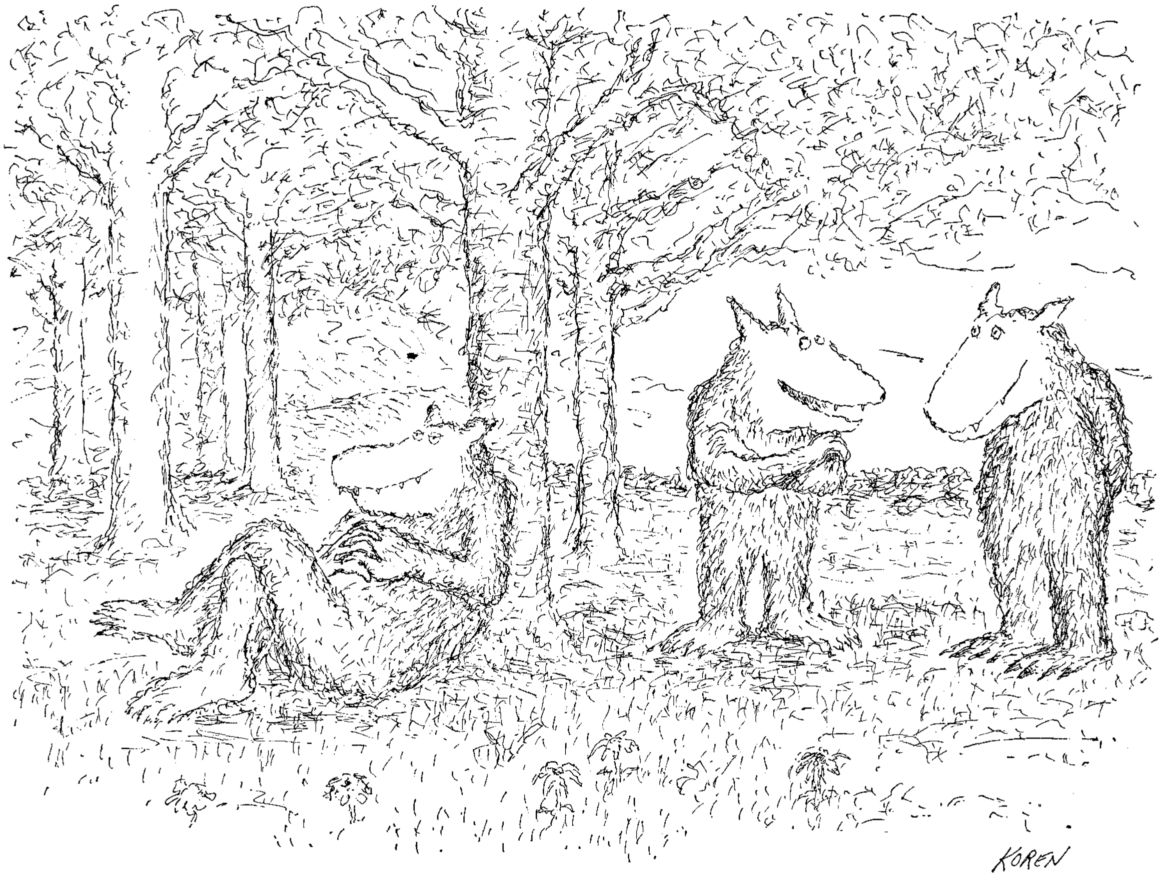
"Nowadays we just assume all our applicants are bright. What we're looking for is children with clout."

By then, Aston Ridpath was so determined that this must be so that when Mrs. Barker answered him he waited for a moment, allowing time for her to say that Mrs. Ridpath had just come in.

For naturally, when he got home from his office on Saturday (the alternate Saturday when he worked during the afternoon), he expected to find Lucy in the flat, probably in the kitchen. There was no Lucy. There was no smell of cooking. In the refrigerator there was a ham loaf, some potato salad, and the remains of the apple mousse they had had on Friday. It was unlike Lucy not to be there. He turned on the wireless for the six-o'clock news and sat down to wait. By degrees an uneasiness and then a slight sense of guilt stole into his mind. Had Lucy told him she would not be back till after six? He had had a busy day; it might well have slipped his memory. It was even possible that she had told him and that he had not attended. It was easy not to attend to Lucy. She had a soft voice, and a habit of speaking as if she did not expect to be attended to. Probably she had told him she was going out to tea, or something of that sort. She sometimes went to picture galleries. But surely, if she had told him she would not be back in time to get dinner, he would have noticed it? By eight o'clock it became obvious that she must have told him she would not be back in time for dinner. No doubt she had told him about the ham loaf, too. She was thoughtful about such matters—which was one reason why her conversation was so seldom arresting. It would not do to seem inattentive, so he would eat and, if there was time before she got back, he would also wash up.

He ate. He washed up. He hung the dishcloth on the rail. In some ways he was a born bachelor.

The telephone rang. As he expected, it was Golding, who had said he might come round that evening with the stamp album he had inherited from an uncle who had gone in for philately. He didn't know if there was anything in it worth having; Ridpath would know. Golding was one of those calm, tractable bores who appear to have been left over from ampler days. Every Sunday he walked from Earls Court to St. Paul's to attend matins. Now he arrived carrying a large brown-paper parcel and a bunch of violets. "Lucy's out," said Aston, seeing Golding look round for somewhere to dispose of the flowers. "She's gone out to dinner. Have a whiskey?"



"He's just been given the nod from the New York Zoological Society."

"Well, yes. That would be very pleasant."

The album turned out to be unexpectedly interesting. It was after eleven when Golding began to wrap it up. His eye fell on the violets.

"I don't suppose I shall see Mrs. Ridpath. I think you said she was dining out."

"She's dining with some friends."

"Rather a long dinner," said Golding.

"You know what women are like when they get together," said Aston. "Talk, talk, talk."

Golding said sympathetically, "Well, I like talking, too."

Golding was gone. As Aston picked up his violets, which would have to be put into some sort of vase, he realized with painful actuality that if Lucy wasn't back by midnight he would have to do something about it—ring up hospitals, ring up the police. It would be necessary to describe her. When one has been happily married to a woman for nearly twenty-five years it is too much to be expected to describe her. Tall. Thin. Knock-kneed. Walks with a stoop. Brown eyes, brown hair—probably safer to say grizzled. Wearing— How the hell was he to know what Lucy would be wearing if she had gone out to dinner? If he were to say what occurred to him, it would be tweeds.

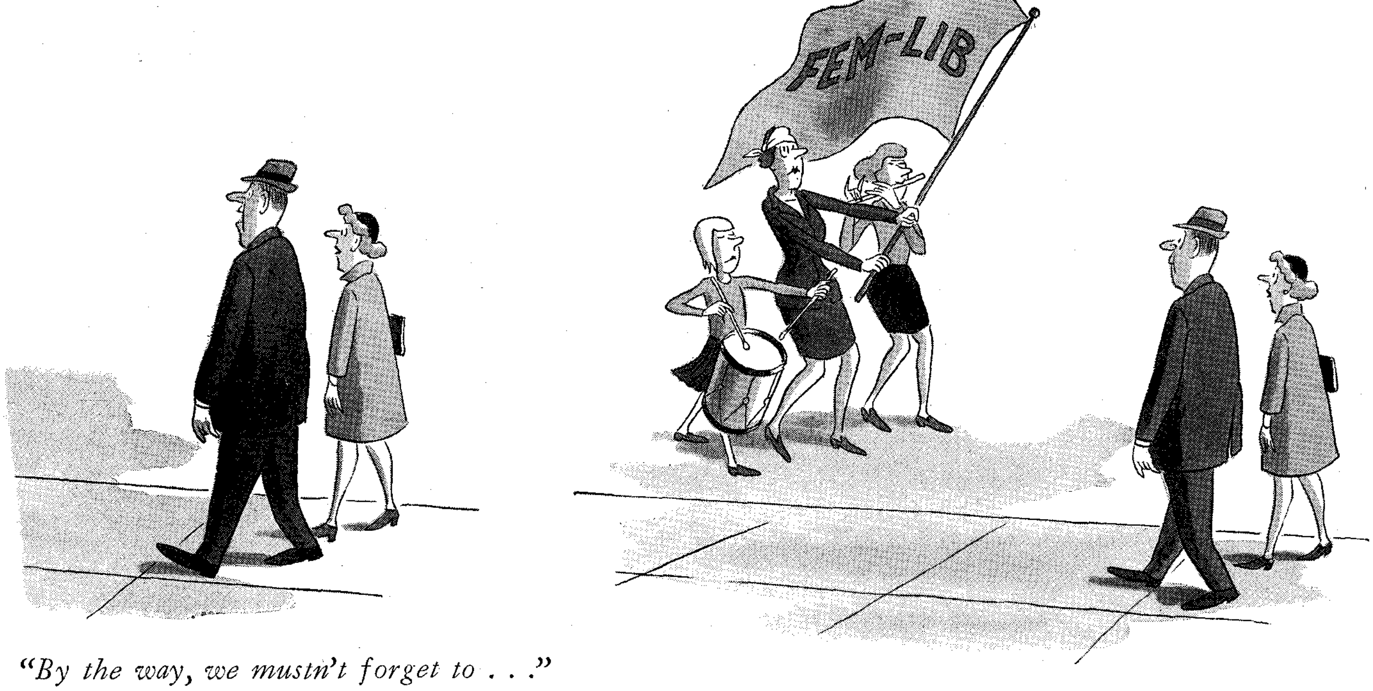
Suppose she had not gone out to dinner? Suppose—for fiction is after all based on real life—suppose she had gone off, leaving that traditional note on her pincushion? If she had a pincushion. He walked into their bedroom. There was a pincushion, a very old and wilted one, but there was no note on it. He could see no note anywhere. There were some letters on her desk. He read them. They were from shops, or from friends, recounting what the friends had been doing.

If only he had listened! If only she had not got into this unfortunate trick of mumbling! For she would certainly have told him whom she was going out to. "Aston, I'm having dinner with . . ." It seemed as if he could almost recapture the words. "Aston, I'm going . . ." Could she have continued, "away for the weekend"? For that would explain everything. It was perfectly possible. There were all those friends who wrote to her about flying in Hovercrafts to the Isle of Wight, visiting Leningrad, coming back from cruises to the West Indies. Why shouldn't she be spending the weekend with one or other of these Sibyls or Sophies? It was April, a season when it is natural to spend weekends in the country—if you like that sort of thing. Only a few weeks ago he had remarked that she was looking tired and would be the better for country air. An invitation had come; mindful of his encouragement she had accepted it. He could now almost swear he had heard the words "Aston, I am going away for the weekend." No doubt she had also told him where. He had failed to remember it, but one cannot remember everything.

He ate some biscuits, went to bed with a clear conscience, and was asleep in five minutes.

In the morning his first conscious thought was that Lucy was away for the weekend. The conviction was so strong that presently he was able to imagine her being brought breakfast in bed—brown-bread toast, honey, piping-hot coffee; he could positively see the tray. There she would lie, listening to the birds. If it had not been for that unlucky moment of inattention, he would have been able to construct some approximation of the surrounding landscape. London is surrounded by the Home Counties. Somewhere in the Home Counties—for if she had told him she was going to Yorkshire or Cape Wrath he would surely have registered the fact—Lucy was having breakfast in bed. He was glad of it. It would do her good. Thinking affectionately of Lucy, he lay in bed for some while longer, then got up and made his breakfast. The bacon took a long time to cook. He had omitted to riddle the stove overnight; the fire had choked and was almost out. He looked about conscientiously to see if Lucy had left any food he ought to heat up. He did not want to be found with any kind provisions uneaten. When Lucy went to visit her cousin Aurelia in Suffolk, she always left, he remembered, quantities of soup. This time she had left nothing. No doubt she had said, at that moment when he wasn't attending, that he had better eat out.

Accordingly, Aston ate out. His mind was at rest. Wherever Lucy might be, she could not be with Aurelia



"By the way, we mustn't forget to . . ."

and would return from wherever it might have been his own normal Lucy. During those Suffolk absences all he could be sure of was that Aurelia was leading Lucy, whether up a windmill or to Paris, by the nose, and that what he received back would be Aurelia's Lucy: talking in Aurelia's voice, asserting Aurelia's opinions, aping Aurelia's flightiness, flushed, overexcited, and giggling like a schoolgirl. Thoroughly unsettled, in short, and needing several days to become herself again. Family affection is all very well, but it was absurd that visits to a country cousin—a withered virgin and impecunious at that—should be so intoxicating that Lucy returned from them as from an assignation, and acknowledged them as such by leaving him with such quantities of soup. Even when she went to Aurelia's funeral she provided it; and came home saying in Aurelia's voice that cremations would be all right if they weren't so respectful. But now there was no soup and his mind continued to be at rest till he was in the bathroom brushing his teeth before going to bed and noticed Lucy's sponge. It was a new sponge; he had given it to her for Christmas. There was no excuse for leaving it behind. Apparently she had not taken anything—not her hand lotion, not her dusting powder. Examining Lucy's dressing table, he saw that she had taken nothing from that, either. In a moment of blind panic he fell on his knees and looked for her body under the bed.

This was probably due to Wordsworth's tiresome trick of staying about in one's memory. If Lucy had been christened Angelina, he would not have been under the same compulsion to suppose she was dead. Lucy (his Lucy) kept Wordsworth beside her bed. He looked up the poem and found that on this occasion Wordsworth was mistaken, though in the following lyrics he had lost her and it made a great difference to him. Then he remembered that Samuel Butler had wickedly put it about that Wordsworth, aided by Southey and Coleridge, had murdered Lucy. This meant returning to the sitting room for Butler. Half an hour with Butler recalled him to reason. Lucy must have forgotten to pack her sponge and had bought a new hairbrush.

But the sponge and the hairbrush had shaken him. He did not sleep so well that night, and when he got up to a cold, companionless Monday morning the reality of Lucy's absence was stronger than the ideality of her breakfast tray floating somewhere in the Home Counties, and he hoped very much she would soon be back—by which time Mrs. Barker would have put things straight, so that there would be nothing to impede him from saying, "And now tell me all about it." For that was the form of words he had decided on.

When he came back that evening everything had been put straight. But still there was no Lucy.

Anxiety hardens the heart. Addressing the absent Lucy, Aston said, "I shall ring up Vere." Vere was his sister—a successful widow. He did not like her very much and Lucy did not like her at all. She lived in Hampstead. He rang up Vere, who cut short his explanations by saying she would come at once and grapple.

She came with a suitcase and again cut short his explanations.

"I suppose you have told the police."

"Told the police, Vere? Why the hell should I tell the police? It's no business of theirs. Nothing would induce me to tell the police."

"If Lucy doesn't reappear and you haven't told the police, you'll probably be suspected of murder."

As Aurelia walked toward the Tate Gallery she noticed that she was wearing a wedding ring. Her first impulse—for she was a flighty creature—was to drop it into a pillar-box. Then some streak of latent prudence persuaded her that it would be more practical to sell it. She pulled it off—it was too large for her and revolved easily on her finger—and dropped it into her bag. She remembered that there had been a second-hand jewelry shop a little farther along. She had sometimes looked in through its wire-meshed windows at coral earrings and mosaic brooches of the Colosseum, St. Peter's, and other large celebrities. Once, long ago, she had bought herself an unset moss agate there. It was only a simulacrum of moss, but the best that then presented itself. The shop was still in its old place. She went in and presented the ring. The jeweller looked with compassion at the sad middle-aged woman in a mackintosh with a wisp of greying hair plastered to her forehead by the rain. To judge by the ring, she must have known better days. It was both broad and heavy, and he could

“mail those letters.”

give her a good sum for it. “I’m afraid I must ask for the name,” he said. “It’s a formality.”

“Aurelia Lefanu, Shilling Street, Lavenham.” She smiled as she gave the address.

Well, at any rate, the poor thing loved her home.

The same unaccountable streak of prudence now told Aurelia she must do some shopping. Stockings, for instance. It was raining harder, and her feet felt wet already. One need suggested another, and impressed by her own efficiency she bought some underclothes. Finally, as it was now raining extremely hard and she had collected several paper parcels, she bought a tartan grip. The Tate would be full of people who had gone in to shelter from the rain; but they wouldn’t be looking at the Turners. Joseph Mallord William Turner, staring from under his sooty chimney-pot hat, sucking in color as if from a fruit, making and remaking his world like some unendingly ambitious Jehovah and, like a Jehovah, peopling it with rather unsuccessful specimens of the human race, was hers and hers alone for the next hour. When she left the gallery, Joseph Mallord William Turner had got there before her. The rain had stopped. A glittering light thrust from beneath the arch of cloud and painted the river with slashing strokes of primrose and violet. The tide was at the full, and a procession of Thames shipping rode on it in blackness and majesty.

“Oh!”

In her excitement she seized the elbow of the man beside her; for he too was looking, he too, no doubt, was transfixed. Touched by her extreme emotion and her extreme wetness, he said, “I’m hoping to catch a taxi. Can I give you a lift? It’s going to pelt again in a moment, you know.”

“I’ve forgotten to take out my bag. Could you wait an instant?”

Seeing its cheapness—indeed, he could read the price, for the tag was still hanging from it—he supposed she was some perpetual student who would be much the better for a good square tea. She had a pretty voice.

The light grew dazzling. In another minute a heavier rain would descend; if he could not secure the taxi that had just drawn up to discharge its passenger, there would be no hope of another. He hauled her down the steps, signalling with her tartan bag, and pushed her in.

“Where can I take you?”

“Where? . . . I really don’t know. Where would be suitable?” And gazing out of the window at the last defiance of the light, she murmured, “ ‘Whither will I not go with gentle Ithamore?’ ”

He gave his own address to the driver. The taxi drove off.

Turning to him, she said, “Marlowe, not me. I’m afraid it may have sounded rather forward.”

“I’ve never been called Ithamore in all my life. It’s a pretty name. What’s yours?”

“Mine’s a pretty name, too. Aurelia.”

SO it was in London that she breakfasted in bed that Sunday morning, wearing white silk pajamas with black froggings—for however cleverly one goes shopping one cannot remember everything, and she had forgotten to buy a nightdress. In all his life he had never been called Ithamore. In all his life he had never met anything like Aurelia. She was middle-aged, plain, badly kept, untravelled—and she had the aplomb of a *poule de luxe*. Till quite recently she must have worn a wedding ring, for the dent was on her finger; but she bore no other mark of matrimony. She knew how to look at pictures, and from her ease in nakedness he might have supposed her a model—but her movements never set into a pose. He could only account for her by supposing she had escaped from a lunatic asylum.

She must be saved from any more of that. He must get her out of England as soon as possible. This would involve getting him out of England, too, which would be inconvenient for Jerome and Marmor, Art Publishers, but the firm could survive his absence for a few weeks. It would *not* be longer than that. Once settled at Saint-Rémy de Provence, with Laure and Dominique to keep an eye on her, and with a polite subsidy, she would do very well for herself—set up an easel, maybe; study astronomy. She would feel no need for him. It was he who would feel need, be consumed with an expert’s curiosity.

She had spoken of how Cézanne painted trees in slats, so he drove her through the beechwoods round Stokenchurch and along a canal to a hotel that concealed its very good cooking behind a rustic Edwardian face. Here she said she was tired of eating cooked food, she would prefer fruit. She was as frank as a nymph about it, or a kinkajou. This frankness was part of her savor. It touched him because it was so totally devoid of calculation or self-consciousness. It would have been remarkable even in a very young girl; in a middle-aged woman showing such marks of wear and tear it was resplendent. It was touching, too, though rather difficult to take, that she should be so unappreciative of his tact. He had led her to a prospect of Provence; he had intimated that he sometimes went there himself; that he might have to go there quite soon; that he hoped it might be almost immediately, in order to catch the nightingales and the wisteria. . . .

“Will you take me too?” she inquired. To keep his feet on the ground, he asked if she had a passport.

On Monday morning he rang up Jerome and Marmor to say he had a cold and would not be coming in for a few days; and would Miss Simpson bring him a passport-application form, please. The form was brought. He left Aurelia to fill it in while he went to his bank. As this was a first application, someone would have to vouch for her, and he would ask Dawkins to do it. Dawkins was closeted with a customer. He had to wait. When he got at him, Dawkins was so concerned to show that the slight illegality of vouching for someone he had never set eyes on meant nothing to him that he launched into conversation and told funny stories about Treasury officials for the next fifteen minutes.

"Aurelia! I'm sorry to have left you for so long. . . . Aurelia?"

Standing in the emptied room he continued to say, "Aurelia." The application form lay on the table. With a feeling of indecency, he read it. "AURELIA LEFANU. Born: Burford, Oxon. 11th May 1923. Height: 5 ft. 10. Eyes: Brown. Hair: Grey." The neat printing persisted without a waver. But at the Signature of Applicant something must have happened. She had begun to write—it seemed to be a name beginning with "L"—and had violently, scrawlingly erased it.

She had packed her miserable few belongings and was gone. For several weeks he haunted the Tate Gallery and waited to read an unimportant paragraph saying that the body of a woman, aged about forty-five, had been recovered from the Thames.

"IF you haven't told the police—" The thought of being suspected of murdering Lucy left Aston speechless. The aspersion was outrageous; the notion was ridiculous. Twenty years and more had passed since they were on murdering terms. But the police were capable of believing anything, and Vere's anxiety to establish his innocence was already a rope round his neck. Vere was at the telephone, saying that Mr. Ridpath wished to see an officer immediately. There appeared to be some demurring at the other end, but she overcame it. While they waited, she filled in the time by cross-examining him. When did Lucy tell him she was going away for the weekend? How did she look when telling him? If he wasn't quite sure that she had done so, what made him think she had? Had she been going away for other weekends? Had he noticed any change in her? Was she restless at night? Flushed? Hysterical? Had her speech thickened? If not, why did he say she mumbled? Had he looked in all her drawers? Her wardrobe? The wastepaper baskets? Why not? Had she drawn out money from her post-office savings? Had she been growing morbid? Had she been buying cosmetics, new clothes, neglecting the house, reading poetry, losing her temper? Why hadn't he noticed any of this? Were they growing apart? Did she talk in her sleep? Why did she never come to Hampstead? And why had he waited till Monday evening before saying a word of all this?

When the police officer came, she transferred the cross-examination to him. He was a large, calm man in need of sleep, and resolutely addressed himself to Aston. Aston began to feel better.

"And you were the last person to see Mrs. Ridpath?"

Interrupting Vere's florid confirmation, Aston had the pleasure of saying "No," and the further pleasure of saving her face. "My sister has forgotten about our charwoman. Mrs. Barker must have seen her after I did. She came up in the lift just as I was leaving for work."

The police officer made a note of Mrs. Barker and went away, saying that every endeavor would be made. "But if the lady should be suffering from a loss of memory, it may not be so easy to find her."

"Why?" said Vere. "I should have thought—"

"When persons lose their memory, in a manner of speaking they lose themselves. They aren't themselves. It would surprise you how unrecognizable they become."

When he had gone, Vere exclaimed, "Stuff and nonsense! I'm sure I could recognize Lucy a mile off. And she hasn't much to be recognized by, except her stoop."

Bereft of male companionship, Aston sat down with his head in his hands. Vere began to unpack.

She was in the kitchen, routing through the store-cupboard, when Mrs. Barker arrived on Tuesday morning. She said, "Well, I suppose you know about Mrs. Ridpath?"

Mrs. Barker put down her bag, took off her hat and coat, opened the bag, drew out an apron and tied it on. Then, folding her hands on her stomach, she replied, "No, Madam. Not that I know of." Her heart sank; but a strong dislike is a strong support.

"Well, she's gone. And Mr. Ridpath has put it in the hands of the police."

"Indeed, Madam."

"Not that that will be much use. You know what the police are like."

"No, Madam. I have had no dealings with them."

"They bungle everything. Now, why three packets of prunes? It does seem extraordinary. She was the last person in the world one would expect to do anything unexpected. Did she ever talk to you about going away? By herself, I mean?"

"No, Madam. Never."

Mrs. Barker had no doubt as to where Lucy had gone. She had gone to the South of France—to a pale landscape full of cemetery trees, as in the picture postcard, not sent by anyone, which she kept stuck in her dressing glass and said was the South of France. Remarking that she must get on with her work, Mrs. Barker went smoothly to the bedroom, removed the postcard, and tucked it into her bosom.

Loth as she was to admit that her sister-in-law could have a lover, Vere was sure that she had eloped. (Men are so helpless, their feelings so easily played on.) She was sure that Lucy's detestable charwoman knew her whereabouts and had been heavily bribed. A joint elevenses was when she'd catch the woman and trip her into the truth.

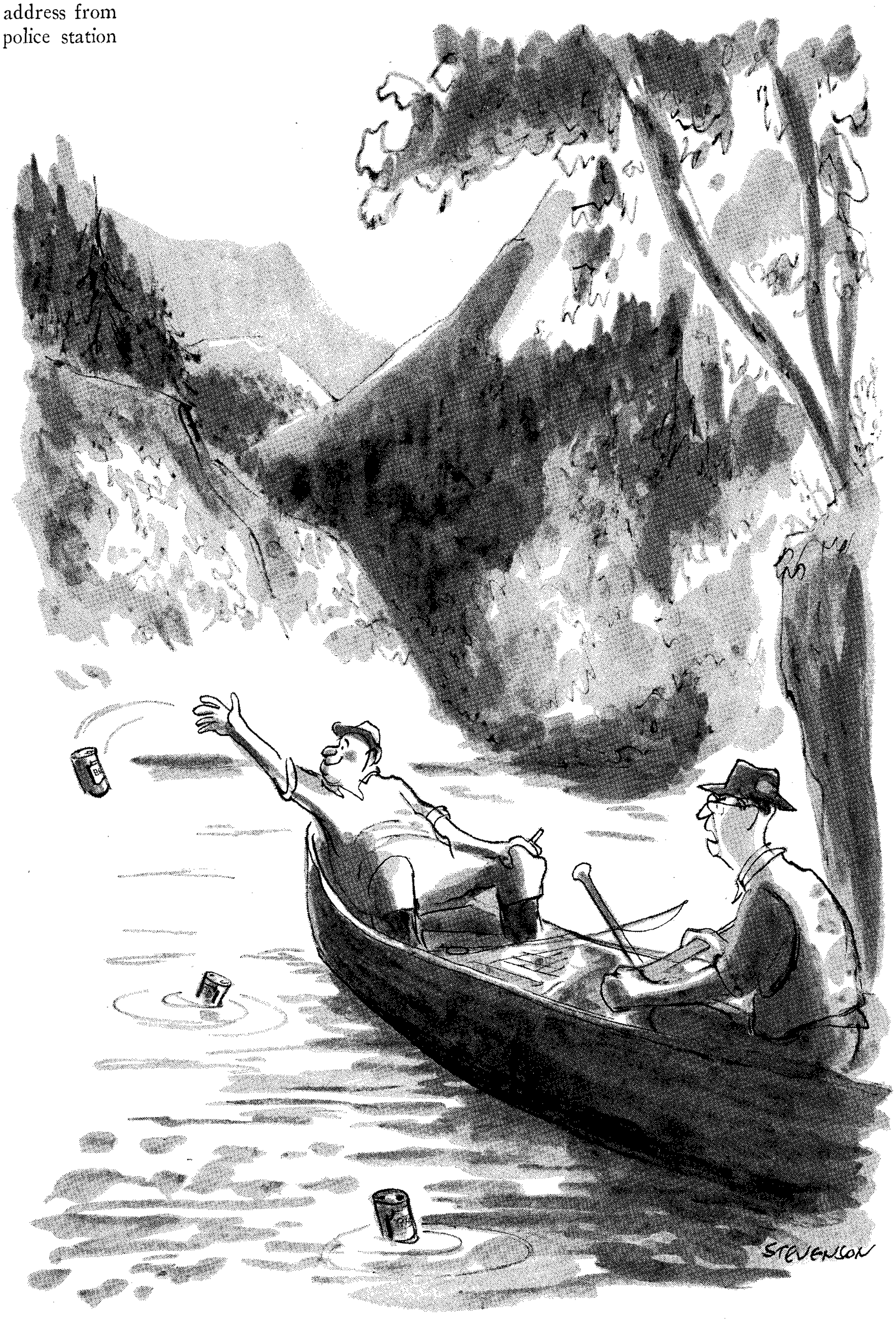
This was forestalled by Mrs. Barker bringing her a tray for one at ten-fifty, remarking that Madam might be glad of it, seeing how busy she was with her writing; and quitting the room with an aggressively hushed tread. Vere believed in leaving no stone unturned. Though she was sure that Lucy had eloped, this didn't seem to have occurred to Aston yet. A series of confidential letters to Lucy's friends might produce evidence that would calm his mind. Not one of the tiresome women had signed with more than a given name, so the envelopes would have to be directed to "Sibyl," "Sophie," "Peg," and "Lalla;" but a "Dear Madam" would redress that. The rest would be easy: a preliminary announcement that she was Aston's sister and was writing to say that Lucy had left home for no apparent reason since she and Aston had always seemed such a happy couple; and that if Lalla, Peg, Sophie, or Sibyl could throw any light on this, of course in strictest confidence, it would be an inexpressible relief. More she would not say; she did not want to prejudice anyone against Lucy.

All this took time. The friends might know each other and get together; it would not do if her letters to them were identical. It would suggest a circular. Her four letters done—for she did not propose to write to people like the linendraper in Northern Ireland who regretted he could no longer supply huckaback roller towels—she would get to work on Mrs. Barker; differently, this time, and appealing to her feelings.

It was in vain. However, she managed to get the woman's address from her, so she rang up the police station and stated her conviction that Mrs. Barker knew what she wouldn't say and should be questioned and, if need be, watched. As Vere was one of those people who are obeyed—on the fallacious hypothesis that it tends to keep them quiet—an inspector called that afternoon on Mrs. Barker. He could not have been pleasanter, but the harm had been done; everybody in the street would know she had been visited by the police. Both the children knew it when they got in—David from school, Diane from her job at the fruiterer's. "Mum! What ever's happened?" "Mum! Is anything wrong?"

The sight of them turned the sword in her heart. But she did not waver. Go back to those Ridpaths she would not; nor demean herself by asking for the money she was owed, though it might mean that the payments on David's bicycle and the triple mirror in Diane's bedroom could not be kept up. Pinch, pawn, go on the streets or the Public Assistance—but grovel for her lawful money to that two-faced crocodile who set the police on her she would not. She drew on her savings; and comforted herself with the thought of the two-faced crocodile down on her knees and doing her own scrubbing. The picture was visionary. Vere was on a committee—among other committees—of a Training Home for Endangered Girls, and whistled up an endangered mental deficient in no time.

"NOW, now," Aurelia adjured herself, gathering her belongings together. "Now, now. Quickly does it. Don't lose your head." Going down in the lift she was accompanied by the man in Dante—the decapitated man who held his head in front of him like a lantern and said through its lips, "Woe's me." But fortunately he got stuck in the swing door. She was alone in the street and knew that she must find a bus. A taxi would not do, it must be a bus; for a bus asks you nothing, it substitutes its speed and direction for



"Confound it, Moxley! Any more of that and I'll have you drummed out of the Sierra Club!"

yours, it takes you away from your private life. You sit in it, released, unknown, an anonymous destiny, and look out of the window or read the advertisements. A bus that had gone by at speed slowed as a van came out of a side street. She ran, caught up with it just as it moved again, clambered in, and sat down next to a stout man who said to her, "You had to run for it, my girl." She smiled, too breathless to speak. Her smile betrayed her. He saw she was not so young as he took her for. She spent the day travelling about London in buses, with a bun now and then to keep her strength up. In the evening she attended a free lecture on town and country planning, given under the auspices of the London County Council. This was in Clerkenwell. During the lecture she noticed that her hands had left off shaking and that for a second time she had yawned quite naturally. Whatever it had been she had so desperately escaped from, she had escaped it. Like the lecture, she was free. It had been rather an expensive day. She atoned for this by walking to King's Cross and spending the night in the ladies' waiting room. It was warm, lofty, impartial—preferable, really, to any bedroom. The dutiful trains arrived and departed—demonstrations of a world in which all was controlled and orderly and would get on very nicely without her. Tomorrow she would go to some quiet place—Highgate Cemetery would do admirably—and decide where to go next.

It was in Highgate Cemetery, studying a headstone which said "I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever," that Aurelia remembered hostels. The lecturer in Clerkenwell had enlarged on youth hostels. But there were middle-aged hostels, too—quiet establishments, scenes of unlicensed sobriety; and as youth hostels are scattered in wild landscapes for the active who enjoyed rock-climbing and rambling (he had dwelt on rambling and the provision of ramblers' routes), middle-aged hostels are clustered round devotional landmarks for the sedentary who enjoyed going to compline. She had enough money to dwell in a middle-aged hostel for a week. A week was quite far enough to plan for. Probably the best person to consult would be a clergyman. There was bound to be a funeral before long. She would hang on its outskirts and buttonhole the man afterward. "Excuse me," she would begin. "I am a stranger. . . ."

"Excuse me," she began, laying hold of him by the surplice. He had a sad, unappreciated face. "I am a stranger."

Thinking about her afterward—and she was to haunt his mind for the rest of his life—Lancelot Fogg acknowledged a saving mercy. His Maker, whom he had come to despair of, an ear that never heard, a name that he was incessantly obliged to take in vain, had done a marvel and shown him a spiritual woman. His life was full of women: good women, pious women, energetic, forceful women, blighted women, women abounding in good works, women learned in liturgies, women with tragedies, scruples, fallen arches—not to mention women he was compelled to classify as bad women: bullies, slanderers, backbiters, schemers, organizers, women abounding in wrath; there were

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I guess you had better go home and change. Most everyone is wearing pants."

N°5
CHANEL
PERFUME

even a few kind women. But never a spiritual woman till now. So tall and so thin, so innocently frank, it was as if she had come down from the west front of Chartres into a world where she was a stranger.

There was nothing remarkable in what she had to say. She wanted to find a hostel somewhere away from London—but not far, because of paying for the ticket—where she could be quiet and go to compline and do some washing. He understood about washing, for being poor he sometimes tried to do his own. But her spirituality shone through her words; it was as if a lily were speaking of cleanliness. Spirituality shone even more clearly through her silences. While he was searching his mind for addresses, she looked at him with tranquil interest, unconcerned trust, as though she had never in her life known care or frustration—whereas from the lines in her face it was obvious she had known both. She was so exceedingly tranquil and trustful, in fact, that she gave an impression of impermanence—as if at any moment some bidding might twitch her away. Non-attachment, he remembered, was the word. The spiritual become non-attached.

"Would Bedfordshire be too far?"

"I don't think so. I should only be there a week."

He had remembered one of the women in his life who had been kind and who now kept a guesthouse near a Benedictine monastery. He gave her the address. She thanked him and was gone. So was the funeral party. The grave was being filled in with increasing briskness. That afternoon, he must preside at the quarterly meeting of St. Agatha's Guild.

The mistake, thought Aurelia, had been to dwell on compline. Doing so she had given a false impression of herself. The recommended Miss Larke of St. Hilda's guesthouse had no sooner let her in than she was exclaiming, "Just in time, just in time! Reverend Fogg rang up to say you were coming—the silly man forgot to mention your name, but you are the lady he met, aren't you?—and that you would be going to compline. I'm afraid we've finished supper. But I'll keep some soup hot for you for when you get back. And here is Mrs. Bouverie, who will show you the way. She's waited on purpose."

"How do you do? How kind of you. My name is Lefanu. Is the abbey far away?"

"If we start now we'll make it," said Mrs. Bouverie.

They started. Mrs. Bouverie was short and stout and she had a short, stout manner of speech. Presently she inquired, "R.C. or A.C.?"

Aurelia was at a loss. The question suggested electricity or taps.

"Roman or Anglo?"

Aurelia replied, "Anglo." It seemed safer, though it was difficult to be sure in the dark.

"Mrs. or Miss?"

Aurelia replied, "Miss."

She had felt so sure that she would be fed on arrival that this day, too, she had relied on buns, resisting those jellied eels which looked so interesting in the narrow street that twisted down to the river—for instead of going straight to the guesthouse she had spent an hour or so exploring the town to see if she'd like it. She did like it. But she had never eaten jellied eels.

She had never been to compline, either. This made it impossible to guess how long it would go on, or exactly what was going on, except that people were invisibly singing or reciting in leisured tones. If she had not been so hungry, Aurelia decided, she could have understood why compline should exercise this charm on people. There was a total lack of obligation about it which was very agreeable. And when it had mysteriously become over, and they were walking back, and Mrs. Bouverie remarked how beautifully it ended a day, didn't it, Aurelia agreed—while looking forward to the soup. The soup was lentil. It was hot and thick, and she felt her being fasten on it. The room was full of chairs, the chairs were full of people, the television was on. She sat clasping the mug where the soup had been. But it wilted in her grasp. She knew that at all costs she must not faint. "Smelling salts!" she exclaimed. A flask of vinegar was pressed to her nose, her head was bowed between her knees. When she had been taken off to be put to bed with a hot-water bottle, Mrs. Bouverie announced, "She's Anglo."

"Naturally. They are always so absurdly emotional," said a lady who was Roman.

Miss Larke returned, reporting that the poor thing was touchingly grateful and had forgotten to bring a nightdress.

In the morning Aurelia woke hungry but without a vestige of gratitude. The sun shone, a thrush was singing in the garden, it was a perfect drying day.

Aurelia, the replacement of Lucy, was a nova—a new appearance in the firmament, the explosion of an aging star. A nova is seen where no star was, and is seen as a portent, a promise of what is variously desired: a victory, a pestilence, the birth of a hero, a rise in the price of corn. To the man never before called Ithamore she was at last an object of art he could not account for. To Lancelot Fogg she was at last a spiritual woman. To the denizens of St. Hilda's guesthouse she was something new to talk about—arresting but harmless. At least, she was harmless till the evening she brought in that wretched tomcat and insisted on keeping it as a pet. If Lancelot Fogg had not recommended her so fervently, Aurelia with that misnamed pet of hers would have been directed to lodgings elsewhere. It was bad enough to adopt a most unhealthy-looking tomcat, but to call the animal Lucy made it so much worse; it seemed a deliberate flout, a device to call attention to the creature's already too obvious sex.

"But why Lucy, Miss Lefanu? Surely it's inappropriate?"

"It's a family name," she replied.

Lucy developed on Aurelia's fourth evening at the guesthouse. She was again accompanying Mrs. Bouverie to compline when a distant braying caught her ear. Looking in the direction of the braying, she saw a livid glow and exclaimed, "A circus!"

"It's that dreadful fair," Mrs. Bouverie replied. "As I was telling you, my brother-in-law who had that delightful place in Hampshire, not far from Basingstoke, such rhododendrons! I've never seen such a blaze of color as when they were out. . . ."

When she had seen Mrs. Bouverie safely down on her knees, Aurelia stole away and went off to find the fair. Fairs, of course, are not what they used to be, but they are still what they are, and Aurelia enjoyed herself a great deal till two haunted young men in frock coats and ringlets attached themselves to her, saying at intervals, "Spare us a reefer, beautiful. Have a heart." For they, too, had seen her as a nova. At last she managed to give them the slip and hurried away through the loud entrails of a Lunar Flight. This brought her to the outskirts of the fair, and it was there she saw the cat lying on the muddied grass under the bonnet of a lorry. Its eyes were shut, its ears laid back. It had gone under the lorry bonnet for warmth, and was paying the price.

When she came back with a hot dog, it had rearranged itself. In its new attitude she could see how thin it was and how despairingly shabby. She knelt down and addressed it from a distance. It heard her, for it turned its head away. The smell of the hot dog was more persuasive. It began to thresh its

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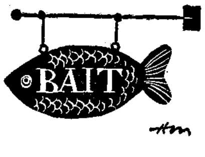
tail. "You'll eat when I'm gone," she said, with fellow-feeling, and scattered bits of hot dog under the bonnet and began to walk away—knowing that its precarious balance between mistrust and self-preservation could be overset by a glance. She had left the fairground and was turning into a street full of warehouses when she saw that the cat, limping and cringing, was following her. She stopped, and it came on till it was beside her. Then it sat down and raised its face toward her. Its expression was completely mute—and familiar. The cat was exactly like her cousin Lucy.



When she picked it up it relaxed in her arms, rubbed its head against her shoulder, and purred. The cat took it absolutely for granted that it should be carried off by a deity. Still throned in her arms, it blinked serenely at the mortals in the guesthouse, sure that they soon would be disposed of.

There were a great many things to be done for Lucy. His suppurating paw had to be dressed, his ears had to be cleaned and his coat brushed, food had to be bought for him, and four times a day he had to be exercised in the garden. In the intervals of this, his fleas had to be dealt with. Using a fine-tooth comb she searched them out, pounced on them, dropped them in a bowl of soapy water, resumed the search. It was a dreamlike occupation: it put her in touch with the infinite. Twenty. Thirty. Forty-seven. Fifty-two. From time to time she looked sharply at the bowl of soapy water and pushed back any wretches that had struggled to the rim.

The total of fleas went up in bounds. The money in her purse decreased. Even using the utmost economy, stealing whenever she conveniently could, having sardines put down to Miss Larke, she would not be left with enough to pay for a second week at the guesthouse. Lucy's paw healed slowly; it would be some while yet before he could provide for himself. She noticed that Lucy's paw was increasingly asked about; that suggestions for his welfare multiplied.

"I wonder why you don't put an advertisement in the local paper, saying 'Found.' All this time his real owners may be hunting for him, longing to get him back."

Aurelia looked deeply at the speaker. It might be worth trying. There is no harm in blackmail, since no one is obliged to give in to it. On the other hand, it is no good unless they do.

She composed two letters: "Unless you send me fifty pounds in notes, I shan't be able to come back." "Unless you send me fifty pounds in notes, I shall be forced to return."

Combing out fleas to a new rhythm of "He loves me, he loves me not," she weighed these alternatives. The second would probably have the stronger appeal to Aston's heart. Poor Aston, she had defrauded him too long of the calm expansion of widowerhood. But the stomach is a practical organ; the first alternative might be the more compelling. She did not, of course, mean to return, in either case. Since her adoption of Lucy, she had become so unshakably Aurelia that she could contemplate being Lucy, too, so far as being Lucy would further Aurelia's designs. But Lucy, the former Lucy, must be Aurelia's property. There must be no little escapades into identity, no endorsing of checks, no more slidings into Lucy Ridpath. That was why the money must come in notes. Even so, who was it to be addressed to?

It was time for Lucy to scratch in the garden. For the first time, he tried to scratch with both hind legs. Everything became easy. Whichever the chosen form of the letter demanding money with menaces, Aurelia, signing with a capital "L," would ask for the money to be directed to Miss Lefanu, *poste restante*. Lucy had been Lefanu when Aston married her. He could not have forgotten this; it might even touch his heart and dispose him to add another five pounds. All that remained was to decide which letter to send, and to post it from Bedford, which was nearby and noncommittal. The envelope had been posted before she realized that both letters were enclosed.

"LUCY's handwriting," said Aston. "She's alive. What an infinite relief!"

"I never supposed she wasn't," said Vere. "Still, if it's a relief to you to see her handwriting—it doesn't seem such a niggle as usual, but that's her 'R'—I'm sure I'm glad."

"But Vere, on Monday evening, on *Monday evening*, you said I must ring up the police or I should be suspected of murdering her."

"So you would have been. They always jump to conclusions. Well, what does Lucy say?"

The letters had been folded up together. The first alternative was uppermost.

"She seems to have got into some sort of trouble. She says she can't come home unless I send her fifty pounds."

"Fifty pounds? Where is she, then. California?"

"The postmark is Bedford. She's gone back to her maiden name."

"Fifty pounds to get back from Bedford. Fifty pounds! She must have got herself mixed up in something pretty fishy. Yes. I heard only the other day that Bedford is an absolute hotbed of the drug traffic. That's what she wants the money for. Poor silly Lucy, she'd be wax in their hands. Aston! You'll have to think very carefully, apart from this absurd demand for money, about having her back. If she were here alone all day with no one to keep an eye on her— What does she say on the second sheet?"

"Is there a second sheet? I hadn't noticed. She says— Vere, I can't make this out. She says, 'Unless you send me fifty pounds in notes I shall be forced to return.' "

"Nonsense, Aston! You're misreading it. She just made a fair copy and then put them both in."

"But Vere, she says unless I send her the money she will be forced to return."

"She must be raving. Why on earth should she expect you to pay her to keep away? Let me see."

After a pause, she said, "My poor Aston."

Her voice was heavy with commiseration. It fell on Aston like a wet sponge. His brief guilty dazzle of relief (for so long as Lucy wasn't dead he really didn't want to live with her again; what he wanted was manly solitude, and he had already taken the first steps toward getting shot of Vere) sizzled out.

"Poor Lucy! I must send her something, I suppose."

"Yes, you ought to. But not too much. Ten pounds would be ample. What's Bedford? No way at all."

When Aurelia called at the post office, the clerk handed her two letters. She opened Aston's first.

> DEAR LUCY,
>
> I will not try to persuade you. The heart has its reasons. But if a time ever comes when you want to come back, remember there will always be a door on the latch and a light in the window.
>
> I will say nothing of the anxiety your leaving without a word has caused me.
>
> ASTON

Four five-pound notes were enclosed.

The other letter was from Vere. It ran:

> Aston is now recovering. I will thankfully pay you to keep away.

This letter was accompanied by ten ten-pound notes.

Aurelia bought Lucy some tinned salmon and a handsome travelling basket. But for the greater part of that

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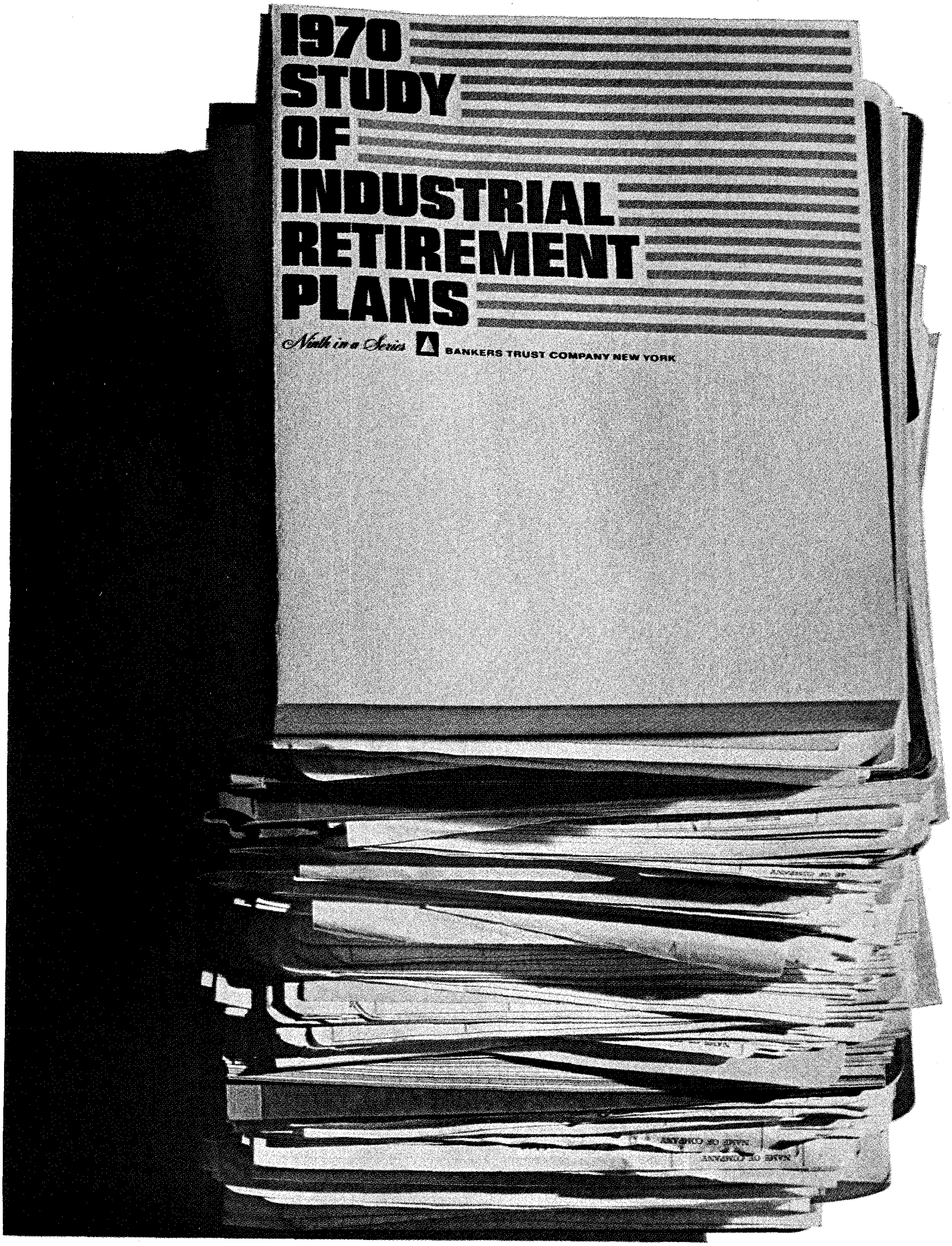
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afternoon's journey, Lucy sat erect on her knee looking out of the window and held like a diviner's twig by his two front legs. She relied on Lucy to know at a snuff which station to get out at, just as he had known how to succeed in blackmailing—for while she was debating which of the two letters to send he had leaped onto the table, laid his head on her hand, and rolled with such ardor and abandonment that she forgot all else so that both letters went off in the one envelope. Relying on Lucy, she had chosen a stopping train. It joggled through a green unemphatic landscape with many willow trees and an occasional broached spire. Lucy remained unmoved. She began to wonder if his tastes ran to the romantic, if high mountains were to him a feeling—in which case she had brought him to quite the wrong part of England. In the opposite corner sat a man with leather patches on his elbows, paying them no attention. Then at a station called Peckover Junction two ladies got in, and resumed (they were travelling together) a conversation about their grandchildren. From their grandchildren they turned to the ruin of the countryside—New Towns, overspill, and holiday camps.

"Look at those caravans! They've got here, now."

"Don't speak to me of caravans," said the other lady.

Disregarding this, the first lady asked if there were as many as ever at poor Betcombe.

"More! Such hideosities . . . and the children! Swarming everywhere. I shall never find a tenant now. Besides, all these new people have such grand ideas. They must have this, they must have that. They don't appreciate the past. For me, that's its charm. If it weren't for the caravans, I'd be at Betcombe still, glorying in my beams and my pump. Do you know, it was eighteenth-century, my pump?"

"Would you like me as a tenant?" said Aurelia. "I can't give you any references just now, but I'd pay ten shillings a week. No, darling!" This last remark was addressed to Lucy, who had driven his claws into her thigh.

"Ten shillings a week—for my lovely little cottage?"

"A pound a week."

"Really, this is so sudden, so unusual. No references . . . and I suppose you'd be bringing that cat. I'm a bird-lover. No, I'm afraid it's out of the question. Come, Mary, we get out here."

For the train was coming to a halt. Both ladies gathered their belongings and got out. From the window Aurelia saw them get in again, a few carriages farther up.

"You're well out of that," observed the man with leather patches. "I know her place. It's a hovel. No room to swing a cat in, begging your cat's pardon."

Lucy rounded himself like a poultice above his scratch. Aurelia said she expected she had been silly. The train went on. An atmosphere of acquaintance established itself. Presently the man asked if she had any particular place in mind.

"No. Not exactly. I'm a stranger."

"Because I happen to know of something that might suit you—if you don't object to it being a bit out of the way. It's a bungalow, and it's modern. If you're agreeable, I'll take you to see it."

It was impossible not to be agreeable, because he was so plainly a shy man and surprised at finding himself intervening. So when he got out she got out with him, and he took her to a Railway Arms where she and Lucy would be comfortable, and said he would call for her at ten the next morning.

He was exactly punctual. When she had assured him how comfortable she and Lucy had been, there seemed to be nothing more to say. Fortunately, he was one of those drivers who give their whole mind to driving. They drove in his van. It was lettered "George Bastable, Builder and Plumber," and among the things in the back was a bathtub wrapped in cellophane. They drove eastward, through the same uneventful landscape. He turned the van into a track that ran uphill—only slightly uphill, but in that flat landscape it seemed considerable. "There it is."

A spinney of mixed trees ran along the top of the ridge. Smoke was rising through the boughs. So she would have a neighbor. She had not reckoned on that.

But the smoke was rising from the chimney of a bungalow, and there was no other building there.

He must have got up very early, for the fire was well established, the room was warm and felt inhabited. The kitchen floor was newly washed and a newspaper path was spread across it.

"You'd find it comfortable," he said.

"Oh, yes," she said, looking at the two massive armchairs that faced each other across a hideous hearth mat.

"It hasn't been lived in for three years, though I come out from time to time to give a look to it. But no damp anywhere—that'll show how sound it is."

"No. It feels wonderfully dry," she said, looking at a flight of blue pottery birds on the wall.

Lucy was shaking his basket.

"May I let your cat out? He'd like a run, and I daresay he'd pick up a breakfast, bird's-nesting."

Before she could answer, he had unfastened the lid and Lucy had bounded over the threshold. How was she to answer this man who had taken so much trouble and was so proud of his bungalow?

"Did you build it yourself?"

"I did. That's why I know it's a good one. I built it for my young lady. When I saw you in the train, you put me in mind of her, somehow. So when you said you wanted somewhere to live—" He stared at her, standing politely at a distance, trying to recapture the appearance of his nova in this half-hearted lady, no longer young.

The house had stood empty for three years. She had died. Poor Mr. Bastable! Aurelia's face assumed the right expression.

"She left," he said.

"How *could* she?" exclaimed Aurelia.

This time, there was no need to put on the right expression. She was wholeheartedly shocked at the behavior of Mr. Bastable's young lady—and if the young lady had come in just then she would have boxed the ungrateful minx's ears. Instead, it was Lucy who trotted in, looking smug, with fragments of eggshell plastered to his chops, sat down in front of the fire, and began cleaning himself. Mr. Bastable remarked that Lucy had found a robin's nest. He was grateful for Aurelia's indignation but shy of saying so. He suspected he had gone too far. Somewhat to his surprise he learned that Aurelia would like to move into his lovely bungalow immediately. He drove her to the village to do her shopping, came back to show her where the coal was kept, gave her the key. Watching him drive away she suddenly became aware of the landscape she would soon be taking for granted. It sparkled with crisscrossing drains and ditches; a river wound through it. A herd of caravans was peacefully grazing in the distance.

HAPPINESS is an immunity. In a matter of days Aurelia was unaffected by the flight of blue pottery birds, sat in armchairs so massive she could not move them and felt no wish to move them, slept deliciously be-

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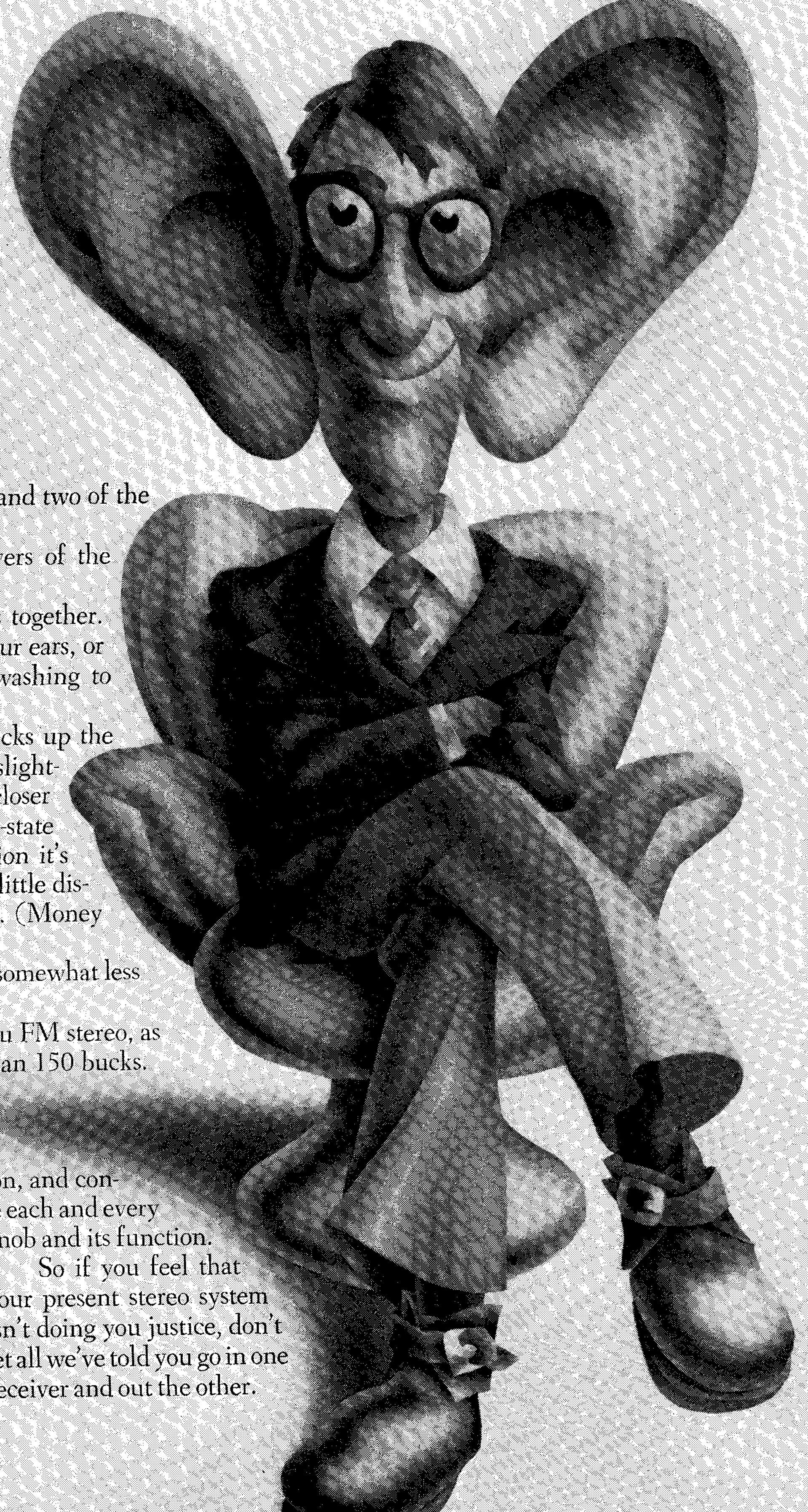

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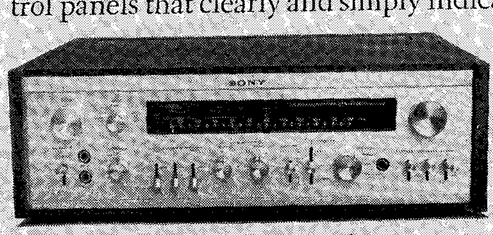

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tween pink nylon sheets. With immunity she watched Lucy sharpening his claws on the massive armchairs. She had a naturally happy disposition and preferred to live in the present. Happiness immunized her from the past—for why look back for what has slipped from one's possession?—and from the future, which may never even be possessed. Perhaps never in the past, perhaps never in the future had she been, could she be, so happy as she was now. The cuckoo woke her; she fell asleep to Lucy's purr. In the mornings he had usually left a dent beside her and gone out for his sunrising. Whatever one may say about bungalows, they are ideal for cats. She hunted his fleas on Sundays and Thursdays. He was now so strong and splendid that for the rest of the week he could perfectly well deal with them himself. She lived with carefree economy, seldom using more than a single plate, drinking water to save rinsing the teapot, and as far as possible eating raw foods, which entailed the minimum of washing up. Every Saturday she bought seven new-laid eggs, hard-boiled them, and spaced them out during the week—a trick she had learned from Vasari's "Lives of the Artists." It was not an adequate diet for anyone leading an active life, but her life was calculatedly inactive—as though she were convalescing from some forgotten illness.

On Saturday evenings Mr. Bastable called to collect the rent and to see if anything needed doing—a nail knocked in or a tap tightened up. He always brought some sort of present: a couple of pigeons, the first tomatoes from his greenhouse, breakfast radishes. As the summer deepened, the presents enlarged into basketloads of green peas, bunches of roses, strawberries, sleek dessert gooseberries. But as the summer deepened and in spite of all the presents and economies, Aurelia's wealth of one hundred and twenty pounds lessened, and she knew she must turn her mind to doing something about this. She could not dig; there was no one but Mr. Bastable to beg from. The times were gone when one could take in plain sewing. Surveying the landscape she had come to take for granted, she saw the caravans in a new light—no longer peacefully grazing but fermenting with ambitions and cultural unrest.

By now they must have bought all the picture postcards at the shop. She had always wanted to paint. For all she knew, she might turn out to be quite good at it. Willows would be easy—think of all the artists who painted them. By now the caravaners must be tired of looking at real willows and would welcome a change to representational art. She took the bus to Wisbech, found an arts-and-crafts shop, bought paper, brushes, gouache paints, and a small easel. That same evening she did two pictures of willows—one tranquil, one storm-tossed. Three days later, she set up the easel on the outskirts of the caravan site and began a caravan from life. It was harder than willows—there were no precursors to inspire her—but when she had complied with a few suggestions from the caravan's owner she made her sale and received two further commissions. By the beginning of August she was rich enough to go on to oils—which was more fun and on the whole easier. It was remarkable how easily she painted, and with what assurance. The demand was chiefly for caravans. She varied them, as Monet varied his haystacks. Caravan with buckets. Caravan with sunset. Pink caravan. One patron wanted a group of cows—though his children were cold toward them. She evaded portraits, but yielded to a request for an abstract. This was the only commission that really taxed her. Do as she might, it kept on coming out like a draper's window display. But she mastered it in the end, and signed it "A. Lefanu," like the rest.

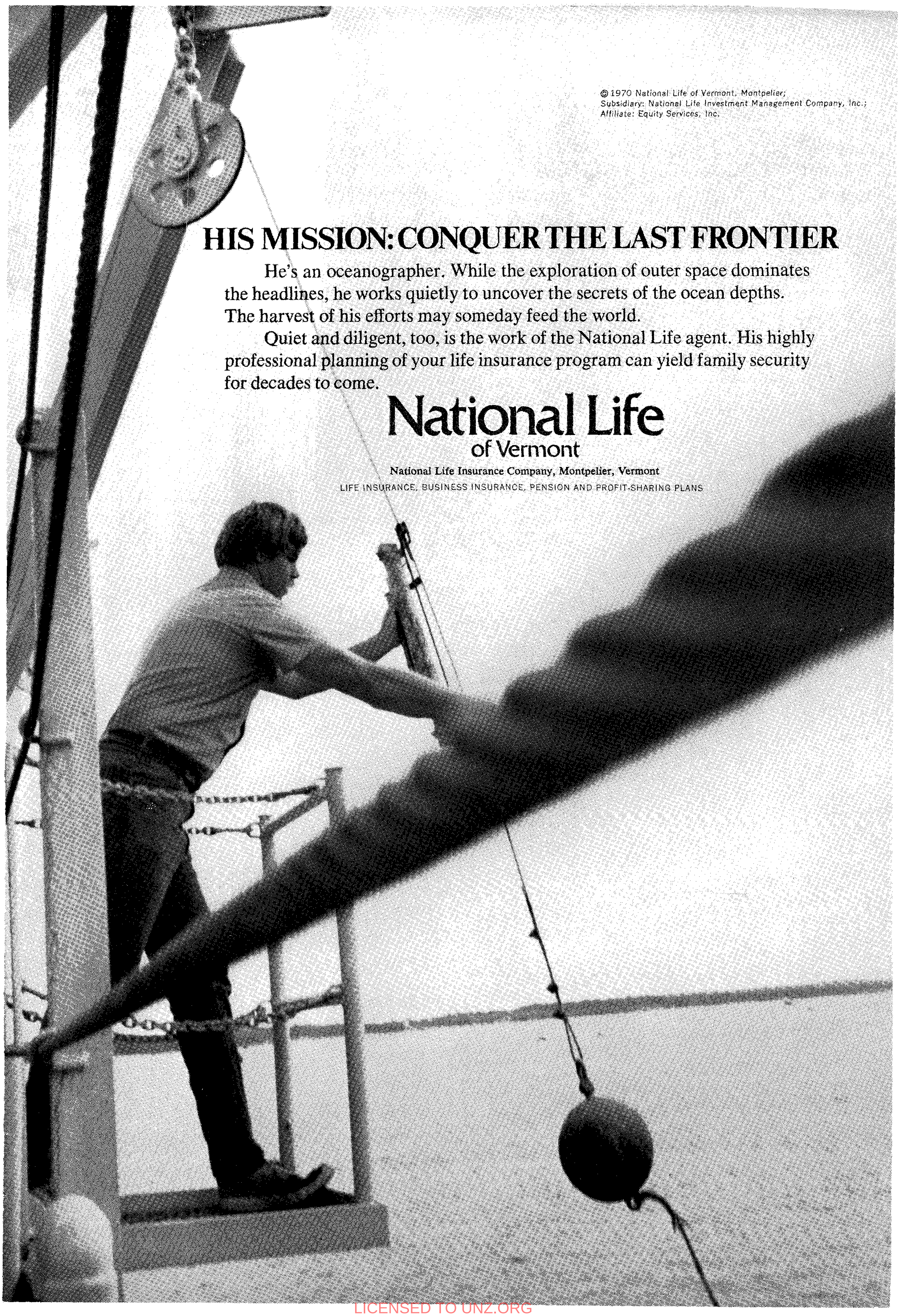
By the end of September she had made enough to keep her in idleness till Christmas—when she would have thought of something else.

Winter would bring a new variety of happiness—slower, more conscious, and with more strategy in it. The gales of the equinox blowing across the flats struck at the spinney along the ridge, blew down one tree, and shook deadwood out of others. Here was an honest occupation. She set herself to build up a store of fuel against the winter. It was heavy work dragging the larger branches over the rough ground clogged with brambles and tall grass, but Lucy lightened it by flirting round her as she worked, darting after the tail of the branches, ambushing them and leaping on them as they rustled by. She was collecting fuel, Lucy was growing a thick new coat; both of them were preparing their defenses against the wintry months ahead. Mr. Bastable said that by all the signs it would be a hard winter, preceded by much rain and wind. He advised her to get her wood in before the rain fell and made the ground too soggy to shift it. If she manages the first winter, he thought, she will settle. Though she was an ungrateful tenant, or at any rate an inattentive receiver, he wanted her to settle; it delighted him to see her making these preparations. Later on, he would complete them by chopping the heavier pieces into nice little logs. Taking Mr. Bastable's advice, Aurelia decided to get the wood in, working on till the dusk was scythed by the headlights of passing cars, till Lucy vanished into a different existence of being a thing audible—a sudden plop or a scuffling. She never had to call him when she went indoors. By the time she was on the threshold he was there, rubbing against her, raising his feet in a ritual exaggeration. He was orderly in his ways, a timekeeper. He took himself in and out, but rarely strayed. When she came back from selling those unprincipled canvases, he was always waiting about for her, curled up on the lid of the water butt, drowsing under the elder, sitting primly on the sill of the window left open for him. He was happy enough out of her sight, but he liked to have her within his.

So she told herself, later on, that foggy, motionless November evening when he had not come in at his usual time. She had kindled a fire, not that it was cold—indeed, it was oddly warm and fusty; but the fog made it cheerless. It was a night to pull the curtains closer, listen to the snap and crackle of a brief fire, go early to bed. She had left the curtains unclosed, however. If Lucy saw that a fire had been kindled, he would be drawn from whatever busied him. He was a very chimney-corner cat, although he was a tom. Twice the brief fire died down, twice she made it up again. She went to the door, peered uselessly into the fog, called him. It was frightening to call into that silent, immediate obscurity.

"Lucy. Lucy."

She waited. No Lucy. She must resign herself to it. Tonight Lucy was engaged in being a tom. As she stood there, resigning herself to it and straining her ears, she felt the damp of the foggy air pricked with a fine drizzling rain. A minute later, the rain was falling steadily; not hard but steadily. She had not the courage to go on calling. The pitch of her voice had frightened her; it sounded so anxious. She went indoors and sat down to wait. On a different night she would have left the window open and gone to bed, and in the morning Lucy would have been



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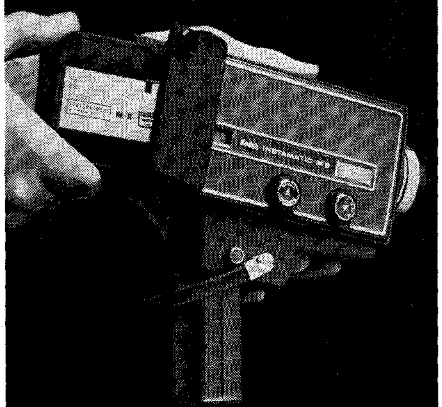

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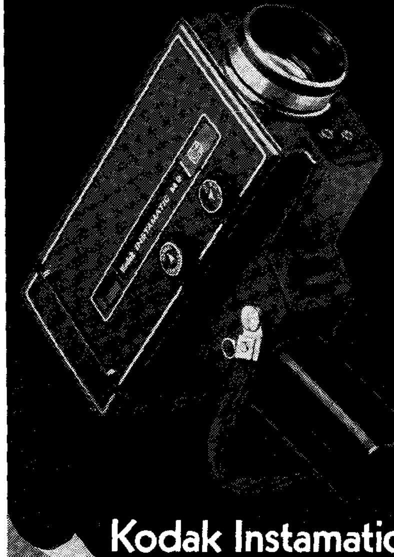

Kodak Instamatic® M9 movie camera.

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there, too, and in her sleep her arm would have gone out and round him.

With the rain, it had become colder. She added coal to the fire. It blazed up but did not warm her. She counted the blue pottery birds and listened. She listened for so long that finally she became incapable of listening, and when there was a sound which was not the interminable close patter of rain she did not hear it, only knew that she had heard something. A dragging sound . . . the sound of something being dragged along the path to the door. It had ceased. It began again. Ceased.

When she snatched the door open, she could see nothing but the rain, a curtain of flashing arrows lit by her lighted room. A noise directed her—a tremulous yowl. He struck at her feebly when she stooped to pick him up, then dragged himself on into the light of the doorway. She fell on her knees. This sodden shapeless thing was Lucy. He looked at her with one eye; the other sagged on his cheek. His jaw dangled. One side of his head had been smashed in; his front leg was broken. When she touched him he shrank from her hand and yowled beseechingly. Slowly, distortedly, he hitched himself over the threshold, across the room, tried to sit up before the fire, fell over, and lay twitching and gasping for breath. When at last she dared touch him, his racing heartbeats were like a machine fastened in him. She talked to him and stroked his uninjured paw. He did not shrink from her now, and perhaps her voice lulled him as the plumpness of his muscular soft paw lulled her, for he relaxed and curled his tail round his flank as though he were preparing to fall asleep. Long after he seemed to be dead, the implacable machine beat on. Then it faltered, stumbled, began again at a slower rate, fluttered. A leaden tint suffused his eye and his lolling tongue. His breathing stopped. He flattened. It was inconceivable that he could ever have been loved, handsome, alive.

"Lucy!"

The cry broke from her. It unloosed another.

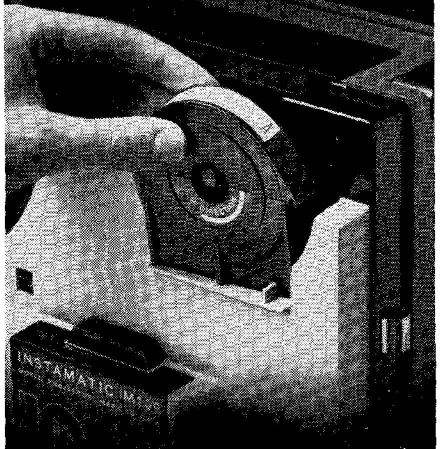
"Aurelia!"

She could not call back the one or the other. She was Lucy Ridpath, looking at a dead cat who had never known her.

The agony of dislocation was prosaic. She endured it because it was there. It admitted no hope, so she endured it without the support of resentment.

THE rain had gone on all the time and was still going on. Lucy Ridpath's mackintosh was hanging in the

Drop-in movies.



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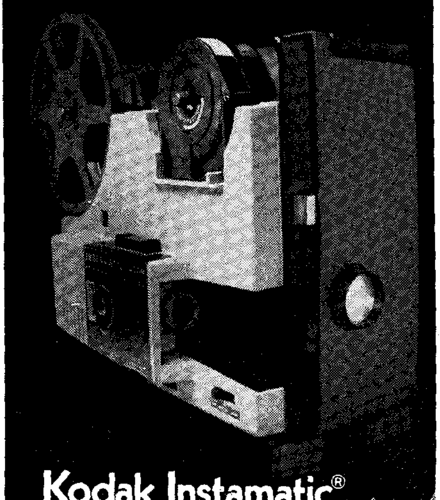

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closet, ready to meet it. Mrs. Barker had advised her to put it on and she had done so. Tomorrow she would put it on again when she went out to dig a hole in the sodden ground for the cat's burial. It is proper to bury the dead; it is a mark of respect. Lucy would bury Lucy, and then there would be one Lucy left over.

She sat in the lighted room long after the light of day came into it. Then she put on the mackintosh and took up the body and carried it out. The air was full of a strange roar and tumult, a hollow booming that came from everywhere at once. The level landscape was gone. The hollow booming rose from a vast expanse and confusion of floodwater. Swirling, jostling, traversed with darker streaks, splintering into flashes of light where it contested with an obstacle, it drove toward the river. Small rivulets were flowing down from the ridge to join it, the track to the road was a running stream. In all that water there must be somewhere a place to drown.

With both hands holding the cat clasped to her bosom, she walked slowly down the track. When she came to the road, the water was halfway to her knees. A little farther along the road there was a footbridge over the roadside ditch. It was under water but the handrail showed. She waded across it. The water rose to her knees. With the next few steps she was in water up to her thighs. It leaned its ice-cold indifferent weight against her. When a twig was carried bobbing past her, she felt a wild impulse to clutch it. But her arms were closed about the cat's body, and she pressed it more closely to her and staggered on. All sense of direction was gone; sometimes she saw light, sometimes she saw darkness. The hollow booming hung in the air. Below it was an incessant hissing and seething. The ground rose under her feet; the level of water had fallen to her knees. Tricked and impatient, she waded faster, took longer strides. The last stride plunged her forward. She was out of her depth, face down in the channel of a stream. She rose to the surface. The current bowed her, arched itself above her, swept her onward, cracked her skull against the concrete buttress of a revetment, whirled the cat out of her grasp.

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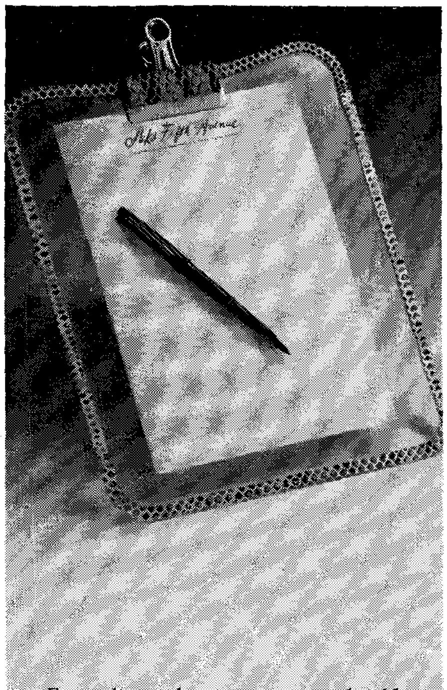

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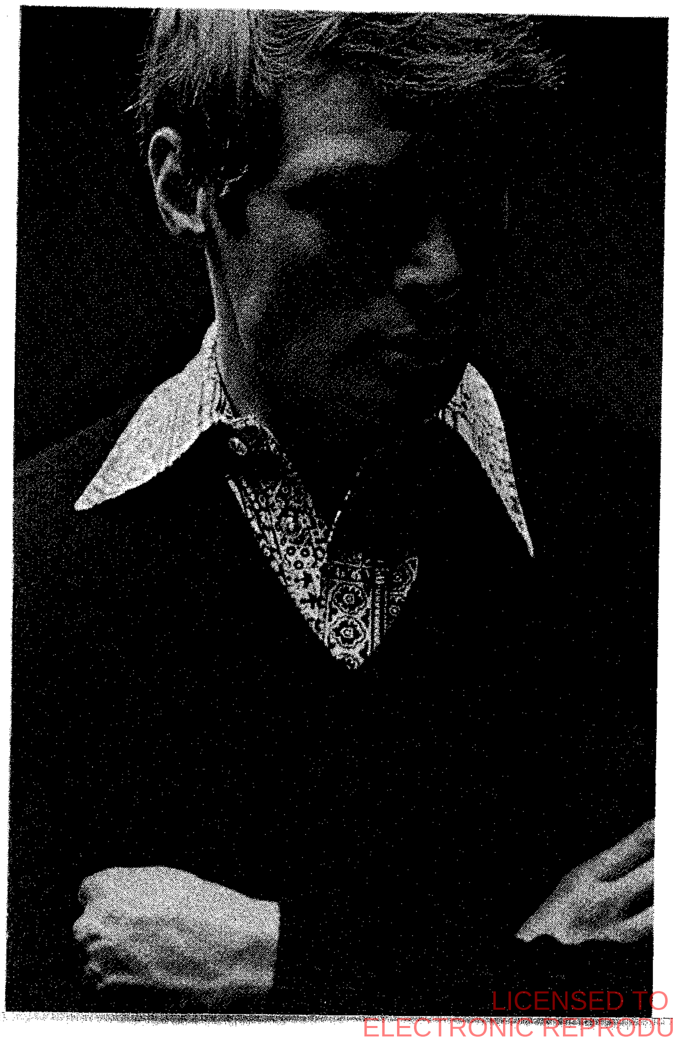

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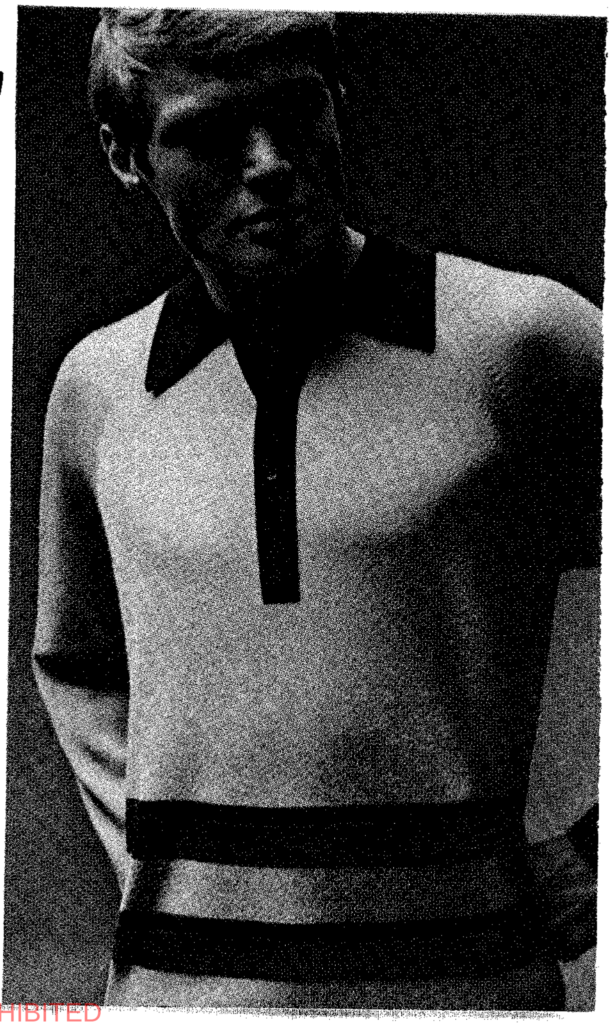

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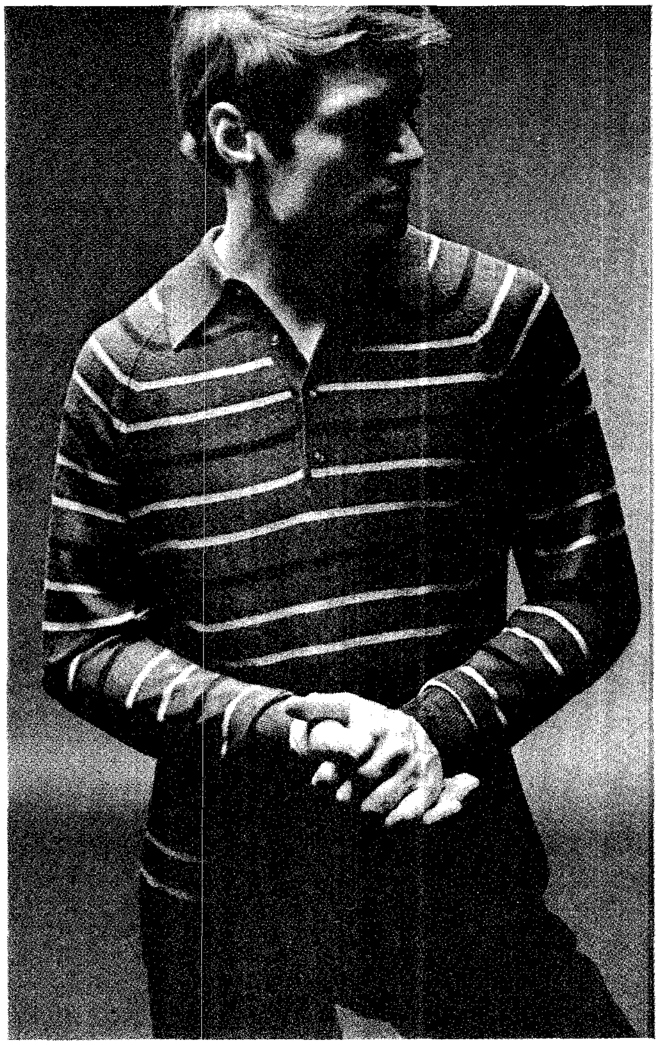

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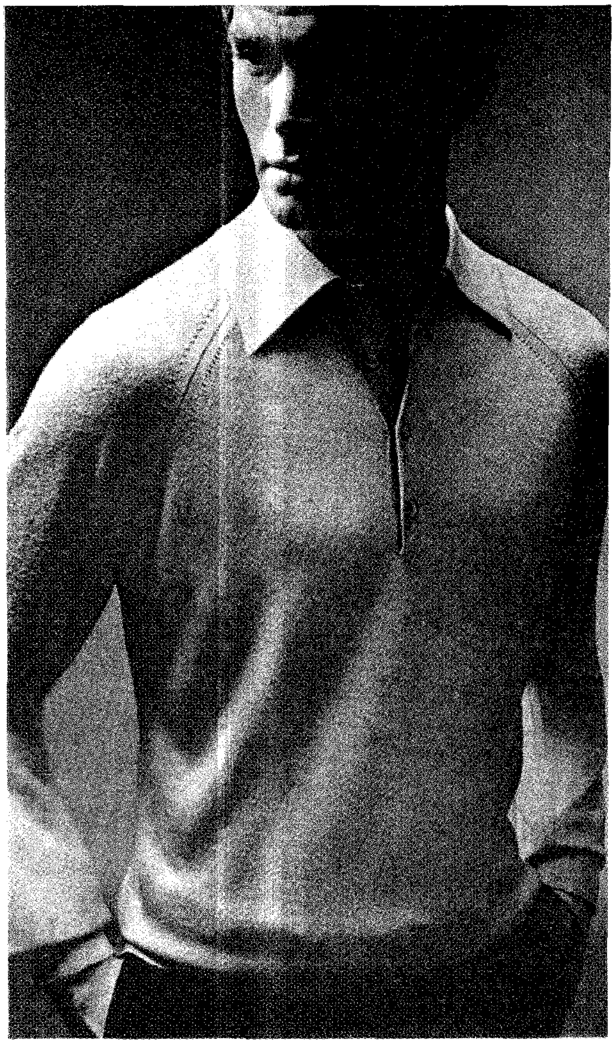

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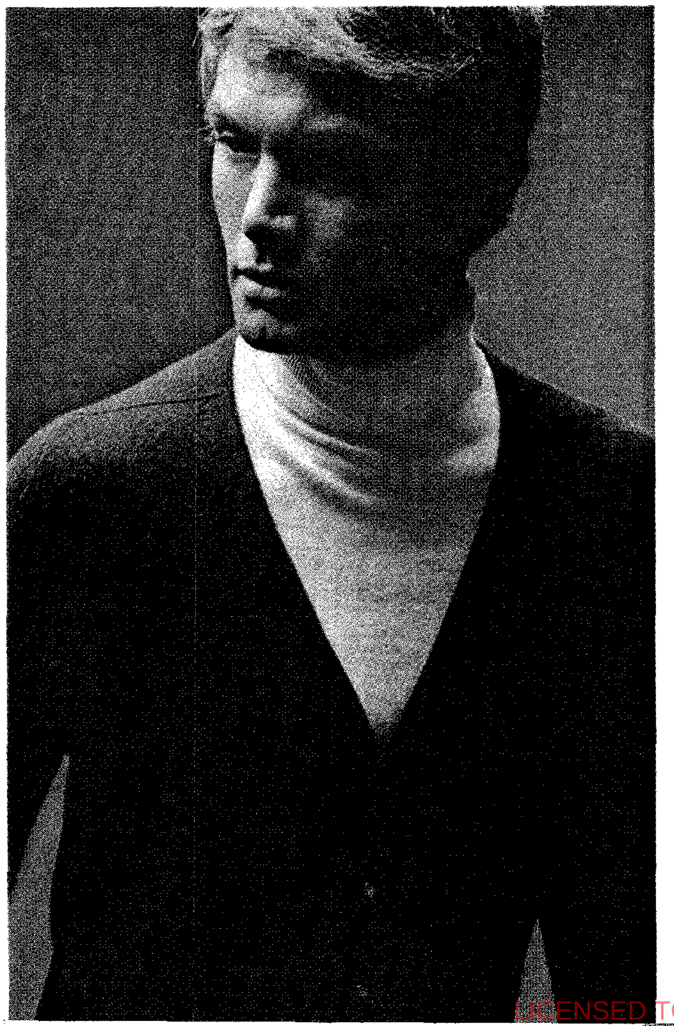

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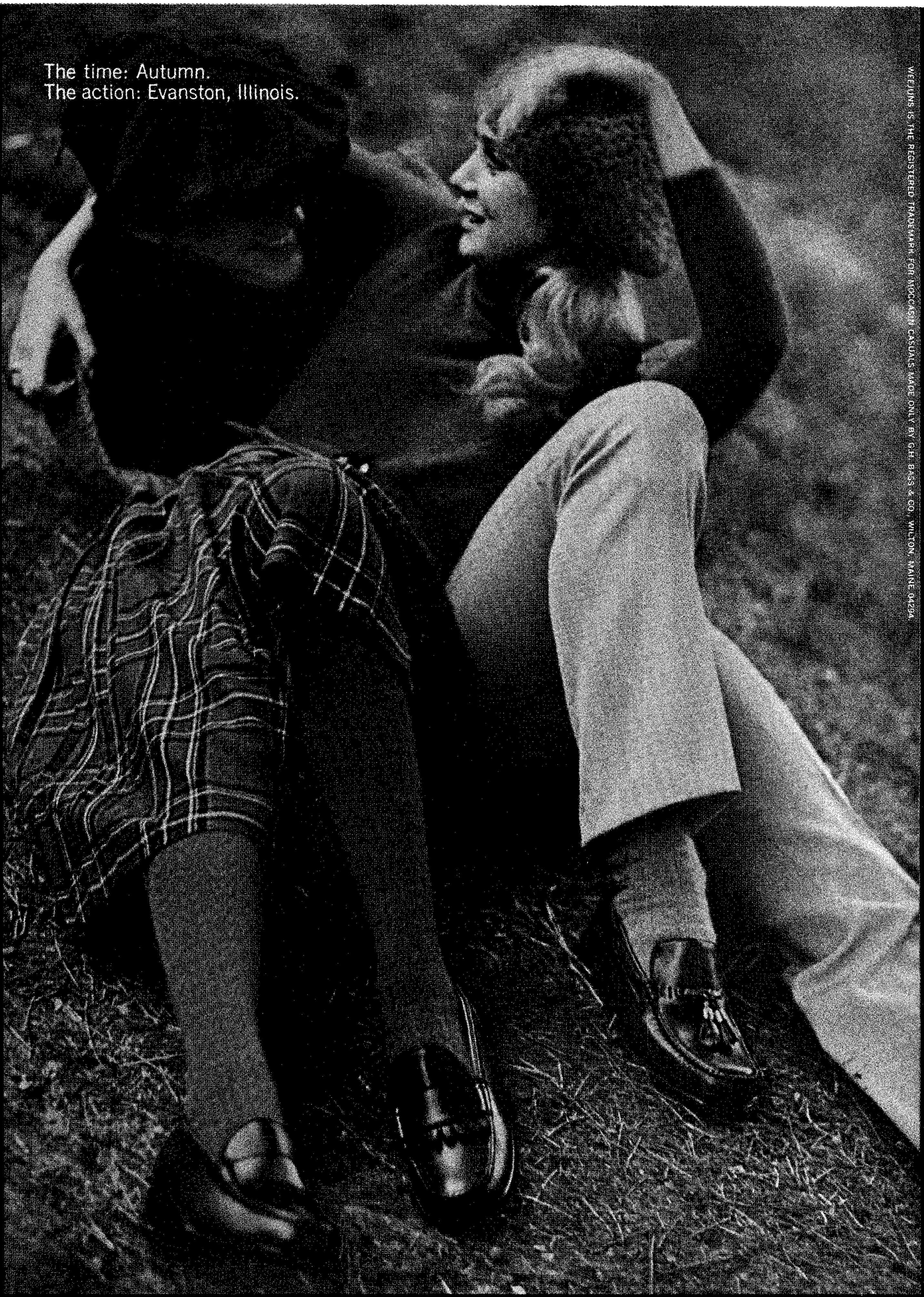
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Truffaut

THE new Truffaut film. "L'Enfant Sauvage." The barest possible credits to open it; behind them the sound of birds twittering. There are shots of a forest, pricked out in the sharp black-and-white of an early photograph. A child lopes through the undergrowth on all fours, throwing up the dead leaves behind his hands and feet like a horse scudding across puddles.

The story that follows is based on a real document, written by Jean Itard and published in Paris in 1806. Dr. Itard grew passionately interested in the education of a child who had been abandoned for eight or nine years in the woods. Truffaut himself plays Itard: an apparently severe man, privately much moved by his crazy, marauding charge, and with an august skull that looks in profile like an early anatomical drawing. The sight of the parentless child (played by Jean-Pierre Cargol)—drinking from pools, dropping back onto all fours whenever the upright deride or muddle him, hair like an old fleece, jaw sometimes biting on air in unimaginable terror at the babbling new species he has to combat when he is brought to Paris—is a very strong image. Romulus and Remus, raised by a she-wolf. Atalanta, raised by a she-bear. All those rejected sons of fairy tale and myth who are brought up by shepherds and turn out to be the rightful heirs of kingdoms. The question in this warm-spirited, elegantly speculative film is what kingdom the child can possibly inherit. When he is captured, he has the skills of animals. Education will only help him to lose those. To be replaced by what? He is, perhaps, eleven. Along with Itard, Professor Pinel of the Deaf and Dumb Institute in Paris examines him. There is a scar on his throat: his parents presumably wished to leave him dead, and his survival acquires the tone more of a slip than of a feat. To Professor Pinel, and even at first to Itard, he presents himself as a generality about retardment. To the pedagogues, he has as few unique characteristics as some wolf. Although he was born to have the human complement of individuality, it may indeed be lost to him by now, the first part of the film suggests, because the human apparatus of recall and denotative thought has been unused too long. How many faculties have been plundered by the boy's having to live in muteness and survive by rage? In Itard's moments of hope, which are expressed only in the silent, magisterial urgency of Truffaut's performance, he pursues the education as though the child were a heaven-sent example of the late eighteenth century's favorite ideal of the Natural Man, and as though life in the forest had kept him wrapped in the natal state. But eight years of childhood is a long time. The boy's obstreperous development away from the human both surprises and wounds the doctor.

Before Itard takes him into his house, the boy is labelled a deaf-mute and an idiot by the *voyeurs* and most of the scientists of Paris. Itard alone has the researcher's inclination not to make up his mind. Smart Paris flocks to see the boy's antics. Truffaut, with his usual innocence of commonplace thinking, directs the performance so that the Wild Child's behavior seems not particularly mimetic of animals but the singular expression of a human infant who has been singularly placed. Animals in pain, dogs unjustly dealt with will retreat into corners and lie still; at what we call their most "human," blithely characterizing ourselves as a species of bootlickers, they will look reproachful. But this child turns baleful, and instead of staying motionless in crisis he rocks himself desperately, without rhythm, like a tramp at the end of his tether who is trying to warm himself. Itard is very much drawn to him. The boy is a true member of the line of Truffaut heroes—fierce, thin-skinned, protecting a style that allows him not to feel more than he can manage—and Itard is not so unlike him. The doctor sees something kin here. He is a very touching character. He seems stirred, though damned if he will say so, by the spectacle of a being who is so much the author of himself. The child's mind may not be conventionally educable any longer, but his habits don't prove him defective. Of *course* he always drank from rivers by mouth; with the contenders he has had, why should he ever have thought of using a cupped hand? The trouble is, though, what energy is left for him to imagine that speech could be useful: why say "food" when you want food, if you have mastered the method of grabbing it? There is a marvellous scene when the child—no mute—has been patiently taught to squeal "*lait*" in recognition of milk. After days of only bashing his bowl against Itard's housekeeper's stomach as his sign of wanting milk, he lets out the squeal. The housekeeper, Mme. Guérin—richly played by Françoise Seigner—loves him for it, and rightly thinks that this is progress. But the squeal came *after* the milk had been given to the child; Itard, equally right, wretchedly discards the whole achievement, writing in his notes that the child has made a useless connection and thinks the sound is a token of appreciation, not the symbol for milk.

Itard writes his notes standing up at a desk near a window. They are spoken out loud on the track, in English, and this puts them at a slightly Brechtian distance from the behavior of the people he is reporting on, who speak in French. He sees the boy with the distinctness of someone in love. One of his notes remarks that the child adores water and will often drink it standing at a window and looking out at the countryside that the infinite benefits of civilization are robbing him of. Itard starts rewarding him at lessons with glasses of water.

Mme. Guérin tells Itard that he is driving the child mad with too much learning. All right, then; yes, longer walks. There is a shot of the eager pedagogue striding through the woods, having quietly lent his top hat to the half-boy, half-colt who is cantering around him. He notices that the boy is beginning to respond to the sound "o," and when he and Mme. Guérin come to try to name the child—which is the least they can do, thinks Itard, finding himself inhumanly late about it—the word that causes a reaction is "Victor." Having a name that he now hears used all the time begins to give some sort of mild, quite new comfort and fugitive sense of alliance to the cleaned-up barbarian, who has fought like a wrongly accused lunatic going into a straitjacket against the shoes that his loving, despairing, befuddled mentors are trying to put on his feet. Itard has taught him to walk on his hind legs, but the lesson doesn't necessarily stick. Without visibly minding, the doctor constantly has to recover from the child's lack of trust and also from his misery, which is racking, and which calls the whole effort into question. Itard holds back from demonstrativeness, having noticed early that Victor never cries and doesn't touch people. The embraces come from Mme. Guérin. Itard says "*Bien, Victor,*" and pats him on the head, and watches him

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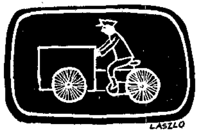
drinking water at the window. Water and the country. Is there enough to replace what's gone? The doctor stands at his desk, and thinks, and writes remote-sounding notes. He teaches the child imitation and sound recognition one day out in the garden, the two of them banging different parts of two drums in canon. Pure play, solemnly conducted. Truffaut looks extremely serious and as if he were having fun. In the end, it is the child who invents a possible embrace between them; since he is doing everything for the first time, this is no more difficult than anything else: he grabs Itard's hand and guides it into giving him the brand-new gesture he wants, much as Mme. Guérin holds her hand over his to guide a soup spoon.



Itard hides most of his complicity with the child. It is that complicity—his specifically human impulse to embark on lifelong and unshakable commitment to the good of someone else—that underpins the child's slow decision to give up his animal strengths and to set out on the questionable course of learning to read, to write, to speak, and, most of all, to wish for a specific person's company. Why do it? The film's openness to doubt about these blessings is actually what makes the achievement of them seem so blessed. "L'Enfant Sauvage" is no "David and Lisa." No one but Truffaut could possibly have made this picture. Itard-Truffaut—it is especially hard here to disentangle the voices of the two, for Itard's reticence and covert lovability are very like the character of Truffaut as it has come through his other work—simply thinks that it is worth proceeding on the assumption that he might be right. His passionate hope that reading must surely be important makes you remember the book-burning scene in "Fahrenheit 451," and the closing sequence, in which people who have committed great books to memory as a way of preserving them in the new Dark Ages are walking about reciting them in the snow. It is a scene that can be sent up, if you like, but one that happens to work piercingly if you care for Truffaut.

The child develops, or loses his jungle skills, depending on how things are looked at. He was, obviously, never deaf. The mistaken medical opinion that he was, which came from his failure to turn round when a door was banged behind him in the first examination room, was pretty clearly due to his plain lack of interest in the banging of doors. There was a countryman present in that scene who had observed the boy in the days of his capture, and he quietly remarked to Professor Pinel that the boy had then turned round at once when he heard a nut being cracked. A banging door had nothing to do with any systems of survival or pleasure that Victor knew about; a nut being cracked had everything to do with both. Amiably, but without particularly understanding the distinction, the Professor put the paradox in his notes. The boy's later pleasure never lies in the colossal intellectual triumphs that the film quietly and rather urgently hopes are worth it. He is most out of his mind with joy when he is rocking himself to and fro on the grass in the rain. It is an image that we keep seeing in the film, shot distantly from the doctor's-eye view at a window: a picture of a boy who is not at all like an animal but like no subsumed human being, either. He is a freak, a late arriver, a quitter of the society he mastered. You guess that he is going to grow into a man, as the outcasts in Truffaut's films do, but nothing is that sure. In the meantime, there is the question of survival in this surrogate family, with its clever, delicately tuned, demanding instructor-father, who is always devising hard games to test memory and association and the possible existence in Victor of a sense of justice, and with its paid-housekeeper-mother, loving and ample, quite at sea about what the doctor is doing when he gradually cuts down on the child's copious rewards of food and sleep to try to drag the centaur sidewise into the habits of a boy with human forms of need and wish. It is a staggeringly moving displaced metaphor for a family. Mother, father, child—no one really equipped to cope with his part in the triangle; the universal ordinary difficulties violently dramatized by distortion; domestic love so charged and changed that it looks like a condition of being in love, experienced by people in strange territory that is governed by laws presumably binding but not yet known.

Truffaut has made a wonderful film about the spirit of the Romantic Age. It was a time fascinated by the natural state, by the untaught, by ruins. Souring of the Age of Reason, men were looking for the voice of true instinct in irrationality; rich men in England were spending fortunes on commissioning sophisticated landscape artists to build cliff faces and waterfalls that would simulate dangerous and barbaric circumstances; painters were losing their taste for portrait groups of glazed-looking families and water spaniels, and beginning to turn instead to the great Romantic images of tigers, shipwrecks, lunatics, horses with the stretched nostrils of their species when they smell lions or fire; educationalists were falling in love with the idea of teaching infants brought up in the wilds; Rousseau had written "Émile." A hope of farsightedness and abnormal wisdom was being vested in insanity, as it is vested now in drug-taking. The period could be lethally sentimental in its regard for the natural virtue of the culturally lagging. But as well as the nobs on the rampage for supper-party amusement who flocked to see the mad at Bedlam there were thoughtful people caught up in the same temper of the period and casting around for a new vision of how a man is made. Truffaut's Jean Itard is one of them: an original intellectual, isolated, out of step, aware that he is possibly pursuing the wrong course. To do research, like undertaking inquiry of any other sort—filmmaking, art, political thought—is to go along a very black corridor, bumping from wall to wall, with the light hidden by a bend in the tunnel, thinking to set oneself a right question and at best finding out an answer to something else.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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CLEAR, IF GLOOMY, DAYS ON THE ACTUARIAL FRONT

[*From an address by Dr. Max E. Eisenring on the occasion of his election to the Insurance Hall of Fame in Boston*]

I started my insurance career as an actuary. But it needs no actuary to know that there is no insurance without statistics. Yet there are no statistics, in the sense used and necessary for insurance operations, without the recurrence of similar events. Even life assurance in the classic form would become obsolete if, say, some wonder drug were all of a sudden to produce a longevity of hundreds of years. While such a thing is fortunately rather unlikely to happen in the foreseeable future, the idea of perhaps revolutionary changes is by no means far-fetched in regard to the non-life lines.

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Is there a ray of hope somewhere in the Legislature that will release us from the unconstitutional helmet law?

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REFLECTIONS

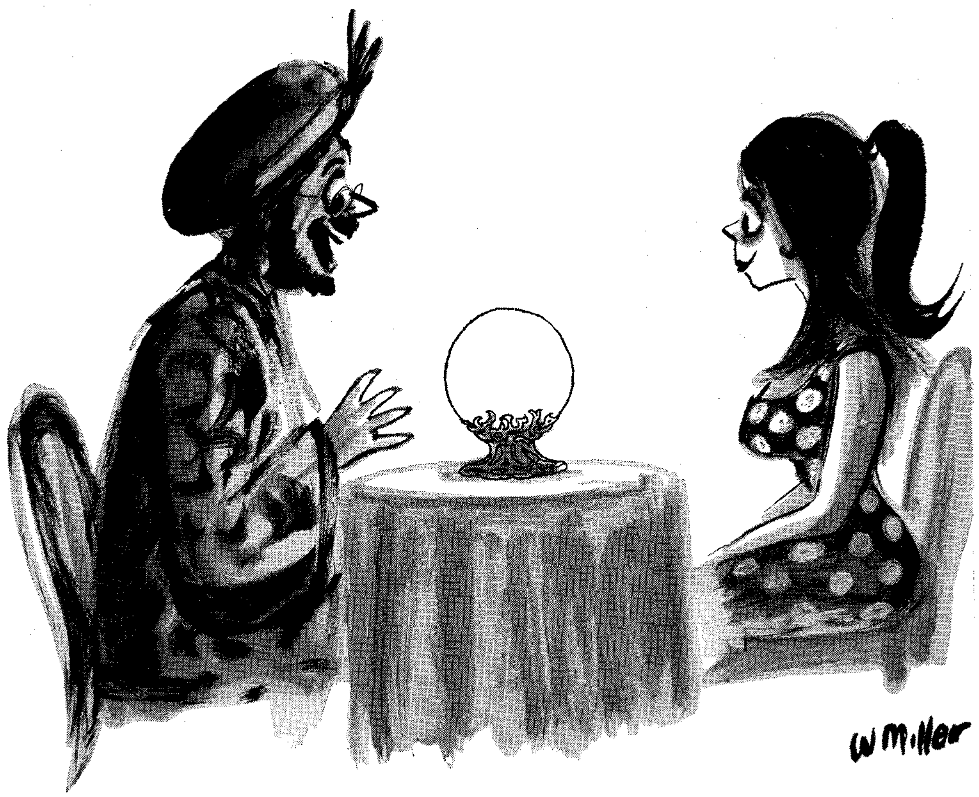
CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

THE Bar Association of the City of New York celebrated its centennial this year with a symposium on the rather dismal question "Is the law dead?" The participants, divided into two panels, were asked by Eugene V. Rostow to prepare papers on "the citizen's moral relation to the law in a society of consent" and on "the capacity of American society to meet changing demands for social justice in peace, and through the processes of law and of democratic policymaking"—two topics that seemed to encourage a somewhat brighter outlook. The following remarks are in answer to the first question.

Asked to consider the citizen's *moral* relation to the law, one is inclined to think first of two men in prison—Socrates, in Athens, and Thoreau, in Concord, both of whom appear regularly in the literature on the subject. Many, indeed, share Senator Philip A. Hart's position: "Any tolerance that I might feel toward the disobeyer is dependent on his willingness to accept whatever punishment the law might impose"—an argument whose plausibility gains in strength in a country where, as Edward H. Levi has pointed out, "an individual, through one of the most serious oddities of our law, is encouraged or in some sense compelled to establish a significant legal right through a personal act of civil disobedience." Yet all these models of civil disobedience may be seriously misleading when we try to come to terms with our present predicament, and not only because "the distinction between such acts"—in which an individual breaks the law in order to test its Constitutionality or legitimacy—"and ordinary violations becomes much more fragile in a period of turmoil."

As for Socrates, the argument in the "Crito" is less unequivocal than it is usually accepted as being. Socrates had never challenged the laws themselves—only this particular miscarriage of justice, which he spoke of as the "accident" (τύχη) that had befallen him. His personal misfortune did not entitle him to "break his contracts and agreements" with the laws; his quarrel was not with the laws but with the judges. Moreover, as Socrates pointed out to Crito (who tried to persuade him to escape and go into exile) at the time of the trial, the laws themselves had offered him this choice: "At that time you could have done with the state's consent what you are trying now to do without it. But then you gloried in being willing to die. You said that you preferred death to exile." We also know, from the "Apology," that he had the option of desisting from his public examination of things, which doubtless spread uncertainty about established customs and beliefs, and that again he had preferred death, because "an unexamined life is not worth living." That is, Socrates would not have honored his own words if he had tried to escape; he would have undone all he had done during his trial—would have "confirmed the judges in their opinion, and made it seem that their verdict was a just one." He owed it *to himself* as well as to the citizens he had addressed to stay and die. "We have tried to explain why Socrates chooses death in the 'Crito,'" N. A. Greenberg has written in an excellent analysis. "To say that it is because he despises death has seemed to us inhuman. . . . It is the payment of a debt of honor, the payment of a gentleman who has lost a wager and who pays because he cannot otherwise live with himself. There has indeed been a contract, and the notion of a contract pervades the latter half of the 'Crito,' but . . . the contract which is binding is . . . *the commitment involved in the trial.*" (My italics.)

Thoreau's case, though much less dramatic (he spent one night in jail for refusing to pay his poll tax to a government that permitted slavery, but he let his aunt pay it for him the next morning), seems at first glance more pertinent to our current debates, for, in contradistinction to Socrates, he protested against the injustice of the laws themselves. The trouble with this example is that in "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience," the famous essay that grew out of the incident and made the term "civil disobedience" part of our political vocabulary, he argued his case not on the ground of a *citizen's* moral relation to the law but on the ground of individual conscience and conscience's moral obligation: "It is not a man's duty, as a matter of course, to devote himself to the eradication of any, even the most enormous, wrong; he may still properly have other concerns to engage him; but it is his duty, at least, to wash his hands of it, and, if he gives it no thought longer, not to give it practically his support." Thoreau did not pretend that a man's washing his hands of it would make the world better or that a man had any obligation to do so. He "came into this world, not chiefly to make this a good place to live in, but to live in it, be it good or bad." Indeed, this is how we all come into the world—lucky if the world and the part of it we arrive in is a good place to live in at the time of our arrival, or at least a



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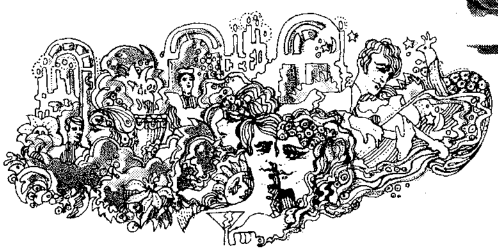

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place where the wrongs committed are not "of such a nature that it requires you to be the agent of injustice to another." For only if this is the case, "then, I say, break the law." And Thoreau was right: individual conscience requires nothing more.

Here, as elsewhere, conscience is unpolitical. It is not primarily interested in the world where the wrong is committed or in the consequences that the wrong will have for the future course of the world. It does not say, with Jefferson, "I tremble *for my country* when I reflect that God is just; that His justice cannot sleep forever," because it trembles for the individual self and its integrity. It can therefore be much more radical and say, with Thoreau, "This people must cease to hold slaves, and to make war on Mexico, *though it cost them their existence as a people* [my italics]," whereas for Lincoln "the paramount object," even in the struggle for the emancipation of the slaves, remained, as he wrote in 1862, "to save the Union, and . . . not either to save or to destroy slavery." This does not mean that Lincoln was unaware of "the monstrous injustice of slavery itself," as he had called it eight years earlier; it means that he was also aware of the distinction between his "official duty" and his "personal wish that all men everywhere could be free." And this distinction, if one strips it of the very complex and equivocal historical circumstances, is ultimately the same as Machiavelli's when he said, "I love my native city more than my own soul." The discrepancy between "official duty" and "personal wish" in Lincoln's case no more indicates a lack of moral commitment than the discrepancy between city and soul indicates that Machiavelli was an atheist and did not believe in eternal salvation and damnation.

This possible conflict between "the good man" and "the good citizen" (according to Aristotle, the good man could be a good citizen only in a good state), between the individual self, with or without belief in an afterlife, and the member of the community, or, as we would say today, between morality and politics, is very old—older, even, than the word "conscience," which in its present connotation is of relatively recent origin. And almost equally old are the justifications for the position of either. Thoreau was consistent enough to recognize and admit that he was open to the charge of irresponsibility, the oldest charge against "the good man." He said explicitly that he was "not responsible for the successful working of the machinery of so-

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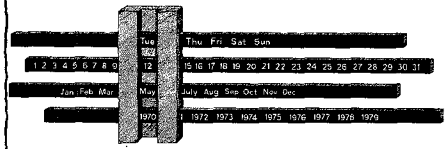

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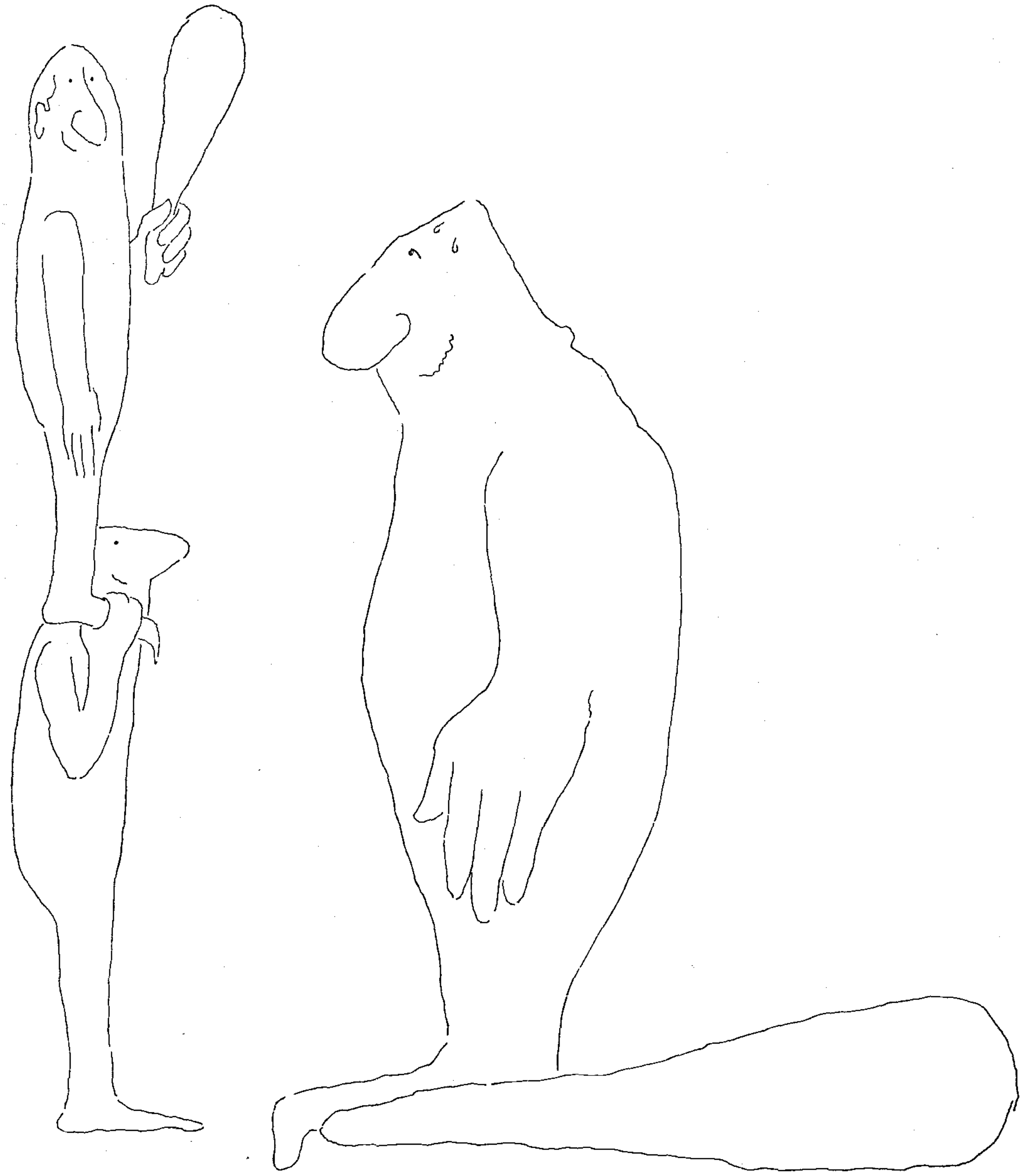

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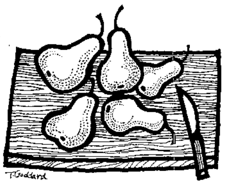
ciety," was "not the son of the engineer." The adage "*Fiat justitia et pereat mundus*"—"Let justice be done even if the world perishes"—which is usually invoked rhetorically against the defenders of absolute justice, often for the purpose of excusing wrongs and crimes, neatly expresses the gist of the dilemma.

However, the reason that "at the level of individual morality, the problem of disobedience to the law is wholly intractable" (to quote the Final Report of the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence) is of still a different order. The counsels of conscience are not only unpolitical; they are always expressed in purely subjective statements. When Socrates stated that "it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong," he clearly meant that it was better *for him*, just as it was better for him "to be in disagreement with multitudes than, being one, to be in disagreement with [himself]." What counts politically is that a wrong has been done; to the law it is irrelevant who is better off as a result—the doer or the sufferer. Our legal codes distinguish between crimes in which indictment is mandatory, because the community as a whole has been violated, and offenses in which only doers and sufferers are involved, who may or may not want to sue. In the case of the former, the states of mind of those involved are irrelevant, except insofar as intent is part of the overt act, or mitigating circumstances are taken into account; it makes no difference whether the one who suffered is willing to forgive or the one who did is entirely unlikely to do it again.



In the "Gorgias," from which I just quoted, Socrates does not address the citizens, as he does in the "Apology" and, in support of the "Apology," in the "Crito." Here Plato lets Socrates speak as the philosopher who has discovered that men have intercourse not only with their fellow-men but also with themselves, and that the latter form of intercourse—my being with and by myself—prescribes certain rules for the former. These are the rules of conscience, and they are—like those which Thoreau announced in his essay—entirely negative. They do not say what to do; they say what not to do. They do not spell out certain principles for taking action; they lay down the boundaries no act should transgress. They say: Don't do wrong, for then you will have to live together with a wrongdoer. Plato, in the later dialogues (the "Sophist" and the "Theaetetus"), elaborated on this Socratic intercourse of me with myself and defined thinking as the soundless dialogue between me and myself; existentially speaking, it requires that the partners be friends. The validity of the Socratic propositions depends upon the kind of man who utters them and the kind of man to whom they are addressed. They are self-evident truths for man insofar as he is a thinking being; to those who don't think, who don't have intercourse with themselves, they are not self-evident, nor can they be proved. Those men—and they are the "multitudes"—can gain a proper interest in themselves only, according to Plato, by believing in a mythical hereafter with rewards and punishments.

Hence, the rules of conscience hinge on interest in the self. They say: Beware of doing something that you will not be able to live with. It is the same argument that led to—in the words of Christian Bay—"Camus's . . . stress on the necessity of resistance to injustice *for the resisting individual's own health and welfare.*" (My italics.) The political and legal trouble with such justification is twofold. First, it cannot be generalized; in order to keep its validity, it must remain subjective. What I cannot live with may not bother another man's conscience. The result is that conscience will stand against conscience. "If the decision to break the law really turned on individual conscience, it is hard to see in law how Dr. King is better off than Governor Ross Barnett, of Mississippi, who also believed deeply in his cause and was willing to go to jail," the Final Report of the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence noted. The second, and perhaps even more serious, trouble is that conscience, if it is defined in secular terms, presupposes not only that man possesses the innate faculty of telling right from wrong but that man is interested in himself, for the obligation arises from this interest alone. And this kind of self-interest can hardly be taken for granted. Although we know that human beings are capable of thinking—of having intercourse with themselves—we do not know how many indulge in this rather profitless enterprise; all we can say is that the habit of thinking, of reflecting on what one is doing, is independent of the individual's social, educational, or intellectual standing. In this respect, as in so many others, "the good man" and "the good citizen" are by no means the same, and

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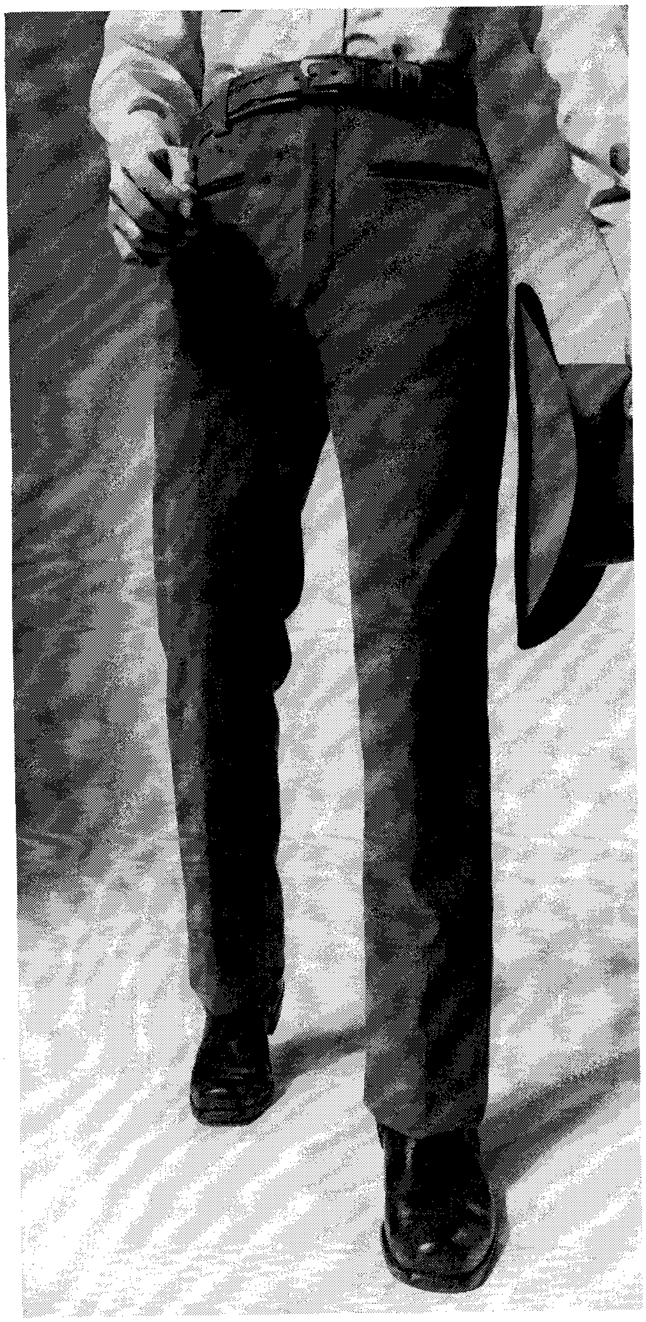

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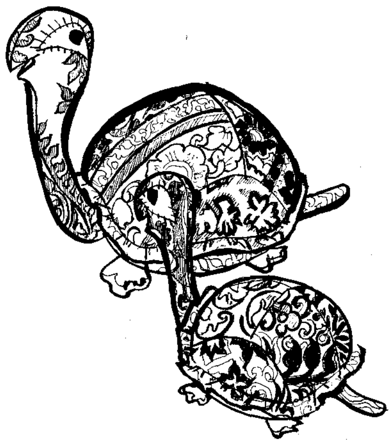

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not only in the Aristotelian sense. Good men become manifest only in emergencies, when they suddenly appear, as if from nowhere, in all social strata. The good citizen, on the contrary, must be conspicuous; he can be studied, with the also not so very comforting result that he turns out to belong to a small minority—tends to be educated and a member of the upper social classes.

This whole question of the political weight to be accorded moral decisions—decisions arrived at *in foro conscientiae*—has been greatly complicated by the originally religious and later secularized associations that the notion of conscience acquired under the influence of Christian philosophy. As we use the word today, in both moral and legal matters, conscience is supposed to be always present within us, as though it were identical with consciousness. (It is true that it took language a long time to distinguish between the two, and in some languages—French, for instance—the separation of conscience and consciousness has never taken place.) The voice of conscience was the voice of God, and announced the Divine Law, before it became the *lumen naturale* that informed men of a higher law. As the voice of God, it gave positive prescriptions whose validity rested on the command "Obey God rather than men"—a command that was objectively binding without any reference to human institutions and that could be turned, as in the Reformation, even against what was alleged to be the divinely inspired institution of the Church. To modern ears, this must sound like "self-certification," which "borders on blasphemy"—the presumptuous pretension that one knows the will of God and is sure of His eventual justification. It did not sound that way to the believer in a creator God who has revealed Himself to the one creature He created in His own image. But the anarchic nature of divinely inspired consciences, so blatantly manifest in the beginnings of Christianity, cannot be denied. The law, therefore—rather late, and by no means in all countries—recognized religiously inspired conscientious objectors but recognized them only when they appealed to a Divine Law that was also claimed by a recognized religious group, which could not well be ignored by a Christian community. The present deep crisis in the churches and the increasing number of objectors who claim no relation to any religious institution, whether or not they claim divinely informed consciences, have thus created great difficulties.

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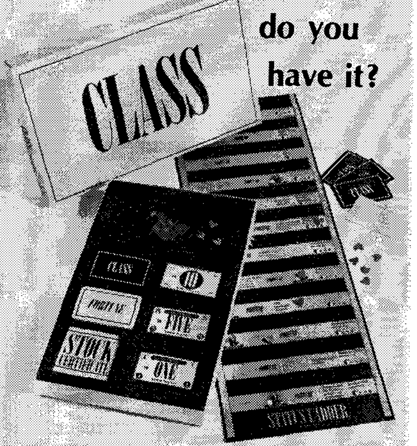

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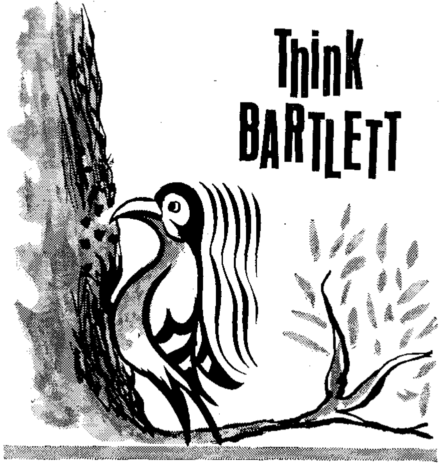

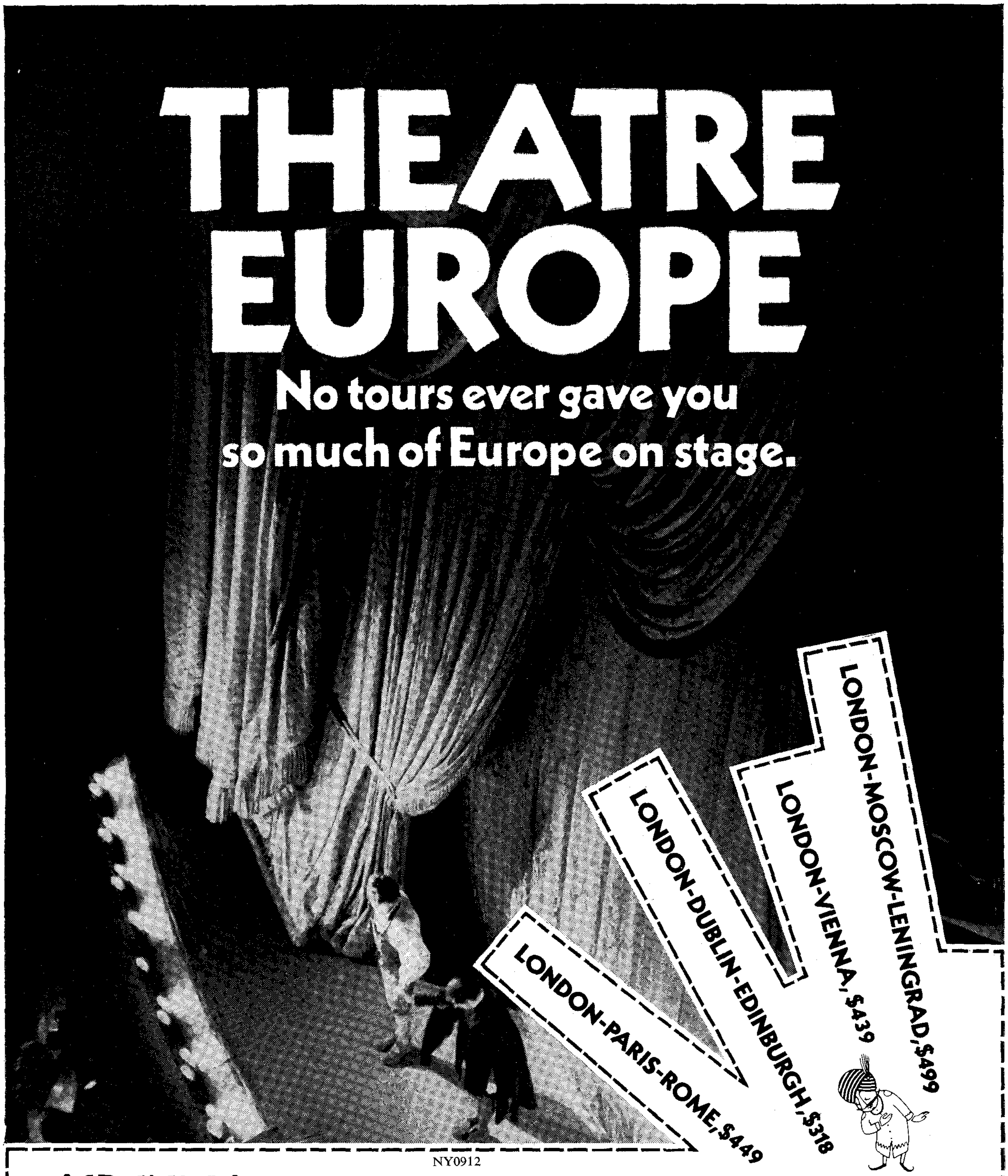
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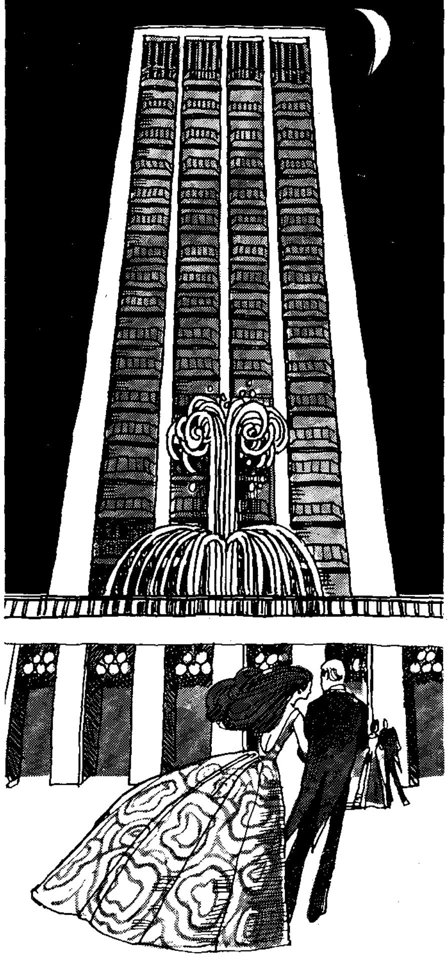

science of the believer who listens to and obeys the voice of God or the commands of the *lumen naturale* is a far cry from the strictly secular conscience—this knowing, and speaking with, myself, which, in Ciceronian language, better than a thousand witnesses testifies to deeds that otherwise may remain unknown forever. It is this conscience that we find in such magnificence in "Richard III." It does no more than fill a man "full of obstacles;" it is not always with him but awaits him when he is alone, and loses its hold when midnight is over and he has rejoined the company of his peers. Then only, when he is no longer by himself, will he say, "Conscience is but a word that cowards use,/ Devised at first to keep the strong in awe." The fear of being alone and having to face oneself can be a very effective dissuader from wrongdoing, but this fear, by its very nature, is unpersuasive of others. No doubt even this kind of conscientious objection can become politically significant when a number of consciences happen to coincide and the conscientious objectors decide to enter the marketplace and make their voices heard in public. But then we are no longer dealing with individuals, or with a phenomenon whose criteria can be derived from Socrates or Thoreau. What had been decided *in foro conscientiae* has now become part of public opinion, and although this particular group of civil disobedients may still claim the initial validation—their consciences—they actually rely no longer on themselves alone. In the marketplace, the fate of conscience is not much different from the fate of the philosopher's truth: it becomes an opinion, indistinguishable from other opinions.

To sum up: We must distinguish between conscientious objectors and civil disobedients. The arguments raised in defense of individual conscience and the conditions prescribing the limitations on its rights—the "willingness to accept whatever punishment the law might impose"—are inadequate when applied to civil disobedience. Civil disobedients are in fact organized minorities, bound together by their decision to take a stand against an assumed majority.

DISOBEDIENCE of the law, civil and criminal, has become a mass phenomenon in recent years, not only in America but in a great many other parts of the world. The defiance of established authority, religious and secular, social and political, as a worldwide phenomenon may well one day be accounted the outstanding event of the last decade. To quote Wilson Carey McWilliams, "the laws seem to have lost their power." Indeed, viewed from the outside and considered in historical perspective, no clearer writing on the wall—no more explicit sign of the inner instability and vulnerability of existing governments and legal systems—could be imagined. If history teaches anything about the causes of revolution—and history does not teach much but still teaches considerably more than social-science theories—it is that a disintegration of political systems precedes revolutions, that the telling symptom of disintegration is a progressive erosion of governmental authority, and that this erosion is caused by the government's inability to function properly, from which spring the citizens' doubts about its legitimacy. This is what the Marxists used to call a revolutionary situation—which, of course, more often than not does not develop into a revolution.

In our context, the grave threat to the judicial system of the United States is a case in point. To lament what the Final Report has called "the cancerous growth of disobediences" does not make much sense unless one recognizes that for many years now the law-enforcement agencies have been unable to enforce the statutes against drug traffic, mugging, and burglary. Considering that the chances that criminal offenders in these categories will never be detected at all are better than nine to one, there is every reason to be surprised that such crime is not worse than it is. (According to the 1967 report of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice, "well over half of all crimes are never reported to the police," and "of those which are, fewer than one-quarter are cleared by arrest. Nearly half of all arrests result in the dismissal of charges.") It is as though we were engaged in a nationwide experiment to find out how many potential criminals—that is, people who are prevented from committing crimes only by the deterrent force of the law—actually exist in a given society. The results may not be encouraging to those who hold that all criminal impulses are aberrations; that is, are the impulses of mentally sick people acting under the compulsion of their illness. The simple and rather frightening truth is that under circumstances of legal and social permissiveness people will engage in the most outrageous criminal behavior who under normal circumstances perhaps

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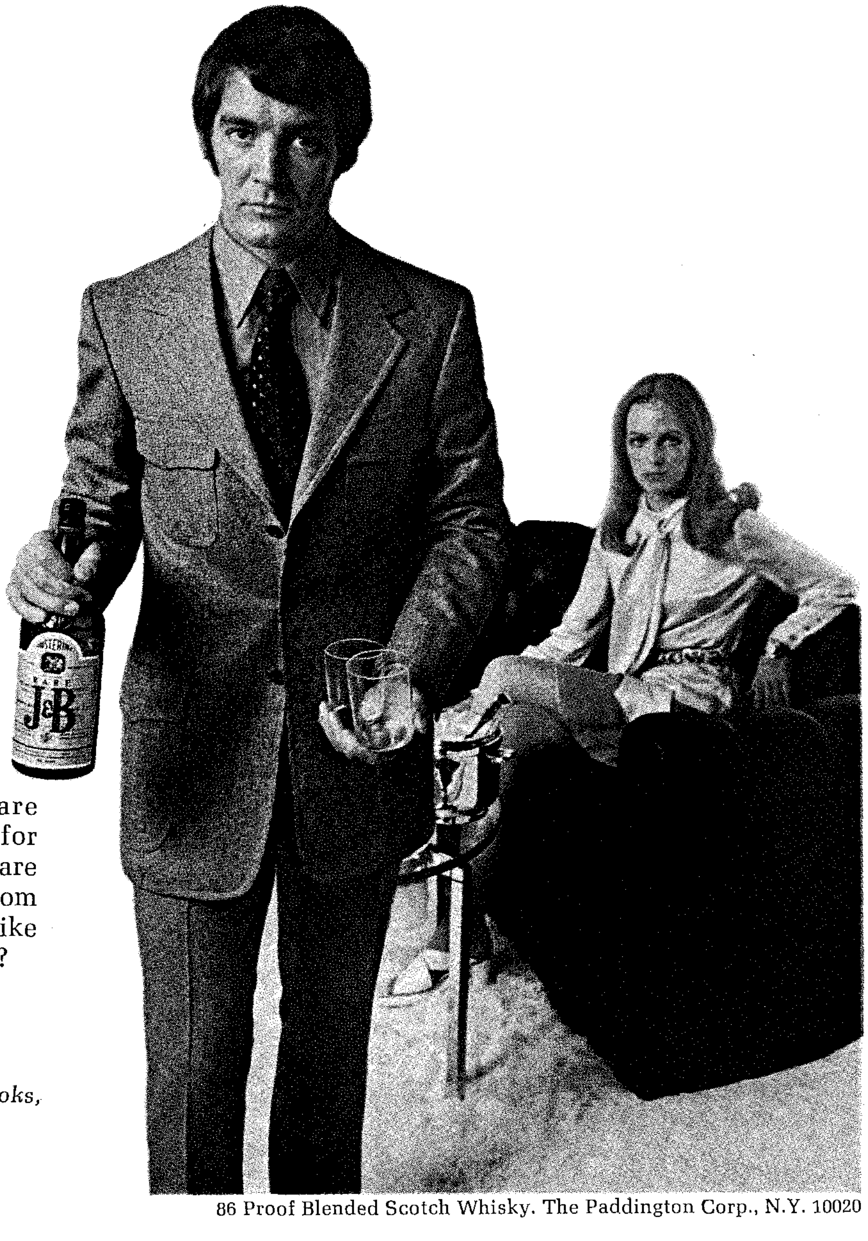

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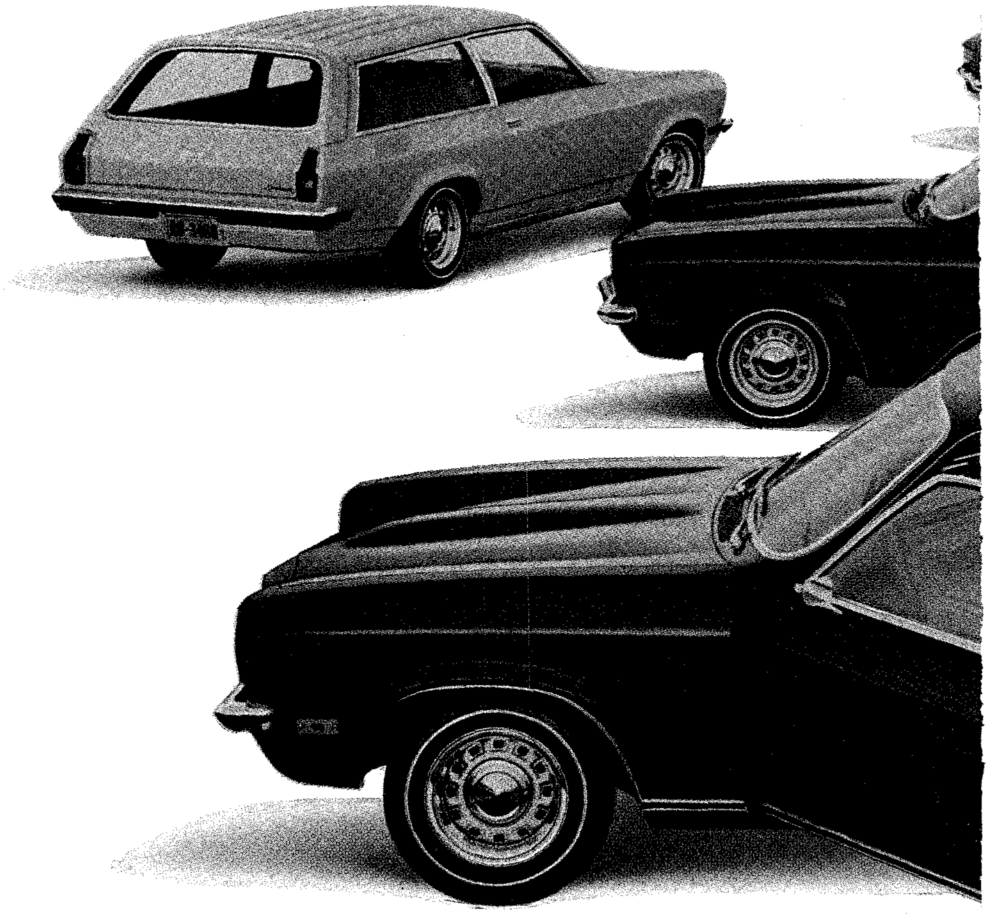

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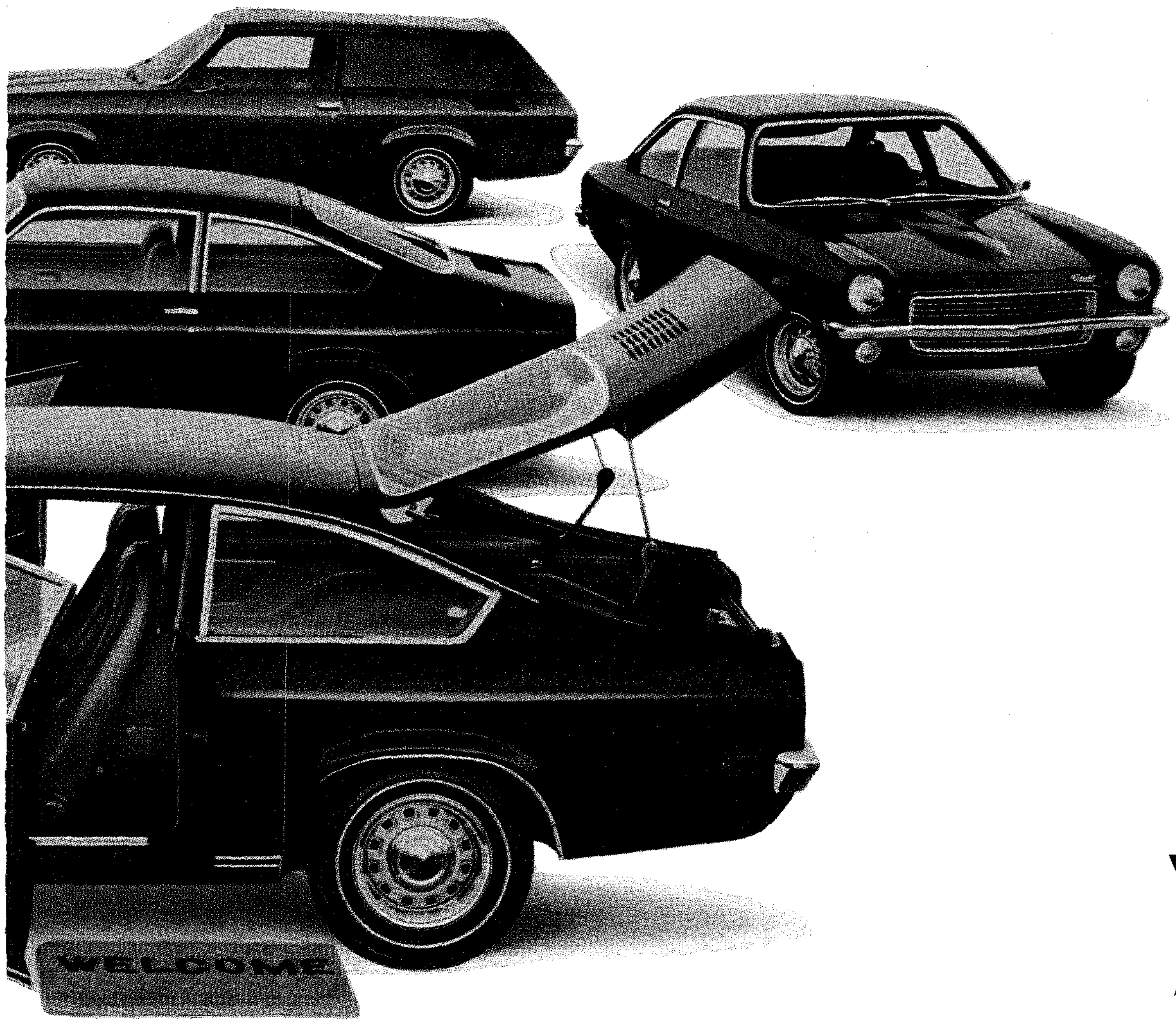

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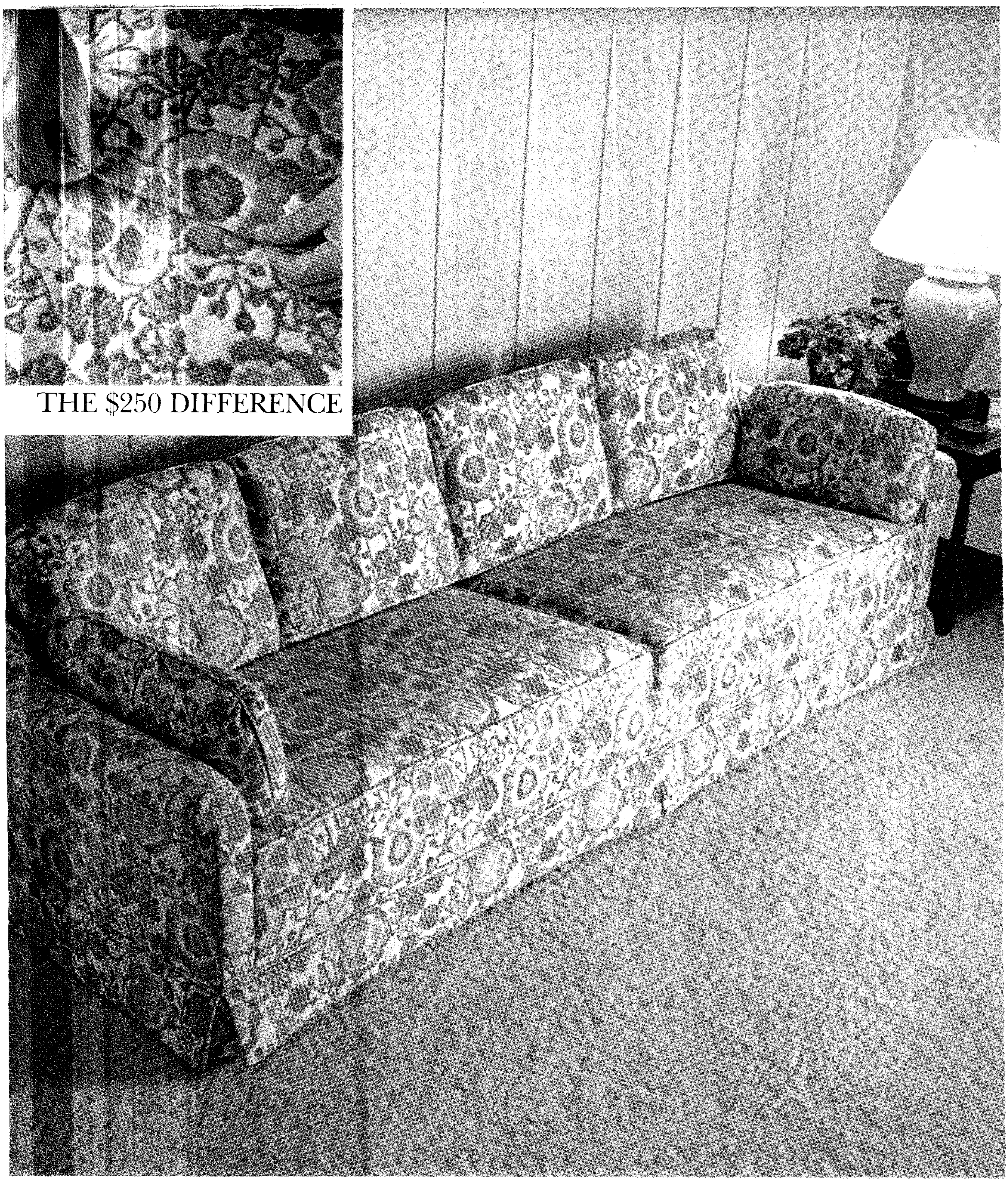

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dreamed of such crimes but never considered actually committing them. Horrible examples of this truth were presented during the Auschwitz trial in Germany, which lasted from December, 1963, to August, 1965, and whose proceedings are reported by Bernd Naumann in his book "Auschwitz." The defendants, "a handful of intolerable cases" selected from about two thousand S.S. men posted at the camp between 1940 and 1945, were charged with murder, the only offense not covered by the West German government's statute of limitations. Almost all of them had committed atrocities that had nothing to do with the order for the "final solution;" their crimes were punishable under Nazi law, and in rare cases the perpetrators were actually punished by the Nazi government. The defendants had been sent to Auschwitz for no other reason than that they were unfit for military service, so most of them had no criminal record and none of them had a record of sadism and murder. Before they came to Auschwitz and during the eighteen years they lived in West Germany after they left it, they had been respectable and respected citizens, indistinguishable from their neighbors.

In today's society, neither the potential lawbreakers (that is, the nonprofessional and unorganized criminals) nor the law-abiding citizens need elaborate studies to tell them that criminal acts will probably—which is to say, predictably—have no legal consequences whatsoever. We have learned, to our sorrow, that organized crime is less to be feared than nonprofessional hoodlums—who profit from opportunity—and their entirely justified "lack of concern about being punished;" and this state of affairs is neither altered nor clarified by research into "the public's confidence in the American judicial process." What we are up against is not the judicial process but the simple fact that criminal acts usually have no legal consequences whatsoever. What has broken down is not the legal system but its enforcement. On the other hand, one must ask what would happen if police power were restored to the reasonable point where from sixty to seventy per cent of all criminal offenses were properly cleared by arrest and properly judged. Is there any doubt that it would mean the collapse of the already disastrously overburdened courts (even now, according to a staff report of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement, "the proportion of cases which actually go to trial is tiny, representing less than one per cent of all crimes committed"), and would have quite terrifying consequences for the just as badly overloaded prison system? What is so frightening in the present situation is not the failure of police power per se—and not even the constant increase of crime in the streets—but that to remedy this condition radically would spell disaster for these other, equally important branches of the judicial system.

The answer of the government to this, and to similarly obvious breakdowns of public services, has invariably been the creation of study commissions, whose fantastic proliferation in recent years has probably made the United States the most researched country on earth. No doubt the commissions, after spending much time and money in order to find out that "the poorer you are, the more likely you are to suffer from serious malnutrition" (a piece of wisdom that even made the New York *Times* "Quotation of the Day"), often come up with reasonable recommendations. These, however, are seldom acted on but, rather, are subjected to a new panel of researchers. What all the commissions have in common is a desperate attempt to find out something about the "deeper causes" of whatever the problem happens to be—especially if it is the problem of violence—and since "deeper" causes are, by definition, concealed, the final result of such team research is all too often nothing but hypothesis and undemonstrated theory. The net effect is that not only has research become a substitute for action but the "deeper causes"—with which it is hard to deal in any event, because they are too complex and often totally uncertain—are overgrowing the obvious ones, which are frequently so simple that no "serious" and "learned" person could be asked to give them any attention. To be sure, to find remedies for obvious shortcomings does not guarantee solution of the problem, but to neglect them means that the problem will not even be properly defined. (There is, for example, the well-known over-researched fact that children in slum schools do not learn. Among the more obvious causes is that many such children arrive in school without breakfast and are desperately hungry. There are a number of "deeper causes" for their failure to learn, and it is very uncertain that breakfast in school would help. What is not at all uncertain is that even a class of geniuses could not be taught if they happened to

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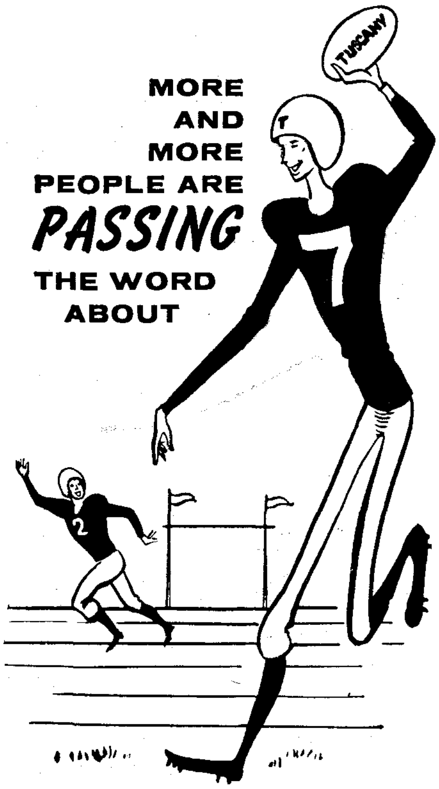

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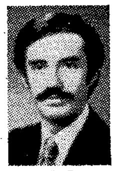

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be hungry.) Research has become a technique of evasion, and this has surely not helped the anyhow undermined reputation of science.

Since disobedience and defiance of authority are such a general mark of our time, it is tempting to view civil disobedience as a mere special case. From the jurist's viewpoint, the law is violated by the civil no less than the criminal disobedient, and it is understandable that people, especially if they happen to be lawyers, should suspect that civil disobedience, precisely because it is exerted in public, is at the root of the criminal variety—all evidence and arguments to the contrary notwithstanding, for, as the Final Report states, evidence "to demonstrate that acts of civil disobedience . . . lead to . . . a propensity toward crime" is not only "insufficient" but nonexistent. Although it is true that radical movements and, certainly, revolutions attract criminal elements, it would be neither correct nor wise to equate the two; criminals are as dangerous to political movements as they are to society as a whole. If one wishes to establish a causal connection between the two, it is much more likely that it is the other way around—that the impotence of institutional power has persuaded many otherwise complacent people of the legitimacy of civil disobedience. (Nothing, indeed, is less likely than that the planned expansion of the domestic intelligence apparatus to be directed at the militants of the extreme left will do anything to bring down crime in the streets, and it will, of course, not, as one official argued, according to the New York *Times*, "increase safeguards of the civil liberties of individuals.") Moreover, while civil disobedience may be considered an indication of a significant loss of the law's authority (though it can hardly be seen as its cause), criminal disobedience is nothing more than the inevitable consequence of a disastrous erosion of police competence and power. Proposals for probing the "criminal mind" either with Rorschach tests or by intelligence agents sound sinister, but they, too, belong among the techniques of evasion. An incessant flow of sophisticated hypotheses about the mind—this most elusive of man's properties—of the criminal submerges the solid fact that no one is able to catch his body, just as the hypothetical assumption of policemen's "*latent* negative attitudes" covers up their overt negative record in solving crimes.

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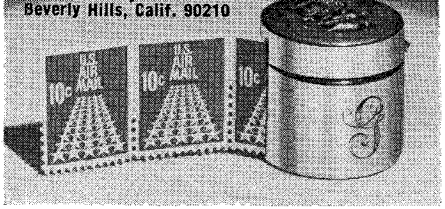

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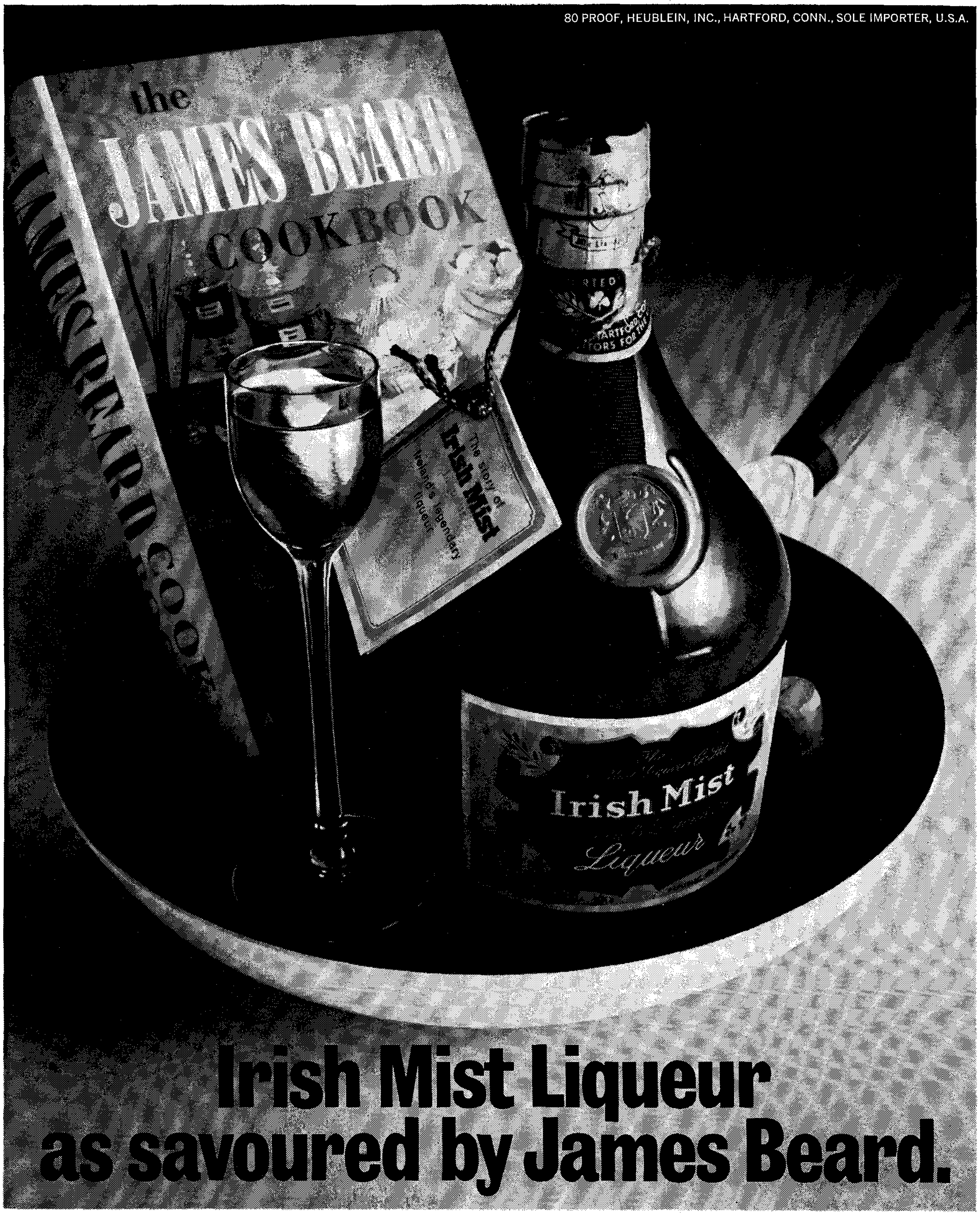
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grievances will not be heard or acted upon—as in the case of the striking mailmen—or that, on the contrary, the government is about to change, and has embarked upon and persists in modes of action whose legality and Constitutionality are open to grave doubt. Instances are numerous: six years of an undeclared war in Vietnam; the growing influence of secret agencies on public affairs; open or thinly veiled threats to liberties guaranteed under the First Amendment; attempts to deprive the Senate of its Constitutional powers, followed by the President's invasion of Cambodia in open disregard of the Constitution, which explicitly requires congressional approval for the beginning of a war; not to mention the Vice-President's even more ominous reference to resisters and dissenters as " 'vultures' . . . and 'parasites' [whom] we can afford to separate . . . from our society with no more regret than we should feel over discarding rotten apples from a barrel"—a reference that challenges not only the laws of the United States but every legal order. In other words, civil disobedience can be tuned to necessary and desirable change or to necessary and desirable preservation or restoration of the status quo—the preservation of rights guaranteed under the First Amendment, or the restoration of the proper balance of power in the government, which is jeopardized by the executive branch as well as by the enormous growth of federal power at the expense of states' rights. In neither case can civil disobedience be equated with criminal disobedience.

There is all the difference in the world between the criminal's avoiding the public eye and the civil disobedient's taking the law into his own hands in open defiance. The former, even if he belongs to a criminal organization, acts for his own benefit alone; he refuses to be overpowered by the consent of all others and will yield only to the violence of the law-enforcement agencies. The civil disobedient, though he is usually dissenting from a majority, acts in the name and for the sake of a group; he defies the law and the established authorities on the ground of basic dissent, and not because he as an individual wishes to make an exception of himself and to get away with it. If the group he belongs to is significant in numbers and standing, one is tempted to classify him as a member of one of John C. Calhoun's "concurrent majorities;" that is, sections of the population that are unanimous in their dissent. The term, unfortunately, is tainted by pro-slavery and racist arguments,

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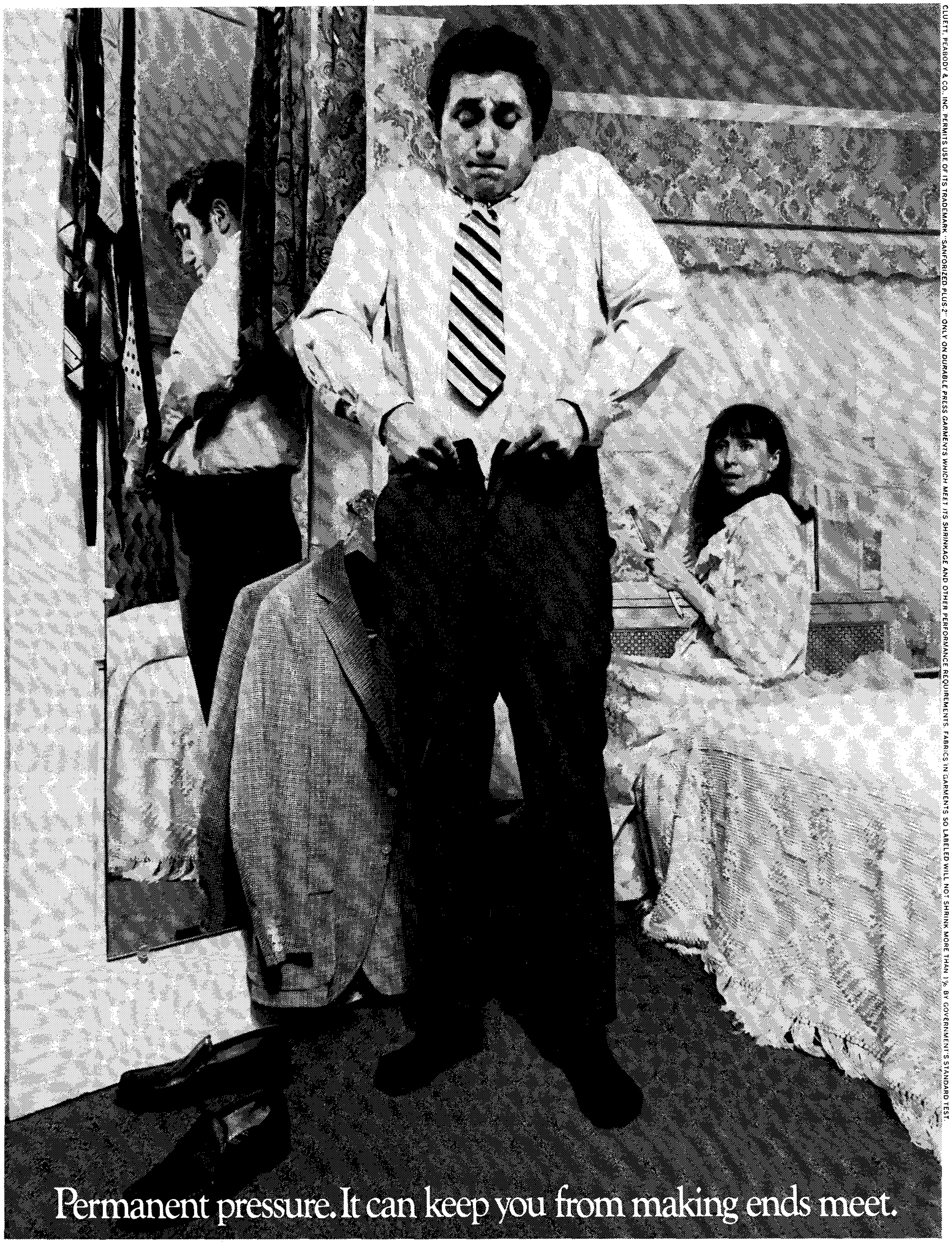
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and in the "Disquisition on Government," where it occurs, it covers only interests, not opinions and convictions, of minorities that feel threatened by "dominant majorities." The point, at any rate, is that we are dealing here with organized minorities that are too important not merely in numbers but in *quality of opinion* to be safely disregarded. For Calhoun was certainly right when he held that in questions of great national importance the "concurrence or acquiescence of the various portions of the community" are a prerequisite of Constitutional government. To think of disobedient minorities in terms of rebels and traitors is against letter and spirit of a Constitution whose framers were especially sensitive to the dangers of unbridled majority rule. Of all the means that civil disobedients may use in the course of persuasion and of the dramatization of issues, the only one that can justify their being called rebels is the means of violence.

"THINGS of this world are in so constant a flux that nothing remains long in the same state." If this sentence, written by Locke about three hundred years ago, were uttered today, it would sound like the understatement of the century. Still, it may remind us that change is not a modern phenomenon but is inherent in a world inhabited and established by human beings, who come into it, by birth, as strangers and newcomers (νέοι, "the new ones," as the Greeks used to call the young), and depart from it just when they have acquired the experience and familiarity that may in certain rare cases enable them to be "wise" in the ways of the world. "Wise men" have played various and sometimes significant roles in human affairs, but the point is that they have always been old men, about to disappear from the world. Their wisdom, acquired in the proximity of departure, cannot rule a world exposed to the constant onslaught of the inexperience and "foolishness" of newcomers, and it is likely that without this interrelated condition of natality and mortality, which guarantees change and makes the rule of wisdom impossible, the human race would have become extinct long ago out of unbearable boredom. But if change is constant, the velocity of change is not. It varies greatly from country to country, from century to century. Compared to the coming and going of the generations, the flux of the world's things occurs so slowly that the world can almost be called stable. Or so it was for thousands of years—including the early centuries of the modern age, when first the notion of change for change's sake, under the name of progress, made its appearance. Ours is perhaps the first century in which the speed of change in the things of the world has outstripped the change inherent in the human condition. (An alarming symptom of this turnabout is the steadily shrinking span of the generations. From the traditional standard of three or four generations to a century we have now come to a life expectancy per generation of four or five years.) But even under the extraordinary conditions of the twentieth century, which make Marx's admonition to change the world sound like an exhortation to carry coals to Newcastle, it can hardly be said that man's appetite for change has cancelled his drive for stability. It is well known that the most radical revolutionary will become a conservative on the day after the revolution. Obviously, neither man's capacity for change nor his capacity for preservation is boundless, the former being limited by the extension of the past into the present—no man begins *ab ovo*—and the latter by the unpredictability of the future. Man's urge for change and his need for stability have always balanced and checked each other, and our current vocabulary, which distinguishes between two factions, the progressives and the conservatives, indicates a state of affairs in which this balance has been thrown out of order.

No civilization—the man-made artifact to house successive generations—would ever have been possible without a framework of stability, to provide the wherein for the flux of change. Foremost among the stabilizing factors, more enduring than customs, manners, and traditions, are the legal systems that regulate our life in the world and our daily affairs with each other. (This is the reason it is inevitable, as Edward H. Levi has recently pointed out, that law in a time of rapid change will appear as "a restraining force, thus a negative influence in a world which admires positive action.") The variety of such systems is very great both in time and in space, but they all have one thing in common—the thing that justifies us in using the same word for phenomena as different as the Roman *lex*, the Greek νόμος, the Hebrew *torah*—and this is that they were designed to insure stability. (We are not concerned here with the second universal characteristic of the law—

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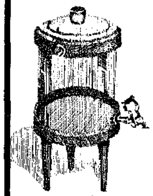

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that it is not universally valid but is either territorially bound or, as in the instance of Jewish law, ethnically restricted. Where both characteristics, stability and limited validity, are absent—where the so-called laws of history or nature, for instance, as they are interpreted by the head of state, maintain a "legality" that can change from day to day and that claims validity for all mankind—we are in fact confronted with lawlessness, though not with anarchy, since order can be maintained by means of compulsive organization. The net result, at any rate, is criminalization of the whole governmental apparatus, as we know from totalitarian government.)

Because of the unprecedented rate of change in our time and because of the challenge that change poses to the legal order—from the side of the government, as we have seen, as well as from the side of disobedient citizens—it is now widely held that changes can be effected by law, as distinguished from the earlier notion that, in J. D. Hyman's words, "legal action [that is, Supreme Court decisions] can influence ways of living." Both opinions seem to me to be based on an error about what the law can achieve and what it cannot. The law can indeed stabilize and legalize change once it has occurred, but the change itself is always the result of extra-legal action. To be sure, the Constitution itself offers a quasi-legal way to challenge the law by breaking it, but, quite apart from the question of whether or not such breaches are acts of disobedience, the Supreme Court has the right to choose among the cases brought before it, and this choice is inevitably influenced by public opinion. The bill recently passed in Massachusetts to force a test of the legality of the Vietnam war is a case in point. Is it not obvious that this legal action—very significant indeed—is the result of the civil disobedience of draft resisters, and that its aim is to legalize servicemen's refusal of combat duty? The whole body of labor legislation—the right of collective bargaining, the right to organize and to strike—was preceded by decades of frequently very violent disobedience of what ultimately proved to be obsolete laws.

The history of the Fourteenth Amendment perhaps offers an especially instructive example of the relation between law and change. It was meant to translate into Constitutional terms the change that had come about as the result of the Civil War. This change was not accepted by the Southern states, with the result that the provisions for racial equality were not en-

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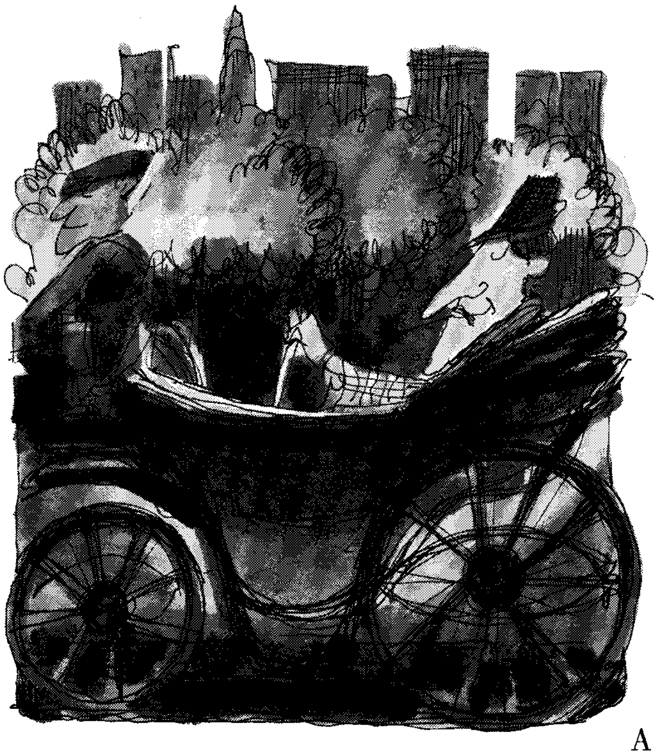

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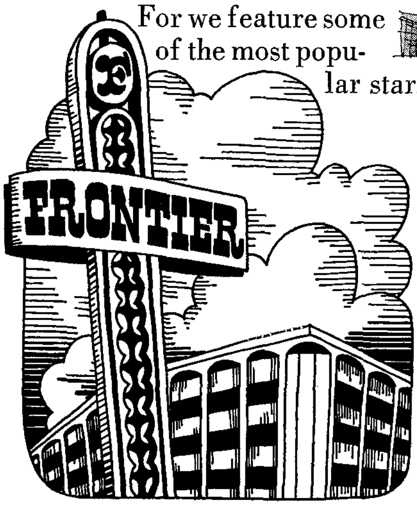

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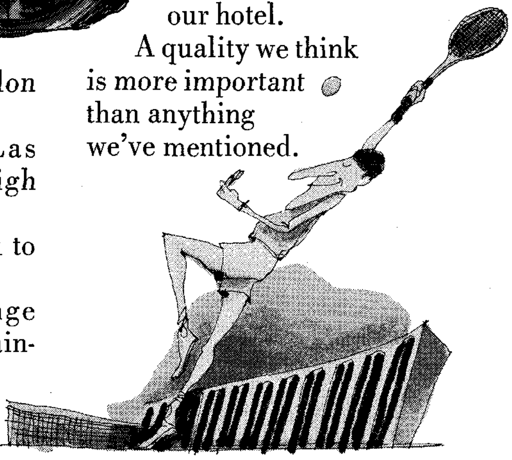

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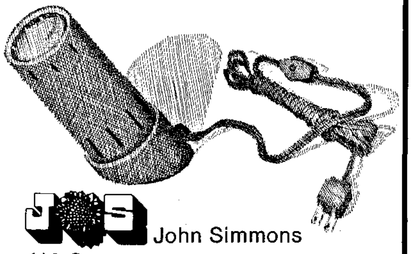

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forced for roughly a hundred years. An even more striking example of the inability of the law to enforce change is, of course, the Eighteenth Amendment, concerning Prohibition, which had to be repealed because it proved to be unenforceable. The Fourteenth Amendment, on the other hand, was finally enforced by the legal action of the Supreme Court, but although one may argue that it had always been, as Robert G. McCloskey has written in "Essays in Constitutional Law," "the plain responsibility of the Supreme Court to cope with state laws that deny racial equality," the plain fact is that the Court chose to do so only when civil-rights movements that, as far as Southern laws were concerned, were clearly movements of civil disobedience had brought about a drastic change in the attitudes of both black and white citizens. Not the law but civil disobedience brought into the open "the American dilemma" and, perhaps for the first time, forced upon the nation the recognition of the enormity of the crime not just of slavery but of chattel slavery—"unique among all such systems known to civilization," in the words of Stanley M. Elkins—the responsibility for which the people have inherited, together with so many blessings, from their forefathers.

THE perspective of very rapid change suggests that there is, to quote Christian Bay, "every likelihood of a progressively expanding role for civil disobedience in . . . modern democracies." And the central question here is not whether, and to what extent, civil disobedience can be justified by the First Amendment but, rather, with what concept of law it is compatible. I shall argue in what follows that although the phenomenon of civil disobedience is today a worldwide phenomenon, no other country, and no other language, has even a word for it, and that the American republic is the only government that has at least a chance to cope with it—not, perhaps, in accordance with the statutes but in accordance with the *spirit* of its laws. The United States owes its origin to the American Revolution, and this revolution carried within it a new, never fully articulated concept of law, which was the result of no theory but had been formed by the extraordinary experiences of the early colonists. It would be an event of great significance to find a legal niche for civil disobedience—of no less significance, perhaps, than the event of the founding of the *constitutio libertatis*, nearly two hundred years ago.

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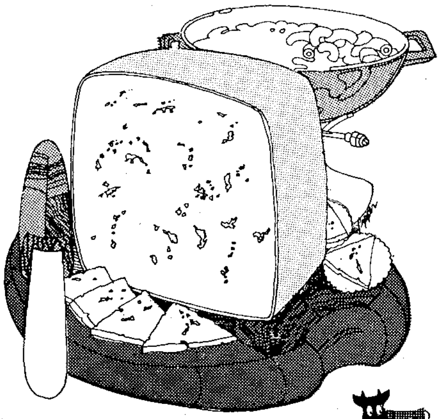

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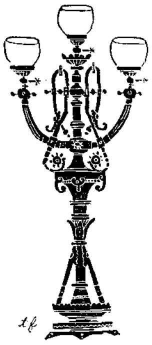
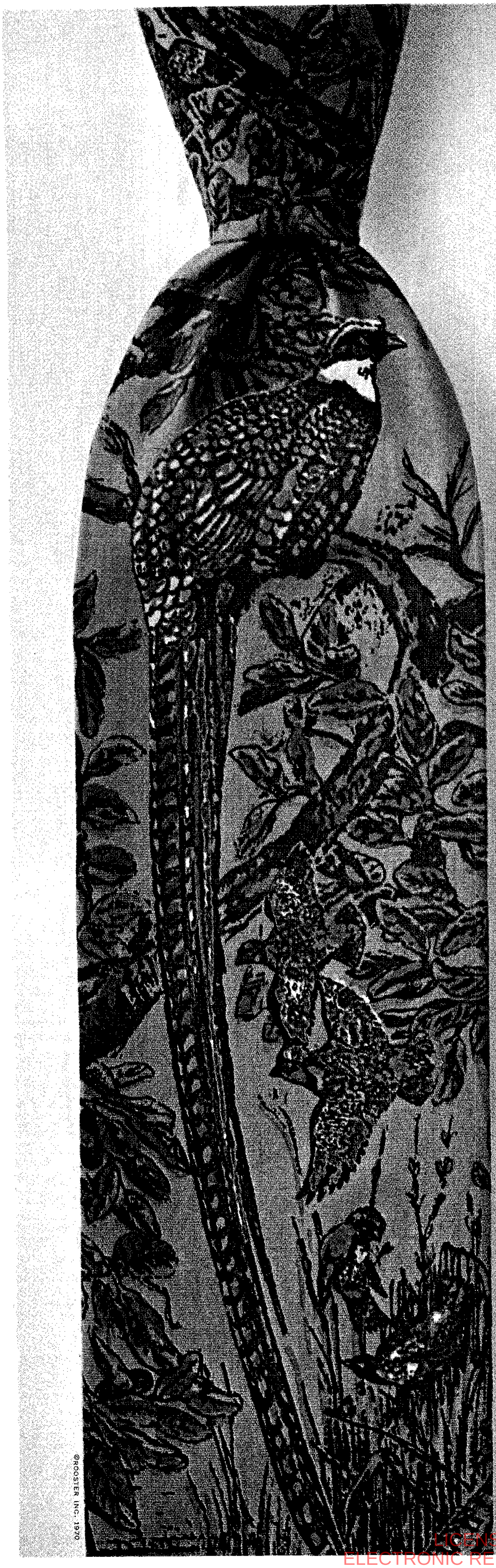
obey the laws has traditionally been derived from the assumption that he either consented to them or actually was his own legislator; that under the rule of law men are not subject to an alien will but obey only themselves—with the result, of course, that every person is at the same time his own master and his own slave, and that what is seen as the original conflict between the citizen, concerned with the public good, and the self, pursuing his private happiness, is internalized. This is in essence the Rousseauean-Kantian solution to the problem of obligation, and its defect, from my point of view, is that it turns again on conscience—on the relation between me and myself. (Another important defect has been pointed out by Hegel: "To be one's own master and servant seems to be better than to be somebody else's servant. However, the relation between freedom and nature, if . . . nature is being oppressed by one's own self, is much more artificial than the relation in natural law, according to which the domineering and commanding part is outside the living individual. In the latter case, the individual as a living entity retains its autonomous identity. . . . It is opposed by an alien power. . . . [Otherwise] its inner harmony is destroyed.") From the point of view of modern political science, the trouble lies in the fictitious origin of consent—"Many . . . write as if there were a social contract or some similar basis for political obligation to obey the majority's will," Bay notes—wherefore the argument usually preferred is: We in a democracy have to obey the law because we have the right to vote. It is precisely these voting rights, universal suffrage in free elections, as a sufficient basis for a democracy and for the claim of public freedom, that have come under attack. Still, the proposition set forth by Eugene V. Rostow that what needs to be considered is "the citizen's moral obligation to the law *in a society of consent*" seems to me crucial. If Montesquieu was right—and I believe he was—that there is such a thing as "the spirit of the laws," which varies from country to country and is different in the various forms of government, then we may say that consent, not in the very old sense of mere acquiescence, with its distinction between rule over willing subjects and rule over unwilling ones, but in the sense of active support and continuing participation in all matters of public interest, is the spirit of American law. Theoretically, this consent has been construed to be the result of a social contract, which in its more common form—the contract between a people and its government—is indeed easy to denounce as mere fiction. However, the point is that it was no mere fiction in the American pre-Revolutionary experience, with its numerous covenants and agreements, from the Mayflower Compact to the establishment of the thirteen colonies as an entity. When Locke formulated his social-contract theory, which supposedly explained the aboriginal beginnings of civil society, he indicated in a side remark which model he actually had in mind: "In the beginning, all the world was America."



In theory, the seventeenth century knew and combined under the name of social contract three altogether different kinds of such aboriginal agreements. There was, first, the example of the Biblical Covenant, which was concluded between a people as a whole and its God, and by virtue of which the people consented to obey whatever laws an all-powerful divinity might choose to reveal to it. Had this Puritan version of consent prevailed, it would, as John Cotton rightly remarked, have "set up Theocracy . . . as the best form of government." There was, second, the Hobbesian variety, according to which every individual concludes an agreement with the strictly secular authorities to insure his safety, for the protection of which he relinquishes all rights and powers. I shall call this the vertical version of the social contract. It is, of course, inconsistent with the American understanding of government, because it claims for the government a monopoly of power for the benefit of all subjects, who themselves have neither rights nor powers as long as their physical safety is guaranteed; the American republic, in contrast, rests on the power of the people—the old Roman *potestas in populo*—and power granted to the authorities is delegated power, which can be revoked. There was, third, Locke's aboriginal social contract, which brought about not government but society—the word being understood in the sense of the Latin *societas*, an "alliance" between all individual members, who contract for their government after they have mutually bound themselves. I shall call this the horizontal version of the social contract. This contract limits the power of each individual member but leaves intact the power of society; so-



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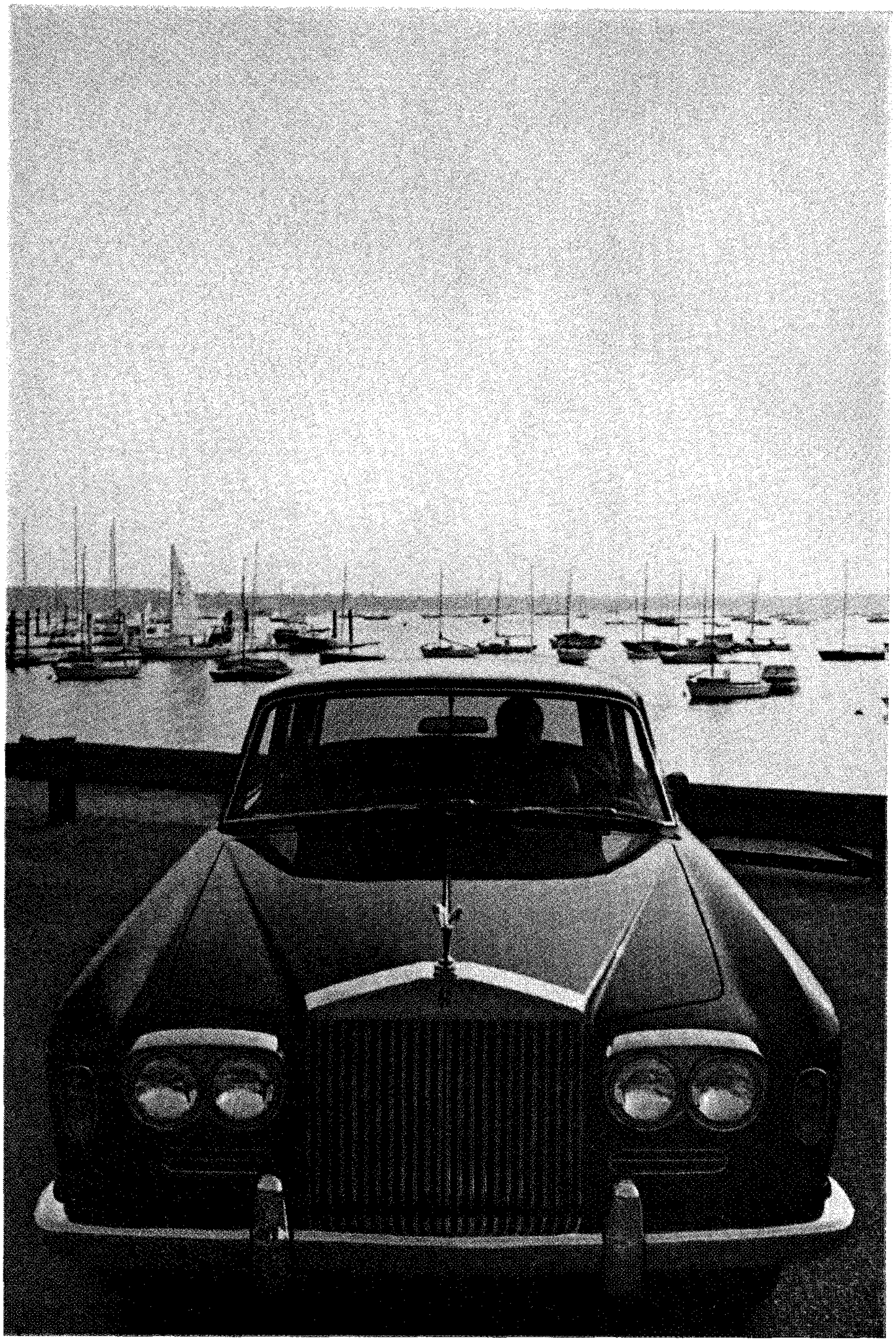

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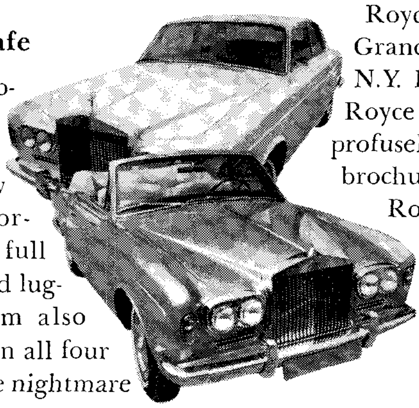

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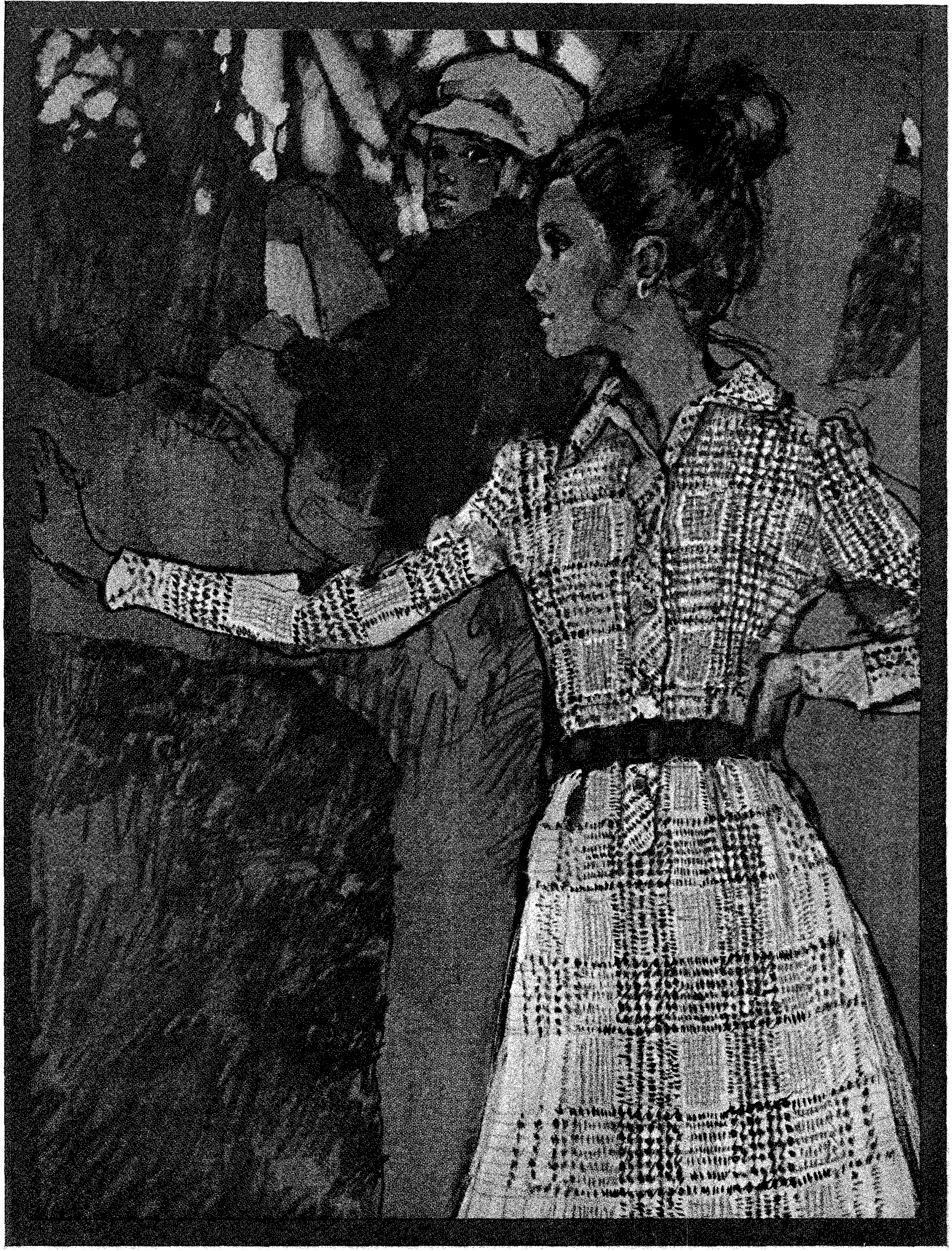

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ciety then establishes government "upon the plain ground of an original contract among independent individuals."

All contracts, covenants, and agreements rest on mutuality, and the great advantage of the horizontal version of the social contract is that this mutuality binds each member to his fellow-citizens. This is the only form of government in which people are bound together not through historical memories or ethnic homogeneity, as in the nation state, and not through Hobbes' Leviathan, which "overawes them all" and thus unites them, but through the strength of mutual promises. In Locke's view, this meant that society remains intact even if "the government is dissolved" or breaks its agreement with society, developing into a tyranny. Once established, society, as long as it exists at all, can never be thrown back into the lawlessness and anarchy of the state of nature. In Locke's words, "the power that every individual gave the society, when he entered into it, can never revert to the individuals again, as long as the society lasts, but will always remain in the community." This is indeed a new version of the old *potestas in populo*, for the consequence is that, in contrast to earlier theories of the right to resistance, whereby the people could act only "when their Chains are on," they now had the right, again in Locke's words, "to prevent" the chaining. When the signers of the Declaration of Independence "mutually pledged" their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, they were thinking in this vein of specifically American experiences as well as in terms of the generalization and conceptualization of these experiences by Locke.

Consent—meaning that voluntary membership must be assumed for every citizen in the community—is obviously (except in the case of naturalization) at least as open to the reproach of being a fiction as the aboriginal contract. The argument is correct legally and theoretically but not existentially. Every man is born a member of a particular community and can survive only if he is welcomed and made at home within it. A kind of consent is implied in every newborn's factual situation; namely, a kind of conformity to the rules under which the great game of the world is played in the particular group to which he belongs by birth. We all live and survive by a kind of tacit consent, which, however, it would be difficult to call voluntary. How can we will what is there anyhow? We might call it voluntary, though, when the child happens to be born into a community in which dissent is also a legal and de-facto possibility once he has grown into a man. Dissent implies consent, and is the hallmark of free government; one who knows that he may dissent knows also that he somehow consents when he does not dissent.

Consent as it is implied in the right to dissent—the spirit of American law and the quintessence of American government—spells out and articulates the tacit consent given in exchange for the community's tacit welcome of new arrivals, of the inner immigration through which it constantly renews itself. Seen in this perspective, tacit consent is not a fiction; it is inherent in the human condition. This *consensus universalis* (as Tocqueville called it) does not, however, cover consent to specific laws or specific policies, even if they are the result of majority decisions. It is often argued that the consent to the Constitution, the *consensus universalis*, implies consent to statutory laws as well, because in representative government the people have helped to make them. This consent, I think, is indeed entirely fictitious; under the present circumstances, at any rate, it has lost all plausibility. Representative government itself is in a crisis today, partly because it has lost, in the course of time, all institutions that permitted the citizens' actual participation, and partly because it is now gravely affected by the disease from which the party system suffers: bureaucratization and the two parties' tendency to represent nobody except the party machines.

At any rate, the current danger of rebellion in the United States arises not from dissent and resistance to particular laws, and not even from denunciation of the "system" or the "establishment," but from the challenge to the Constitution (partly from the side of the Administration) and the unwillingness of certain sections of the population to recognize the *consensus universalis*. Tocqueville predicted almost a hundred and fifty years ago that "the most formidable of all the ills that threaten the future of the Union arises" not from slavery, whose abolition he foresaw, but "from the presence of a black population upon its territory." And the reason he could predict the future of Negroes and Indians for more than a century lies in the simple and frighten-

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ing fact that these people had never been included in the original *consensus universalis* of the American republic. (It was the tragedy of the abolitionist movement that it could appeal only to conscience, and not to the law of the land. There was nothing in the Constitution or in the intent of the framers that could be so construed as to include the slave people in the original compact. And the strong anti-institutional bias of the anti-slavery movement—its abstract morality, which condemned all institutions as evil because they tolerated the evil of slavery—certainly did not help in promoting those elementary measures of humane reform by which in all other countries the slaves were gradually emancipated into the free society.) We know that this original crime could not be remedied by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments; on the contrary, the tacit exclusion from the tacit consensus was made more conspicuous by the inability or unwillingness of the federal government to enforce its own laws, and as time went by and wave after wave of immigrants came to the country, it grew more poignant that blacks, now free, and born and bred in the country, were the only ones for whom it was not true that, in Bancroft's words, "the welcome of the Commonwealth was as wide as sorrow." We know the result, and we need not be surprised that the present belated attempts to welcome the black population explicitly into the otherwise tacit *consensus universalis* of the nation are not trusted. (An explicit Constitutional amendment, addressed specifically to the black people of America, might have underlined the great change more dramatically for these people who had never been welcome, assuring them of its finality. Supreme Court decisions are Constitutional interpretations, of which the Dred Scott decision is one. The failure of Congress to propose such an amendment is striking in the light of the overwhelming vote for a Constitutional amendment to cure the infinitely milder discriminatory practices against women.) At any rate, such attempts are met by rebuffs from black organizations, which care little about the rules of non-violence for civil disobedience and, often, just as little about the issues at stake—the Vietnam war, specific defects in our institutions—because they are in open rebellion against all of them. And although they have been able to attract to their cause the extreme fringe of radical disobedience, which without them would probably have withered away long ago, their instinct tells them

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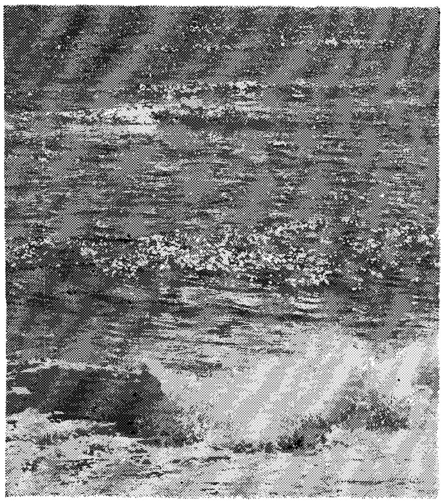

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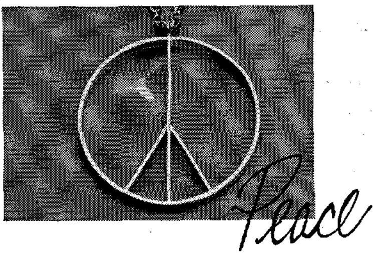

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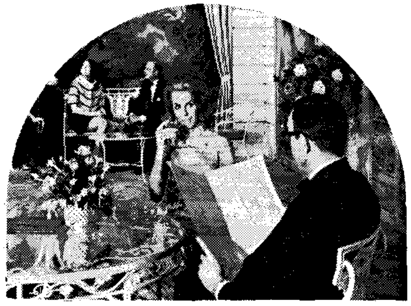

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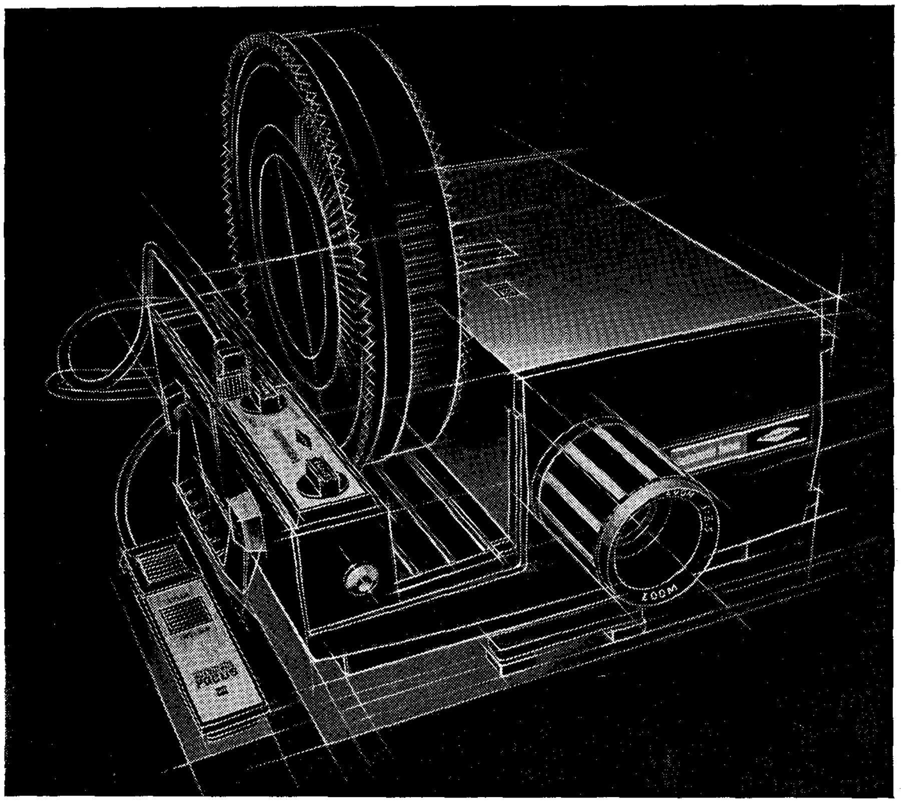
to disengage themselves even from these supporters, who, their rebellious spirit notwithstanding, were included in the original contract out of which rose the tacit *consensus universalis*.

Consent, in the American understanding of the term, relies on the horizontal version of the social contract, and not on majority decisions. (On the contrary, much of the thinking of the framers of the Constitution concerned safeguards for dissenting minorities.) The moral content of this consent is like the moral content of all agreements and contracts; namely, the obligation to keep them. This obligation is inherent in all promises. Thoreau's often quoted statement "The only obligation which I have a right to assume is to do at any time what I think right" might well be varied to: The only obligation which I as a citizen have a right to assume is to make and to keep promises. Promises are the uniquely human way of ordering the future, making it predictable and reliable to the extent that this is humanly possible. And since the predictability of the future can never be absolute, promises are qualified by two tacit limitations. We are bound to keep our promises provided that no unexpected circumstances arise, and provided that the mutuality inherent in all promises is not broken. There exist a great number of circumstances that may cause a promise to be broken, the most important one in our context being the general circumstance of change. And violation of the inherent mutuality of promises can also be caused by many factors, the only relevant one in our context being the failure of the established authorities to keep to the original conditions. Examples of such failures have become only too numerous; there is the case of an "illegal and immoral war," the case of an increasingly impatient claim to power by the executive branch of government, and the case of violations (in the form of war-oriented or other government-directed research) of the specific trust of the universities which gave them protection against political interference and social pressure. As to the debates about the last, those who attack these misuses and those who defend them unfortunately incline to agree on the basically wrong premise that the universities are mere "mirrors for the larger society," an argument best answered by Edward H. Levi, the president of the University of Chicago: "It is sometimes said that society will achieve the kind of education it deserves. Heaven help us if this is so."

"The spirit of the laws," as Mon-



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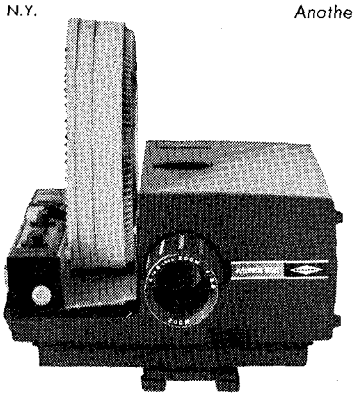

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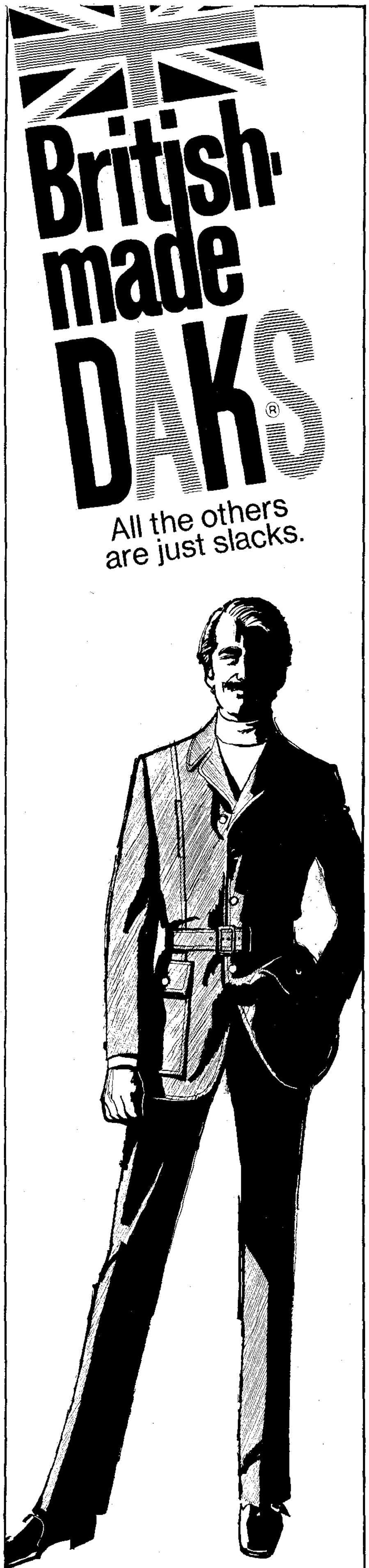
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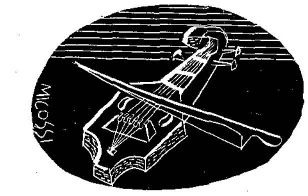
tesquieu understood it, is the principle by which people living under a particular legal system act and are inspired to act. Consent, the spirit of American laws, is based on the notion of a mutually binding contract, which established first the individual colonies and then the Union. A contract presupposes a plurality of at least two, and every association established and acting according to the principle of consent, based on mutual promise, presupposes a plurality that does not dissolve but is shaped into the form of a union—*e pluribus unum.* If the individual members of the community thus formed should choose not to retain a restricted autonomy, if they should choose to disappear into complete unity, such as the *unité sacrée* of the French nation, all talk about the citizen's *moral* relation to the law would be mere rhetoric.

Consent and the right to dissent became the inspiring and organizing principles of action that taught the inhabitants of this continent the "art of associating together," from which sprang those voluntary associations whose role Tocqueville was the first to notice, with amazement, admiration, and some misgiving; he thought it the peculiar strength of the American political system. The few chapters he devoted to them are still by far the best in the not very large literature on the subject. The words with which he introduced it—"In no country in the world has the principle of association been more successfully used or applied to a greater multitude of objects than in America"—are no less true today than they were nearly a hundred and fifty years ago; and neither is the conclusion that "nothing . . . is more deserving of our attention than the moral and intellectual associations of America." Voluntary associations are not parties; they are ad-hoc organizations that pursue short-term goals and disappear when the goal has been reached. Only in the case of their prolonged failure and of an aim of great importance may they "constitute, as it were, a separate nation in the midst of the nation, a government within the government." (This happened in 1861, about thirty years after Tocqueville wrote these words, and it could happen again; the challenge of the Massachusetts Legislature to the foreign policy of the Administration is a clear warning.) Alas, it is no longer true that their spirit "pervades every act of social life," and while this may have resulted in a certain decline in the huge number of joiners in the population—of Babbitts, who are the specifically American version of Philistines—the refusal to form associations "for the smallest undertakings" is paid for by an evident decline in the appetite for action. For Americans still regard association as "the only means they have for acting," and rightly so. In short, "as soon as several of the inhabitants of the United States have taken up an opinion or a feeling which they wish to promote in the world," or have found some fault they wish to correct, "they look out for mutual assistance, and as soon as they have found one another out, they combine. *From that moment, they are no longer isolated men but a power seen from afar* [my italics], whose actions serve for an example and whose language is listened to."



It is my contention that civil disobedients are nothing but the latest form of voluntary association, and that they are thus quite in tune with the oldest traditions of the country. What could better describe them than Tocqueville's words "The citizens who form the minority associate in order, first, to show their numerical strength and so to diminish the moral power of the majority"? To be sure, it has been a long time since "moral and intellectual associations" could be found among voluntary associations—which, on the contrary, seem to have been formed only for the protection of special interests, of pressure groups and the lobbyists who represented them in Washington. I do not doubt that the dubious reputation of the lobbyists is deserved, just as the dubious reputation of the politician in this country has frequently been amply deserved. However, the fact is that the pressure groups are also voluntary associations, and that they are recognized in Washington, where their influence is sufficiently great to be called an "assistant government;" indeed, the number of registered lobbyists exceeds by far the number of congressmen. (This public recognition is no small matter, for, surprisingly, such "assistance," like the freedom of association in general, was in no way foreseen in the Constitution and its First Amendment, which protects no more than a kind of negative right—"peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.")

The dangers inherent in civil disobedience are no greater than the dangers inherent in the right to free association, and of these Tocqueville, his admiration notwithstanding, was not unaware. (John Stuart Mill, in his review of the first volume of "Democracy in America," interpreted them: "The capacity of coöperation for a common purpose, heretofore a monopolized instrument of power in the hands of the higher classes, is now a most formidable one in those of the lowest.") Tocqueville knew that "the tyrannical control that these societies exercise is often far more insupportable than the authority possessed over society by the government which they attack." But he knew also that "the liberty of association has become a necessary guarantee against the tyranny of the majority," that "a dangerous expedient is used to obviate a still more formidable danger," and, finally, that "it is by the enjoyment of dangerous freedom that the Americans learn the art of rendering the dangers of freedom less formidable." In any event, "if men are to remain civilized or to become so, the art of associating together must grow and improve *in the same ratio in which the equality of conditions is increased*." (My italics.)

We need not go into the old debates about the glories and the dangers of equality, the good and the evil of democracy, to understand that all evil demons could be let loose if the original contractual model of the associations—mutual promises with the moral imperative *pacta sunt servanda*—should be lost. Under today's circumstances, this could happen if these groups, like their counterparts in other countries, were to substitute ideological commitments, political or other, for actual goals. When an association is no longer capable or willing to unite "into one channel the efforts of *divergent* minds" (as Tocqueville wrote), it has lost its gift for action. What threatens the student movement, the chief civil-disobedience group of the moment, is not just vandalism, violence, bad temper, and worse manners but the growing infection of the movement with ideologies (Maoism, Castroism, Stalinism, Marxism-Leninism, and the like), which in fact split and dissolve the association.

Civil disobedience and voluntary association are phenomena practically unknown anywhere else. (The political terminology that surrounds them yields only with great difficulty to translation.) It has often been said that the genius of the English people is to muddle through and that the genius of

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the American people is to disregard theoretical considerations in favor of pragmatic experience and practical action. However that may be, the fact is that the phenomenon of voluntary association has been neglected and that the notion of civil disobedience has only recently received the attention it deserves. In contrast to the conscientious objector, the civil disobedient is a member of a group, and this group, whether we like it or not, is formed in accordance with the same spirit that has informed voluntary associations. The greatest fallacy in the present debate seems to me the assumption that we are dealing with individuals, who pit themselves subjectively and conscientiously against the laws and customs of the community—an assumption that is shared by the defenders and the detractors of civil disobedience. The fact is that we are dealing with organized minorities, who stand against assumed and non-vocal, though hardly "silent," majorities, and I think it is undeniable that these majorities have changed in mood and opinion to an astounding degree under the pressure of the minorities. It has been the misfortune of recent debates that they have been dominated largely by jurists—lawyers, judges, and other men of law—for they must find it difficult to recognize the civil disobedient as member of a group rather than to see him as an individual lawbreaker, and hence a potential defendant in court. It is, indeed, the grandeur of court procedure that it is concerned with meting out justice to an individual, and remains unconcerned with everything else—with the *Zeitgeist* or with opinions that the defendant may share with others and try to present in court. The only non-criminal lawbreaker the court recognizes is the conscientious objector, and the only group adherence it is aware of is called conspiracy—an utterly misleading charge in such cases, since conspiracy requires not only "breathing together" but secrecy, and civil disobedience occurs in public.

As I noted earlier, civil disobedience, though it is compatible with the spirit of American laws, has not yet found a niche in the American legal system. The first step would be to obtain the same recognition for the civil-disobedient minorities that is accorded the numerous special interests (minority interests, by definition) in the country, and to deal with civil-disobedient groups in the same way as with pressure groups, which, through their representatives—that is, registered lobbyists—are permitted to influence and

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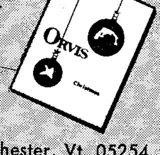

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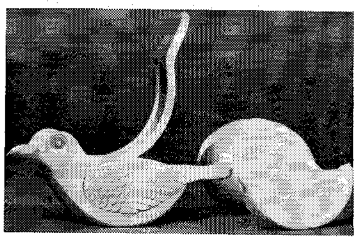

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"assist" Congress by means of persuasion, qualified opinion, and the numbers of their constituents. These minorities of opinion would thus be able to establish themselves as a power that not only is "seen from afar" during demonstrations and other dramatizations of their viewpoint but is always present and to be reckoned with. The next step would be to admit publicly that the First Amendment covers neither in language nor in spirit the right of association as it is actually practiced in this country—this precious privilege whose exercise has in fact been (as Tocqueville noted) "incorporated with the manners and customs of the people" for centuries. If there is anything that urgently requires a new Constitutional amendment and is worth all the trouble that goes with it, it is certainly this.

Perhaps an emergency was needed before we could find a home for civil disobedience not only in our political language but in our legal system as well. An emergency is certainly at hand when the established institutions of a country fail to function properly and its authority loses its power, and it is such an emergency in the United States today that has changed voluntary association into civil disobedience and transformed dissent into resistance. It is common knowledge that this condition prevails at present—and, indeed, has prevailed for some time—in large parts of the world; what is new is that this country is no longer an exception. Whether our form of government will survive this century is uncertain, but it is also uncertain that it will not. Wilson Carey McWilliams has wisely said, "When institutions fail, political society depends on men, and men are feeble reeds, prone to acquiesce in—if not to commit—iniquity." Ever since the Mayflower Compact was drafted and signed under a different kind of emergency, voluntary associations have been the specifically American remedy for the failure of institutions, the unreliability of men, and the uncertain nature of the future. As distinguished from other countries, this republic, despite the great turmoil of change and of failure through which it is going at present, may still be in possession of its traditional instruments for facing the future with some measure of confidence.

—HANNAH ARENDT

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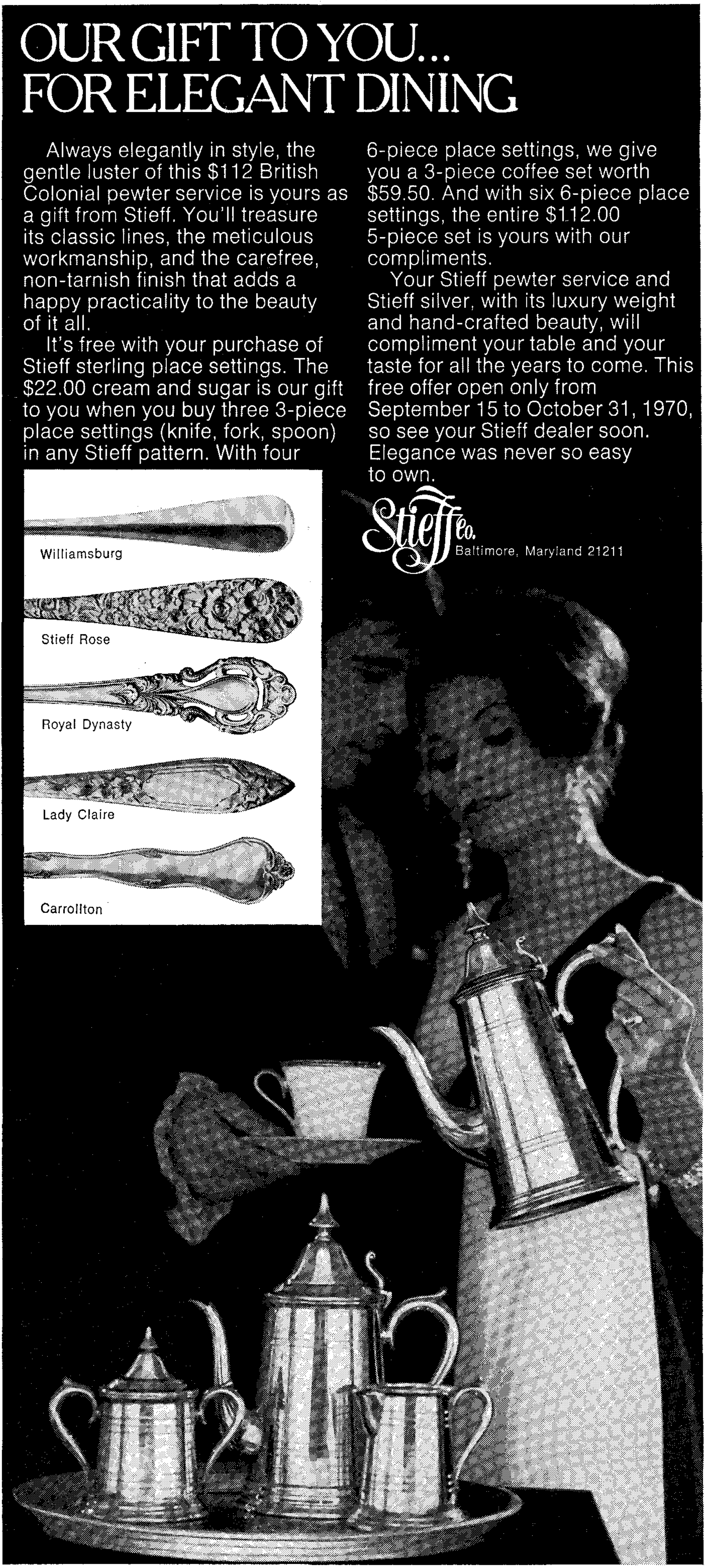
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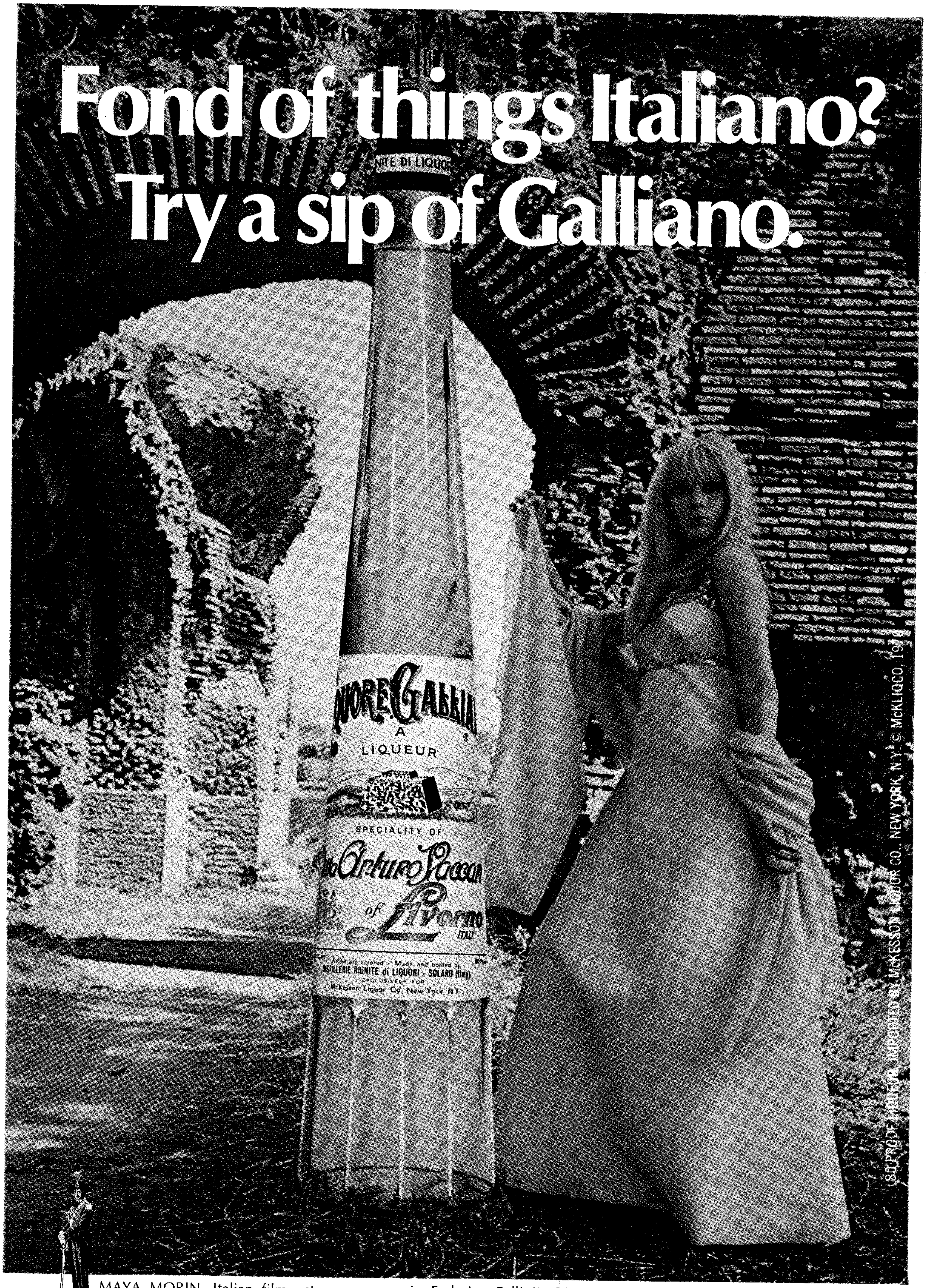
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IRISH SKETCHES

CONFABULATIONS IN KERRY

JOURNEYING one day last week along the Ring of Kerry road, which encircles the magical and mountainous Iveragh Peninsula, I paused in the pretty little town called Sneem to refresh myself at a pub known as Hurley & O'Connor's. I had heard about the establishment from my friend Michael Scott, the architect, who told me that he always recommends it highly, because the proprietress, Winifred Hurley O'Connor, is his cousin. The pub is small and rather ramshackle, and as simple in its appointments as a country store, which is fair enough, since H. & O'C.'s deals not only in liquor, lager, stout, and, unexpectedly, vintage wine but also in bread, biscuits, cheese, vegetables, canned goods, and peat. Although her demesne isn't spacious, Mrs. O'Connor, I soon discovered, makes it seem so with her vast congeniality. She is built along very ample lines, and has raffishly bobbed white hair, bright-blue eyes, and a face that is as round and guileless as a baby's.

"So you know Michael," she said after I had introduced myself. "He wasn't born in Kerry, I'm sorry to say, but his father was, and so was his grandfather. They came from the Valley of Geragh, which is only a skip down the road from Sneem, and they were both men of consequence. Michael's father was a great educational scholar, and his grandfather, who was the bailiff of the Blackwater River, was the first man ever to learn to take spawn from a fish and put it in a stream of his choosing, where it could hatch out in the best of circumstances. The grandfather fought against Garibaldi for the Pope, you know, and was wounded in the fray, and it was a man named Johnny Moriarity, from this neighborhood—his grandnephew Jack Doyle still lives here—who saved his life by bringing him water when he was too weak to seek it in the dry land where the fighting went on. There are a lot of tales I could tell you about the people of this place. In this very house, which is the oldest in Sneem, William Melville, who became most eminent in Scotland Yard, was born. He and his family—there were seven brothers—ran a bakery on these premises, as we did until my father died, twenty years ago, but it didn't prosper, and one day William took off for Killarney with a horse and wagon, and when he got there he sent the rig back to Sneem with a note that he was going to emigrate to London. He joined the police there, and soon was working as an undercover man in a bakery and learning about the anarchist plots against King Edward, for the Russian anarchists, who were rife in London, were numerous in the baking trade. His knowledge made him one of the top agents of Scotland Yard, and he frustrated the anarchists at every turn. He was going down the principal street in London—Piccadilly, is it?—one afternoon and recognized an anarchist who was preparing to shoot him, but he knocked him down, and before the anarchist could pull his gun William Melville's wife plunged the point of her umbrella in the fellow's eye."

I suppose I looked a bit unsettled at this revelation, for Mrs. O'Connor declared defensively, "It was drastic, but it had to be done. It was the anarchist's eye or her husband's life. William Melville used to say that although the London secret service was a grand organization, it wasn't a patch on the system Michael Collins set up for Ireland. But here I am neglecting you and you probably parched."

I said that a lager would be welcome.

"It's a strange thing," Mrs. O'Connor went on, after pouring me a glass, "that the greatest man who ever stepped over the threshold of this house never took spirits of any kind. George Bernard Shaw it was, and he used to come here to buy a few odds and ends and have tea with my mother when he was doing some writing in Parknasilla, which is only a stone's throw from Sneem. I was only a little girl at the time, but I remember that he was tall and thin and had glorious whiskers. He gave my mother—he enjoyed her company—a few of the pens he used in his writing, and she left them to me, but somebody must have made off with them, because I can't find them, although I've looked everywhere. Thank God my mother's paintings—she did watercolors in whatever time she had to spare—are all present and accounted for. We had Patrick Kavanagh in Sneem many's the time, and I was always wondering what he was doing buying two bags of turf a day, even in summer, and I finally asked him why. He said it pleasured him to see the smoke. He gave me the manuscript of a poem once, but I didn't think too much about it until I discovered how famous he was after he died, Lord rest his soul."

MRS. O'CONNOR's monologue was interrupted by the dramatic entrance into the pub of a handsome, high-styled woman, who flung herself upon a stool at the bar and cried, "A double gin-and-tonic, Winnie! I've been through a shattering experience."

"Have you, now, Mrs. Leeson?" said Mrs. O'Connor.

"When I was driving down from Dublin this morning," said Mrs. Leeson, "travelling well within the speed limit, mind you, I came upon a slippery patch in the road, and before I knew it my car took off on its own and landed me in a cabbage patch. After I finally got it to stop, I sat at the wheel with my eyes closed and my nerves all hopelessly jangled. When I recovered myself, what did I see outside my window but a toothless old harridan jumping up and down and waving her arms. I told her I was in no mood for the kind of display she was putting on, and she stuck her face close to mine and screeched, 'Thank God you're alive, so you can see how you've ruined my lovely garden!' Then she said she had my license number and I'd be hearing, to my sorrow, from her solicitor. How I got away from her I'll never know, but somehow I put the car back on the road. I suppose she'll sue me for some outlandish damages. I remember my husband telling me about a man who kept a cabbage patch near a bad curve on a road leading to and from one of the bridges over the Liffey. He had a set fee he charged drivers who ripped into his vegetables—and many of them did—and he had a new growth of cabbage planted as soon as the motorists he victimized were out of sight."

"You can be thankful, Mrs. Leeson, that there are no blackguards like that in Sneem," said Mrs. O'Connor. "There isn't a schemer anywhere around

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here. The people are content if they have a cow to give them milk, a river to give them fish, a pig to give them bacon, a bit of land to give them potatoes and cabbage, and enough peat to keep a fire going. This is a Gaeltacht district," she added for my enlightenment, "which is to say that Gaelic here is preferred to English. The government gives a small stipend to Gaelic-speakers, because it wants to encourage the native language."

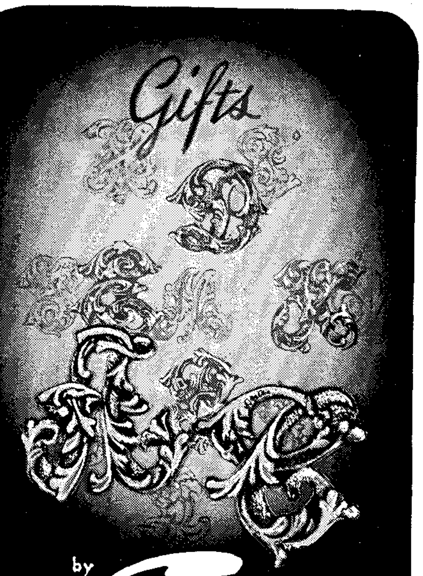
"I have a friend who is a social worker for some charitable organization," said Mrs. Leeson, who was working on another double gin-and-tonic and growing calmer by the minute, "and she often goes over to the Aran Islands to see how the fishermen are getting along. She doesn't speak Gaelic, and at first the natives wouldn't speak English to her—not until they made sure she wasn't a snooper trying to deprive them of their language dole by catching them using anything but the required vernacular."

Mrs. O'Connor peered out the window of the pub and announced that cattle were being assembled on and about the green for market day. I stepped outside to watch some three dozen of them making free use not only of the green but of the streets surrounding it, under the loose supervision of half a dozen herdsmen. The beasts were young and frisky, and they seemed to be in a holiday mood as they took over the main concourse of Sneem. They bawled and gambolled against a background of houses painted in shades of pink, yellow, green, and blue, and not far from a rustling palm tree or two. The colors were inspired by Michael Scott, who has no use for towns that are drab, and the palm trees by the Gulf Stream, which warms this part of Ireland. All in all, an unusual bucolic prospect, and I returned to the pub full of euphoria and good will toward men, only to find that in my absence two touring Englishmen and a couple of local farmers had come in and begun a debate on the consistency of the quality of Guinness's stout.

"I insist," the first Englishman was saying as I resumed my post at the bar, "that it is only on the Iveragh Peninsula and on Dingle that one can get a glass of Guinness that has a proper flavor. The difference between this Guinness I'm having here and the Guinness I drink anywhere else but Dingle is the difference between milk and cream."

"Guinness is Guinness," said Mrs. O'Connor. "The same here, the same there, and the same in Heaven."

"I assure you," said the first Eng-



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lishman, "that I have noticed a difference. And someday, to prove my point, such as it is, I intend to photograph a glass of Guinness as I am served it in Iveragh and Dingle and to contrast that photograph with a glass of Guinness as served to me elsewhere."

"Guinness is Guinness," said Mrs. O'Connor. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. Amen."

"What I think has mixed you up entirely," said one of the farmers, "is that you're not taking into any consideration the fact that it's the way you store and draw Guinness that could make the difference. Store it in the light and draw it too fast, and it won't be as perfect as if it were stored in a cool, dark place and drawn with loving care."

Mrs. Leeson, who was on her third double gin-and-tonic, said the matter was of profound indifference to her.

"But really," the first Englishman declared, "either there must be two kinds of Guinness or the local air does something to improve it."

"Storing and drawing is the secret," the first farmer said.

"I wouldn't put it past them in England," the second farmer remarked, "to slip a little water into this grand stuff."

"Now, that," said the second Englishman, "is quite unfair."

"I couldn't care less," said Mrs. Leeson.

"Guinness is Guinness," said Mrs. O'Connor.

"Well, I still think I'm right," said the first Englishman as he and his companion departed.

"Did you ever hear the like of that?" inquired Mrs. O'Connor.

"No," said Mrs. Leeson, "and I don't want to again."

A tall, blond woman, just as *soignée* as Mrs. Leeson, came into the pub and announced that there was a bull running wild on the green.

"Dear, dear Alice," said Mrs. Leeson, "I may be a city girl and only a summer visitor to these parts, but I know for sure that no boys like that are allowed to prance around a green in Sneem."

I thought it time to say goodbye.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

◆

> BOSTON (AP) — The youngest member on the President's Commission on President Agnew has to be "dealt with" because he "is preparing his fall offensive." —*The Post.*

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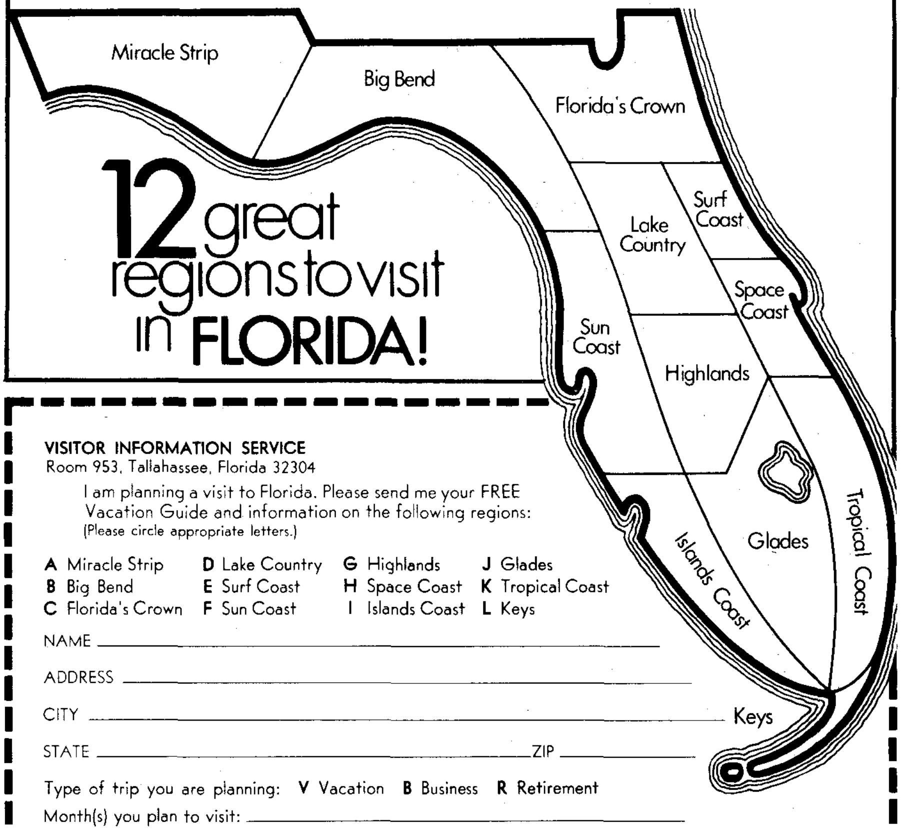

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

HONOR TO THE BRIDE—III

THURSDAY, JULY 20TH: Khadija spent this morning posed on a carpet in the *bit dyaf*. She was waiting for Madame Hugh, who had promised to guard her while the family went to a circumcision breakfast down the alley, and she was reluctant to budge before her American friend had a chance to admire the golden caftan she was wearing in all its starchy and unwrinkled glory. Her father, true to his word and in spite of the proposal of Abdeslam the driver, had not let Khadija out of the house since their visit to the Palais de Justice ten days ago. No one but the seven old women who came to visit had been able to see Khadija in her beautiful new clothes. She had been hoping to wear her new white shoes today, along with the caftan and a pair of the pink bloomers, but her sister Fatna, who for the moment was back in the *medina* with her husband, had stolen them.

Madame Hugh arrived at ten. Khadija listened to her, in the courtyard, repeating Omar's instructions to bolt the door and not let anybody in while he was gone. Then she tucked her bare feet under a pillow and carefully spread the hem of her caftan over them.

"Well, now, so you're going to be married," Madame Hugh said, walking into the room where Omar usually received his company.

Khadija blushed and turned away.

"Are you happy, getting married?" Madame Hugh asked her. She had collapsed onto the carpet, and she was mopping her forehead with a handkerchief. The *smaym*, which were the forty days of heat that Allah sent to Meknes from the Moroccan Sahara every summer, bothered Madame Hugh. She was always sweating when she came to the *bidonville* of Sidi Yussef. "Wouldn't you rather go to school?" she said.

Khadija thought for a moment. "Do you like my caftan?" she said.

"It is very beautiful," said Madame Hugh, who was wearing bluejeans.

"And my earrings?" Khadija went on. A pair of bright-orange plastic earrings were drooping from her earlobes. They were her latest present from her fiancé.

"They are very beautiful, too," Madame Hugh said.

"No one in school has a caftan like mine," Khadija told her, giggling. "My husband—"

"Your *husband*?" Madame Hugh said.

"Abdeslam, who will *be* my husband," Khadija said. "He comes here every day with meat and vegetables. Two kilos of meat a day. And jewelry. And clothes. He even gives me money." Khadija, forgetting her bare feet and her crisp caftan, rolled over onto her stomach and whispered, "Yesterday, he gave me fifty dirhams."

Madame Hugh gulped. "He must love you very much," she said.

"Oh, he does," Khadija said. "He is going to divorce *both* his wives when we get married." She reconsidered for a moment. "The one in Meknes, anyway," she said.

"That will be nice," Madame Hugh said.

"And he is clever—much more clever than the one in prison," Khadija said. "He told my father that he was not going to pay my bride price. He said that it was up to the man who stole me to pay. Now, that was *very* clever."

"Very clever," Madame Hugh said.

"And then he said that we must not have the wedding until after Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed had paid and his trial was over," Khadija went on.

"That was very clever, too," Madame Hugh said. She was tugging at the zipper on a big brown pocketbook that hung from her shoulder. Khadija said the pocketbook looked like the blind seer's money pouch. When it was open, Madame Hugh reached inside for a pack of cigarettes.

"I want a cigarette," Khadija announced.

Madame Hugh looked surprised. She said that she had never heard of an Arab woman's smoking cigarettes. It was considered shameful—*hshuma*.

"I want one," Khadija said.

"No," Madame Hugh told her. "You are too young."

"I am not too young," Khadija said. "I have been stolen, haven't I?"

Madame Hugh handed the cigarette to Khadija and lit it for her without another word.

Khadija settled back on the carpet, grinning. For a while, she lay there, puffing competently and watching the smoke she made curl up to the ceiling and dissolve in the *bit dyaf's* dim light. "Abdeslam always gave me cigarettes," she said after a long time. "I told the judge that the man who stole me was the first one to give me cigarettes, but I only said that. It was Abdeslam."

Madame Hugh nodded.

"He would meet me on the road to school—just where the road bends—and we would drive all the way to the country," Khadija whispered confidentially. "Sometimes we would stay in the truck *all* day. He would give me money and cigarettes and candy. Chocolate candy, which is very expensive. And he would say 'I love you' all the time. He would tell me, 'I love you more than my two wives put to-

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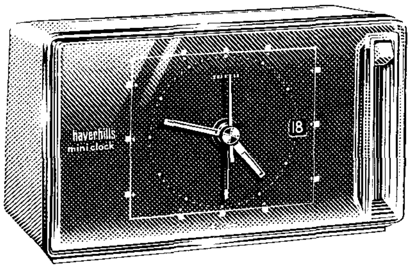

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gether, and I will give you money, but you must promise me not to tell your father.' "

"My God!" Madame Hugh said.

Khadija could see that Madame Hugh was impressed. "And it wasn't even his own money," she said proudly. "It was money that belonged to Bushta. He is so stupid, that Bushta. He doesn't even know that my Aunt Zahara is going to leave him after they are married. My Uncles Mokhtar and Mustafa have given her permission. They say that then she can make as much trouble as she wants, so that Bushta will divorce her. They say that they will help her, but that first she must steal all of Bushta's money for them." Khadija looked at Madame Hugh and started giggling again. "And she has already started," Khadija went on. "Every day, she asks for gifts. When Bushta comes with a caftan, she says, 'This one is not exactly right.' Or she says, 'Something has happened to this one, it is soiled.' And so Bushta buys her another caftan, and she is getting two of everything that way. My uncles are very happy. They say that once she is married she is to begin hiding things. She will say, 'I need money for the farina,' and then, when Bushta gives her the money, she will use half of it for the farina and hide the rest. Then she will say, 'Ah, look at this, Bushta. All the farina is gone.' And Bushta will have to give her money again." Khadija paused for a minute to smoke, and then she said, "When Zahara was promised to Bushta, she tried to kill herself. She sent me to the melon merchant with a message. She said to tell him, 'My brothers will never accept you, because you are poor and someone very rich has asked for me.' Then she tied a cord around her neck. She was almost dead. Her eyes were bulging, and her face was gray, like my mother's jellaba. But then her brothers found her, and they untied the cord and beat her and said, 'We have not fed you for sixteen years in order to lose your bride price *now*. You are not permitted to kill yourself. You are going to marry Bushta.' So there was nothing to do."

"But this is awful," Madame Hugh said.

Khadija rolled over again and hugged her friend. She told her that she had never had such a long conversation with a *nesraniyya* before. "And now that Abdeslam has asked for *me*, they are worried about the money again," she went on, delighted. "Before he asked for me, he was always visiting them with gifts and money, because they were going to be in Bush-

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ta's family and he did not want them to talk against him. But now he comes to *my* father every night with gifts, instead of to their house. And so they are very worried. They have even told their mother to make magic against me to stop the marriage."

Madame Hugh shook her head. "This is all very confusing," she said.

"Even Bushta is angry that Abdeslam has asked for me," Khadija said. "He has told my father that I am never to enter his house when he and Zahara are married, because I am a bad girl and carry messages and make problems for everyone. He was hoping that the judge would give me to Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed, and that I would live in Sidi Kacem and be too far away to carry messages." Khadija sat up suddenly. "Is it true that in America there are no virgins?" she asked her friend. "Fatna has heard at the movies that it is true."

"That's what they say," Madame Hugh said, smiling.

"Then I am very modern, like an American," Khadija said, and, looking proud, she took another cigarette and slipped it under the carpet, where she was certain it would not be found.

SUNDAY, JULY 30TH: Early this morning, an old woman came from the *medina* out to Sidi Yussef. She came on foot, and by the time she reached the door of a small hut in one of the back alleys, her shawls were full of dust and her throat was parched from the dry heat of the *smaym* sun. Zahara, who was spreading the morning wash on the roof of her brothers' hut, next door, saw the old woman knocking, and she called down to point her to a water pump at the end of the road.

"Hey, old woman!" Zahara shouted. "No one is home there! They are all on a pilgrimage to Sidi Ali!"

"Tell me, is there usually a virgin in that house?" the old woman called back, taking down her veil. She was a dark, tiny thing, and her face was webbed with wrinkles and the blue crisscross tattoos of northern country women.

Zahara nodded.

"I had heard there was a virgin in the family," the old woman said. "My son is looking for a wife, and I have walked all the way from the *medina* with an offer for her father." She shrugged and added, "So I have made the trip for nothing. No one is even home to give me tea."

"Don't be depressed, old woman!" Zahara called down. "There is a young girl in *my* family! A very good young girl!"

The old woman looked up.

"Why waste your day?" Zahara said. "Why not take *her* instead?"

"That is true—why should I make the trip for nothing?" the old woman said after she had thought for a moment. "We will go together to the girl's father."

Zahara shook her head, laughing. "I am not permitted to leave my house," she told the old woman. "Go without me. Follow the alley to the pump. Turn right. Walk past the mosque until you come to the stall of a handsome young melon merchant"—Zahara sighed—"and ask him to show you Omar ben Allel's house."

MONDAY, JULY 31ST: "So many proposals! Who would have believed it?" Omar was saying as his neighbor Musa put down his tea glass for the tenth or eleventh time this afternoon and scratched his head, trying to piece together all of Omar's strange and marvellous news. Omar had summoned the Berber to his courtyard for a conference, but so much had happened in Sidi Yussef since Sunday morning that Musa, for once, did not know what to say. First, there was the old woman from the *medina* who had knocked on Omar's door, asked for a drink of water, and promptly offered him seven hundred and fifty dirhams for Khadija's hand. Then there was Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed's mother, from Sidi Kacem, who had stopped in Sidi Yussef, on her way to visit her son at the provincial prison, to plead with Omar to accept a marriage offer of her own. No sooner had *she* left, it seemed, than Abdeslam had pulled up in his cousin's truck with a new caftan for Khadija and a few kilos of mutton for the family's evening stew. And, finally, toward sunset, the old *medina* lady had come hurrying back in a taxi with her son. The son had turned out to be handsome and young, and—Allah be praised!—a civil servant. He was, as he himself had said, an assistant to an assistant to a construction engineer in the Safi water commissioner's office. His name was Ahmed ben Hassan, and at the moment he was home in Meknes on "disciplinary vacation," having punched his immediate superior in the nose in the course of a discussion on the chemical composition of water. Ahmed had returned to Omar's house alone this morning, narrowly missing Abdeslam,

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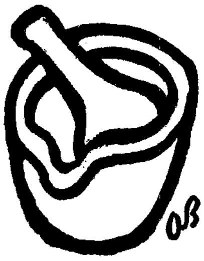
who had dropped in with a sack of smuggled Spanish melons. And then, just before Omar called Musa to the courtyard and shut his door on any further complications, Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed's mother had come back from the prison to plead her case again before the bus for Sidi Kacem left Meknes.

With so many visitors, Omar and Dawia had been running around all morning, plumping pillows, shaking hands, and serving tea and bread. The children, playing in the alley, were still waiting for their lunch, and Khadija, shut up in the red room, was grumbling loudly. Her father had put her in the red room early this morning; it was *hshuma* for a girl to be looked at by her suitors.



"I have changed my mind about the driver," Omar said, finally. "I have decided to pass her off as a virgin to the engineer. Perhaps I will win. Perhaps I will lose. But, Allah willing, I am going to try."

"The engineer will find out," Musa said. "How can he not find out?"

Omar thought for a minute. "Perhaps, if I can get them through the wedding night, the engineer will keep her anyway," he said. "After all, he has offered seven hundred and fifty dirhams."

"But what about the trial?" Musa asked him. "They will be married, and then, one day, the judge will knock on your door and say, 'Where is Khadija? We are having the trial today.' "

Omar shrugged. "I will go to the Palais and demand a trial this week, before the wedding."

Musa shook his head.

"Then I will go to the Palais and say, 'Forget the trial,' " Omar told him. "I will say, 'I am a kind, generous man. I have decided to forgive the prisoner.' " He paused, and added, "Think of the money I will save on Maître Solomon."

Musa shook his head again.

"In that case, when Khadija is called I will say that my daughter is on a trip," Omar began again. "And then I will go to Safi and tell the engineer that Dawia is sick and needs her daughter for a few days. So he will never know."

"No, no, no," Dawia said, walking into the courtyard with some fresh mint leaves for their tea. "That is not the way to do it at all. What you should say is that you are a working man with ten children and that it is necessary to marry off your daughter right away. You must tell the judge that you are too poor to stay home from work all day guarding her."

"I will say that the rest of my children are starving," Omar agreed.

Dawia sat down. She was talkative today, and as happy as Musa had ever seen her. As she herself told him, there was not another mother in Sidi Yussef who could boast of three offers for a damaged daughter. "The engineer wants the marriage right away, this weekend, at our house," she said.

"Then all the money that he gives you will be gone by Monday," Musa said sourly.

"But I am not looking for money," Dawia said. "I want this man for my daughter. Yesterday, he told me, 'I am not just marrying the girl, I am marrying the faces of her parents, too. It is because I see that you have good faces that I am going to take her.' " Dawia looked proud.

Musa frowned. "What the engineer meant is that you are poor and will be grateful to get a daughter off your hands," he said. "He knows that when he fights with Khadija and she runs home crying, you will not be so anxious to let her in."

"He earns a lot of money," Omar interrupted.

"Well, then, what did he bring you this morning?" Musa asked him.

Dawia blushed, and Omar sighed and said, "Nothing. Not even a sugar cone. We always have the same luck. It is that way with Fatna's husband, too."

Musa cleared his throat and sat up very straight to give his opinion. "Let the driver have her," he said. "Now you are thinking only of the seven hundred and fifty dirhams, but you will see—you will lose more, in the end, with the engineer."

"Perhaps," Dawia said, reaching for Jmaa, who had just crawled over from a corner, and swinging the baby up onto her back.

"It is true that the driver comes with presents," Omar said slowly. "He comes every day. Even today, he gave fifty dirhams to Khadija. He slipped them under the door to the red room."

Dawia agreed that the driver did give many presents.

"You see, he is already a member of the family," Musa told her. "The other one, this engineer—in the end he will come to you and say, 'I asked for a virgin, not a woman.' What will you say then?"

Omar thought for a moment. "This new one is better," he said. "The driver *knows* that she is not a virgin. He will never give a *sdaq*. He says that it is up to the prisoner to pay."

"And it is difficult to know when and how the prisoner will pay," Dawia added.

"But the *engineer* will pay," Omar went on. "The engineer knows nothing."

"What kind of man is this engineer, that he cannot tell a virgin from a woman?" Musa said.

Omar began to sigh again. "Perhaps you are right," he said. "Saturday, we will have the marriage, and by Sunday morning he will know the truth. And even if he does not know, he will hear the gossip."

Dawia shook her head. She would make a magic potion, she said, that was guaranteed to close the ears of the engineer to all the gossip in Sidi Yussef. "If he hears the truth, there will be great *hshuma* for everyone," she told the men.

"Perhaps it is better to give Khadija to the driver after all," Omar said sadly.

Dawia glared at Musa. Then she turned to her husband. "Look at the sky," she said. "If you do not hurry, you will miss your prayers."

Omar put his glass down and began to hunt around the courtyard for his jellaba.

Musa stood up to go. He always stood up to go when Omar left for the mosque, as Omar did faithfully three times a day, except in emergencies. Musa was demonstrating to Omar that he was a man of honor and had no designs on Omar's wife.

Omar, as always, told Musa to sit down. Musa was more than a brother, he said, and Musa, above all men, had his confidence. Then he left the house, smiling. After many years of friendship, neither Omar nor Musa would think of dispensing with their ritual. It was extremely gratifying to both of them.

Dawia watched her husband leave, and then she beckoned to Musa and began to whisper in his ear. "There will be no problems," she said. "I know some magic. You take cloves, and pound them, and mix them with water . . ."

Musa, looking delighted, took in the recipe. His own wife never talked to him about women's magic, although he knew she practiced it wholeheartedly. He himself knew a good deal of men's magic. Once, during his carefree bachelor days in the mountains, he had enslaved the heart of a widow of fourteen through a dark, complicated process involving the bones of a male

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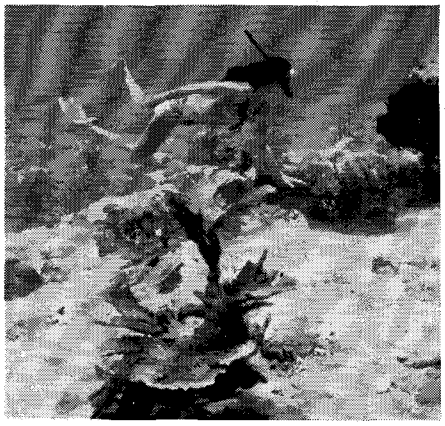

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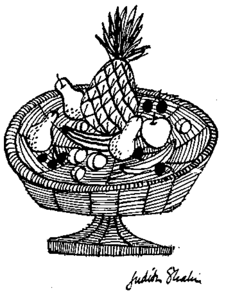
pigeon. He also knew how to extricate himself from the inconveniences of an impotence curse, should he ever inspire one. And, like Omar, he sprinkled salt on his threshold every night and every morning to keep devils away.

"And so he will never know that she is not a virgin," Dawia concluded.

"But what will you tell the driver?" Musa asked her. "Do you have something for him, too?"

Dawia clucked at him. "Oh, no," she said. "Omar will say that we have heard he has been visiting the father of another girl. That is always a good excuse." She added that Khadija was very happy with the engineer, whom she had seen through the keyhole of the red room and found to be much more beautiful than Abdeslam. Abdeslam, after all, was the color of a sheep's liver.



"There is no denying that," Musa said.

Just then, Omar came back from his prayers. He had run all the way from the mosque, and by the time he reached the house he was panting and breathless. "I cannot do it," he blurted out. "It is better to tell the truth. I saw it all, praying." He flopped onto a pillow and went on, "I will have to tell Ahmed that my daughter is only thirteen and that she is too young to marry. I will say that the judge would never accept such a marriage, no matter how much bakshish was involved."

"That is very sensible," Musa said.

Khadija, behind the door of the red room, started crying.

"But Ahmed is so beautiful," Dawia said.

"Now I will never get to wear a miniskirt or go to Safi," Khadija bawled, pounding on the door. She had not been out of the house since last Monday, when Madame Hugh took her riding through the *ville nouvelle* and bought her chocolate-ice-cream cones. She was getting fatter, but her disposition was worse than ever.

"Perhaps I should tell him that there is another man who wants to marry my daughter, and that they will both have to wait until she is at least fourteen for me to decide between them," Omar said.

"Who is going to have to wait?" The Widow Rabha's voice came hissing through the courtyard door. Omar, in his haste, had forgotten to close it.

No one answered the Widow Rabha. She had been in and out of the house all day, trying to discover what was going on. "I have come for my couscous platter," she announced at last, walking in.

Dawia pointed to the kitchen. She had been using the platter since the day the Widow Rabha cooked couscous for her, when Omar was in Sidi Kacem, but she had hoped that Rabha had forgotten it by now.

The Widow Rabha picked up her platter and started toward the door. Then she stopped, turned on her hennaed heels, and sat herself down between Musa and Omar.

Musa rolled his eyes. He did not approve of women who forgot their modesty. Only last week, he had complained to Monsieur Hugh that the business with Khadija was ruining manners in Sidi Yussef. Women—even the Widow Rabha—were sitting down with men in their neighbors' houses. Men were sitting down with women. There was too much gossip and not enough good sense.

"Well, what have you decided?" the Widow Rabha asked.

"We have decided not to do it," Omar said.

Dawia frowned.

"You should do it," the Widow Rabha said. "It's a good chance. He's handsome. And an engineer."

"You know our problem," Dawia told her. "You know that the girl is not a virgin."

"And it is more complicated than that," Omar cut in. "There are problems on all sides."

"I know women who have had five children and are still given away as virgins," the Widow Rabha told him. "There are things that can be done."

Omar poked Musa. Then, smiling at the Widow Rabha, he said, "Do you want us to pass him on to you for your Azziza? Why not bring her over when he comes?"

Khadija banged on her door. "He's mine!" she shouted. "He's mine!"

"My daughter doesn't want him," the Widow Rabha said. "We have too many offers to choose from as it is. The son of her paternal uncle, who is a rug merchant—"

"What is a rug merchant to an engineer?" Omar said, still smiling. "Why not try? You said yourself that he is very handsome."

The Widow Rabha stood up, clutching her platter. "Perhaps I *will* try," she said.

"Our daughter is young," Dawia told her. "If she doesn't marry this year, then, Allah willing, she can always marry next year."

"But your daughter—your daughter is not so young," Omar said.

The Widow Rabha walked out, and everybody laughed.

"I have changed my mind again," Omar said. "I am going to give Khadija to Ahmed. It would be a shame to waste an engineer on Rabha's daughter." Then he called Khadija out of the red room for a glass of tea.

Tuesday, August 1st: There was a saying in Sidi Yussef that one bad seed was enough to spoil the whole pomegranate. Fathers there, tending as they did to regard their marriageable daughters as pomegranates of sorts—worthless when damaged, but in the right, ripe condition commanding a price far beyond the price of any other fruit—never tired of quoting it. Omar himself had once been exceptionally fond of the saying. Often, sitting by his door on a summer afternoon and watching a neighbor's daughter walk to the market alone, he had shaken his shaved head and murmured, "One bad seed, only one bad seed." Lately, however, he had been reflecting on another saying—one that was equally true and, to his mind, much more consistent with his present situation. This saying went, "From the outside, it is impossible to tell whether the pomegranate is spoiled or not."

"You know what they say," Omar remarked as he and Musa strolled home from the sugar *souk* this morning. "From the outside of the pomegranate, it is impossible to tell anything."

"But you know what they also say," Musa replied.

Omar stared at the ground. The engineer had just come back to Sidi Yussef with his mother to make arrangements for the wedding, and Omar had fled to the *souk*, saying that he was out of sugar for their tea. He wanted time to practice what he was going to tell them.

"It is better to tell the truth now, before there are any problems," Musa said.

"But what can I say?" Omar asked him. "What can I say?"

"What do you want to say?" Musa said. "It is not for me to decide."

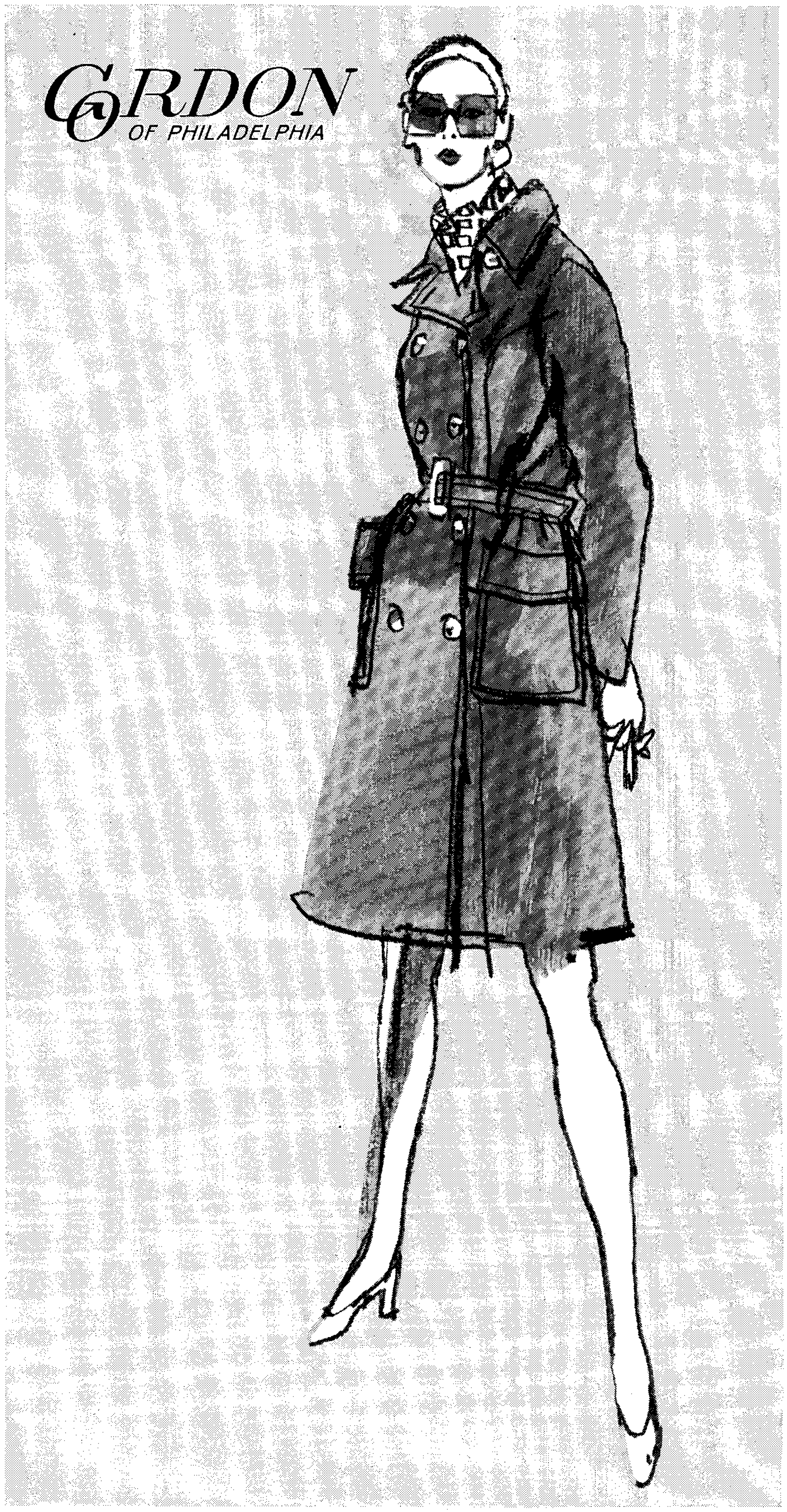
"I am going to tell the story just as it happened," Omar said.

Musa nodded.

"But the problem is that I cannot tell it myself," Omar went on. "That would be *hshuma*."

The men walked on, thinking.

Suddenly, Omar stopped. "I have



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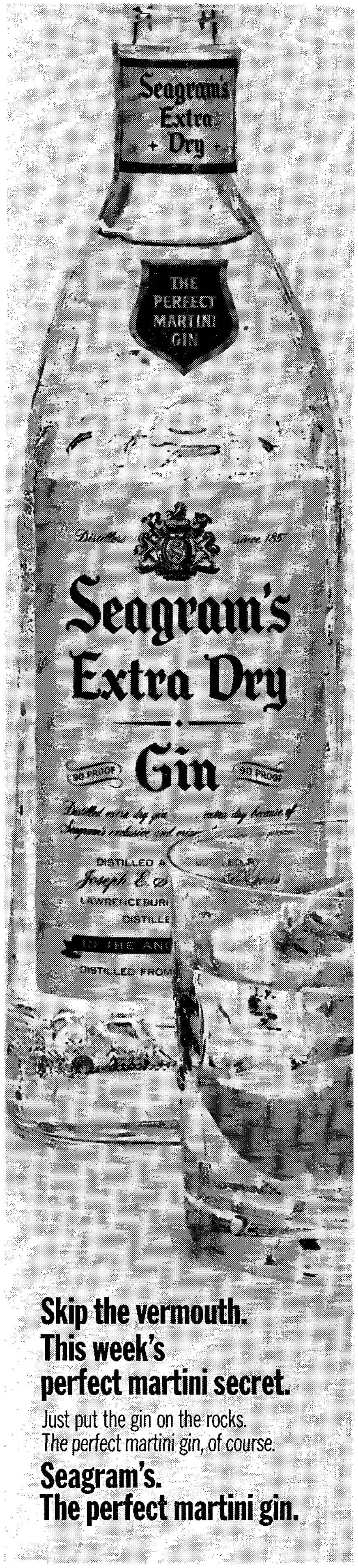

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the solution," he said. "*You* are going to tell the story for me."

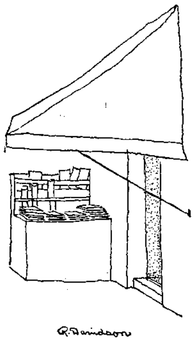
Musa jumped as if Aisha Qandisha herself had crossed his path.

"You are a man of the world," Omar told him.

Musa beamed. "Well, why not?" he said, finally. "For a man of the world, it is not so difficult."

"Tell the son first, then the mother," Omar said. Then he took Musa by the hand and pulled him home.

Ahmed ben Hassan was stretched out on the finest cushion in the *bit dyaf* when the men walked in. He was a lanky young man of twenty-five, with a wide grin and a head of shaggy brown hair that came flopping down across his forehead. He had been training it to flop that way for a year now—ever since the day he saw a newspaper photograph of the famous American Robert Kennedy pinned to the wall of a Safi barbershop.



Musa looked him over. Monsieur Hugh had said that no modern civil servant would send his mother bidding on a bride he had never seen, but Ahmed looked to Musa like a thoroughly modern assistant to an assistant to an engineer. Musa could tell by Ahmed's sweater, which was a fuzzy gray pullover with cable stitching down the front. He shook the young man's hand approvingly.

Ahmed's mother, whose name was Yemna, was squatting across the room by Dawia and the children. She was all tangled up in a clashing assortment of shawls, scarves, and towels, and when Musa stooped to greet her she giggled and chattered and clapped her hands. Her eyes were bright black. Her smile was as wide as her son's and as toothless as little Jmaa's. The topnotch on her scarves was the perkiest topnotch that Musa had ever seen. He told Yemna that she was a very jolly old woman.

"She is crazy, like a child," Ahmed said cheerfully.

Yemna agreed.

A few minutes later, Ahmed and Musa were alone. The children had been hustled up onto the roof to spread the laundry, and the women had gone into the red room to see Khadija. Omar himself was in the courtyard. He had told Ahmed that he was going to pray. Musa, in the *bit dyaf*, looked around nervously. He was eager to tell his story right away and get it over with, but Ahmed had already started talking. Ahmed had heard that Musa worked for Monsieur Hugh, the American, and wanted Musa to know that he was looking for a way to travel to his patron's country. The Americans, it was rumored, had a wonderful form of hospitality called a United States State Department Leadership Tour. People said that even the pasha of Meknes was hoping to go to America on such a tour.

Musa sneezed as Ahmed leaned toward him and he caught the pungent smell of an American hair tonic. "Well, the pasha is certainly a leader," he said. The pasha had the confidence of the King, who had been his comrade when they were both boys and the pasha was summoned to the Lycée Royal as a fitting schoolmate for His Majesty. The King, in fact, had given Meknes to the pasha as a token of the great friendship between them. Everybody knew, Musa said, that the pasha could have had the whole province, or even a federal ministry of his own. Meknes, by itself, however, had presented such unique opportunities for exploitation that the pasha had modestly declined all higher offices. By now, just a few years after his appointment, the pasha's power and his command of bakshish were the envy of every other pasha in Morocco. He wore three-toned ventilated shoes from Italy and went to embassy parties in Rabat, where he drank wine and ate exotic canapés and walked through gardens with blond secretaries in short skirts. According to Madame Hugh, who had once spoken to the pasha, he took a great interest in the pleasures of America.

Ahmed told Musa that he was very interested in the pleasures of America, too.

Musa, who had just spotted Omar crouching outside the window of the *bit dyaf* and frantically beckoning, took a deep breath and said, "You know, Khadija—"

"Khadija?" Ahmed said.

"Khadija, whom you are going to marry," Musa said. "Someone stole her from the *musem* of Sidi Ahmed Dghughi. She was gone for three weeks, and then we found her. It was in Sidi Kacem—"

"Where is the man?" Ahmed interrupted.

Musa told him that Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed was in prison.

"Is there a medical report?" Ahmed asked.

Musa nodded.

"Well, what did they tell her father?" Ahmed went on. "That she is still a virgin, or not?"

"One hundred per cent not a virgin," Musa said.

"Now, then, what are the rest of the problems?" Ahmed demanded.

Musa looked at him, astonished. "Well, nothing," he said. "That is, those are all the problems there are." He paused, and then added, "The girl's parents wanted you to know the truth before the marriage. They did not want to show you one face today and another tomorrow. As you yourself have said, it is not the girl but the face of her parents that you are going to marry."

Ahmed thought for a minute. "I will marry her anyway, even with all these problems," he said.

Out in the courtyard, Omar jumped up and waved happily through the window of the *bit dyaf*. Musa groaned.

"I hope that you have heard the problems we have had!" Omar called in.

"I have heard them all," Ahmed said, laughing. "There is nothing to worry about."

Omar ran to the red room and called for Yemna. Then, when Yemna also knew the story, he called Khadija and Dawia.

Khadija walked into the *bit dyaf* in a green caftan with a gilded belt. Abdeslam had brought it over early this morning, on his way to Sidi Slimane with a truckload of oranges.

"This is Khadija," Omar said.

Ahmed and Khadija shook hands.

"How do you do?" Ahmed said.

Khadija was blushing, and before she could answer, her father sent her to the kitchen for some fresh tea.

"Well, now you have seen the girl," Omar told Ahmed.

"We accept her, we accept her," Ahmed said. "I know that sometimes things happen to a girl when she is very young."

"Those things are nothing—we accept her," Yemna said, giggling.

"Actually, she is like the pomegranate," Omar said. "We do not really know for sure if—"

Musa groaned again.

"Virgin or not, I will marry her," Ahmed said.

Dawia smiled at him. "Good," she said. "If you really want to take her, you do not have to give the whole *sdaq*."

"Because she is like the pomegranate, and you are taking a chance on whether she is spoiled," Omar added.

"No, no," Yemna said. "We have promised and we will give it all. We

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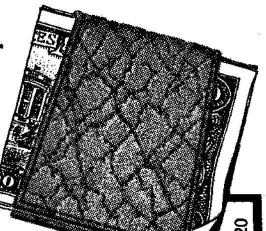

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will go for the marriage act tomorrow."

Khadija, walking in with the teapot, threw herself in Yemna's lap and kissed the old woman's hands.

"She will be a good daughter to me," Yemna said, pinching Khadija's cheeks until the girl winced. "Not like the other one."

"The other one?" Omar and Dawia said together.

"Ahmed's other wife," Yemna said. "We have just divorced her."

"Because of my mother," Ahmed added.

Musa looked up from his tea. "Because of my mother" was not a very modern thing to say.

"Because she did not want me to live with them in Safi," Yemna said.

"And because she was not a good mother to my three sons," Ahmed said glumly.

Khadija sat up and, for the first time, took a long look at her future husband.

"Sons?" Omar said.

"But Khadija will be a good mother and look after them," Yemna told him. "And she will help me clean and sew and make the bread and—"

"Since we divorced my wife, there has been no one in the house to help my mother," Ahmed said.

Khadija started to speak, but Omar saw her and said quickly, "Ah, my friends, you have nothing to worry about. My daughter will make all your burdens small."

"That which is heavy for you is light for my daughter," Dawia added.

Khadija frowned.

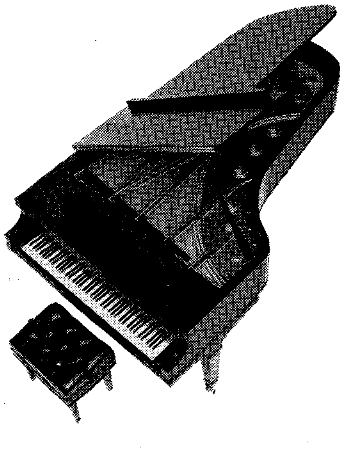
"We give you the girl, not for the money but to ease your burdens and the burdens of your mother," Omar told Ahmed.

"Be sure that the girl will have a good life with us," Yemna said. "We will do all that is necessary for her."

Ahmed leaned over and slapped his mother on the knee. "You are mad," he said. "Only Allah can do *all* that is necessary. It is Allah who has written the names of the boy and the girl who are to marry."

"Praise be to Allah!" everybody said.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2ND: Late last night, Mokhtar and Mustafa waylaid Abdeslam on the road from Sidi Slimane and announced, with great satisfaction, that their older brother Omar was negotiating to give Khadija to an engineer. Abdeslam swore for a while about the gifts and the money he had brought the family. Then he drove his cousin's dump truck to Omar's



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house, banged on the door, and, as soon as the neighbors were awake and listening, shouted up to Allah that his honor and the honor of his ancestors had been offended. Finally, he left for the *medina*, where he proceeded to celebrate until daybreak with two of his favorite prostitutes.

Ahmed was now the only fiancé Khadija had. He arrived this morning with his mother to sign the act of marriage, and Omar, who was relieved to see him, ran all the way to the *ville nouvelle* to ask that Monsieur Hugh conduct their wedding party to the Notary Palace in style, in his blue Opel. Then Dawia, with Jmaa on her back and Khadija, Abderrahman, Ali, Sidi Mohammed, and Saida trailing behind her, went down the alley looking for the local *moqaddem*. She wanted the *moqaddem*, who was the pasha's deputy in Sidi Yussef, to sign a birth certificate saying that Khadija was fifteen years old. There was a new law in Morocco which said that a girl must be at least fifteen to marry, and it was making all the *moqaddemin* in the country rich.

Dawia got back first, and she found Yemna, in the *bit dyaf*, sorting out a wad of money into five-, ten-, and fifty-dirham bills. The money was the first payment on Khadija's bride price. Dawia, who had never seen so many dirhams before, touched the bills with trembling fingers. Abderrahman, Ali, Sidi Mohammed, and Saida also touched the money.

Yemna told them that she had been storing the money in a big house in the *medina*, where Ahmed's twin sister lived with her husband, her children, and another sister, who was just sixteen. She had put it in a pouch in a box in a chest in a cabinet in her daughter's *bit dyaf*. Then she had locked the pouch, the box, the chest, and the cabinet and hidden the keys, in a bunch, inside her bloomers.

"My mother is very smart," Ahmed said, laughing. "Everybody wants to steal my money. First, my wife wanted to steal it. And now my little sister. She wants to run away, because I have promised her to an ugly old man."

Yemna giggled.

"My husband's little sister has also been promised to an ugly old man," Dawia remarked.

"How horrible," Yemna said.

"It is horrible, but there is nothing to do about it," Ahmed said philosophically. "These things are Allah's will."

"That is true," Dawia said. "Daughters are a problem. When

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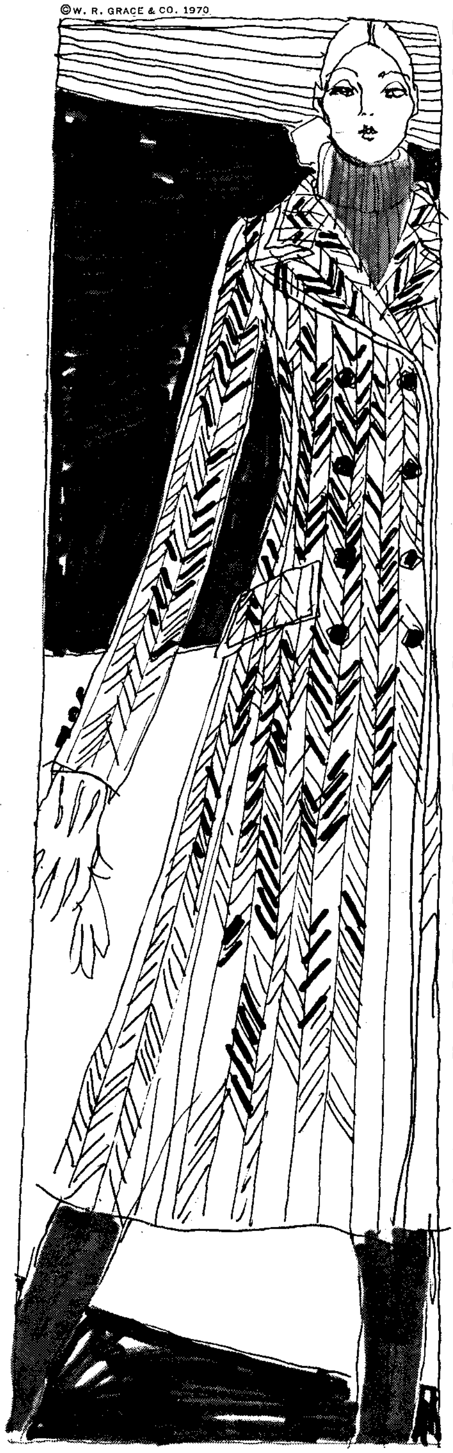

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Khadija was stolen, I couldn't eat or sleep. I was always unhappy."

"I have six daughters," Yemna said. "Six daughters are enough for anyone."

Just then, Omar, looking disappointed, walked in with Madame Hugh. Monsieur Hugh had been busy working, and Omar was not at all convinced of the propriety of being escorted to the Notary Palace by a woman, especially by a woman in a short skirt. Yemna, however, was delighted with Madame Hugh's skirt. She inspected it carefully, peeking under the hem to see if the *nesraniyya* was wearing bloomers. Then she pulled Madame Hugh down onto the floor and kissed her mouth with a hearty, smacking sound. Omar said that it was not every family that had *nesrani* friends with blue Opels.

"When will you have the wedding?" Madame Hugh asked Ahmed, whom she was looking over with a good deal of curiosity.

"Well, today we will sign the marriage act, and then, Allah willing, Saturday we will have the wedding," Ahmed said.

"That is certainly quick," Madame Hugh said.

"Why procrastinate?" Ahmed said. "Why drag things out? I have wasted too much money in restaurants already. I need a wife to cook for me, and besides, in Safi, my mother and my sons are alone in the house all day, with no one to wait on them." He frowned. "Women in Safi do not like to work for their husbands," he said. "My old wife—if I told her to make the bread, she would take my money and go to the bakery instead. If I told her to sift the couscous, she would say, 'What is wrong with couscous from the *souk*?' "

"It is that way with Safi women," Yemna said. "They have too much contact with the Europeans."

"But I am used to a wife," Ahmed went on. "I do not like being a bachelor."

"Being a bachelor is too expensive," Yemna said.

Ahmed stretched his long legs and checked his wristwatch. In a minute, he was leading the wedding party down the alley to the road where Madame Hugh had parked her car.

Dawia, who had to stay home with the children, watched them from the door, waving with one hand, clutching Ahmed's money with the other, and crying for joy.

The wedding party was halfway to the *medina* when an old man with a lame leg hobbled into the road and hailed the Opel. The man was a friend of Omar's from the coffeehouse in Sidi Yussef, and, as it happened, he had been walking to the coffeehouse now to look for Omar. He said that he had just received working papers from a tire factory in the South of France but that the pasha's assistant in charge of passports was refusing to give a passport to him. It was clear, he said, that the assistant in charge of passports merely wanted some bakshish for himself and the pasha before he would sign a passport order. The problem, however, was that he himself could not present the bakshish. To do so would be bad manners. *Good* manners, in such a situation, demanded that a third man slip the bakshish to the pasha's assistant. That way, neither the assistant nor the old man would be shamed before each other if they ever met again. Omar, the old man went on, would be doing him a great and never-to-be-forgotten kindness if he would take the bakshish to the pasha's assistant. Omar, who was feeling exceedingly benevolent today, stepped out of the Opel for a moment to discuss the details with the old man. As soon as his back was turned, Khadija seized Ahmed's hand and stared at it lovingly.

"I have forgotten to ask her," Ahmed said to Madame Hugh. "Does the marriage please her?"

Khadija, blushing, turned away.

"Oh, I would say very much," Madame Hugh said.

"*Very* much?" Ahmed asked her.

Madame Hugh nodded.

"Good," Ahmed said. He glanced at Khadija, who was still clinging to his hand, and added, "I see that she is very friendly."

Omar, who had just come back to the car, said, "Friendly?"

Madame Hugh drove on, shaking her head.

The Notary Palace was, in fact, a little palace, tucked away behind the Bab Mansour and shaded by the *medina's* towering walls. A hundred years ago, its tiled floors, its arched promenades, and its cedar doors and intricately carved ceilings had pleased a sultan's favorite, and caids and concubines once frolicked by the fountains in its flowering courtyard. Today, the notaries, scribes, and judges of the Malikite court kept office hours in the concubines' old bedrooms, off the courtyard, where they presided over all matters concerning marriage, divorce, and family status and property, respected an uneasy truce with the judges of the country's Code Napoléon, across town, and managed to produce confusions of jurisdiction and authority that were extremely profitable to everyone. Women, as they often told their petitioners, were one thing that no good Muslim would ever trust to the justice of the Europeans. Women were tricky creatures, barely responsible, and the divine and clarifying hand of the Prophet would always be needed for their supervision.

Three old secretaries of the *qadi*—the Malikite judge—were in charge of the palace when the wedding party arrived. They were sitting in a row in the middle of a lovely panelled chamber, and when Omar and Ahmed approached them with the ladies they nodded in unison, giving authoritative little swings to the tassels on the red fezzes they all wore. Behind them, on the wall, there were photographs of Mohammed V, the King's dead father, in a starchy white jellaba, and of the young King himself, in a wrinkled European suit and a graying shirt with a frayed collar. Ahmed shook hands with the secretaries. So did Omar and Madame Hugh.

"Well, now, who is going to marry?" the secretary in the center said, eying the bare knees of the *nesraniyya* with a scowl of disapproval. He was a fat old man with long, gleaming fingernails and pink jowls.

"I am," Ahmed said. "This is the girl"—he pointed to Khadija and then to Omar—"and here is her father."

Omar grinned nervously and handed the secretary the birth certificate that the *moqaddem* had written out and stamped this morning.

One by one, the secretaries peered at the piece of paper.

"Very good," the secretary in the center said, rummaging through his jellaba pockets and producing a green plastic ballpoint pen.

Khadija looked at him demurely as he asked Ahmed to list the marriage terms.

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" the secretary in the center shouted suddenly. He peered at the birth certificate again, and then showed it to his two colleagues. "Is the girl a virgin or is she already married?" he asked Omar.

Omar shuffled his feet on the tiled floor.

The secretary in the center turned to Khadija. "What is the name of your first husband?" he asked her.

"The girl was never married," Ahmed said. "That is certain."

The three secretaries frowned. "This girl is not a virgin, she is a

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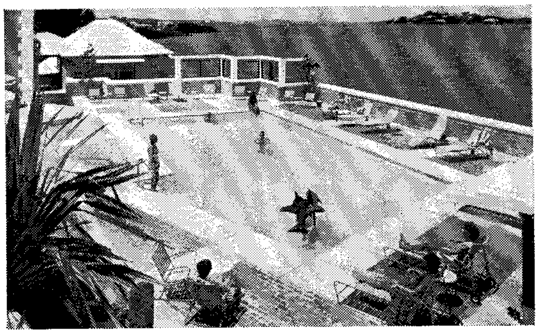

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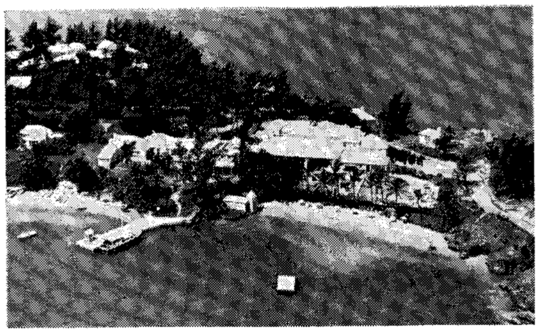

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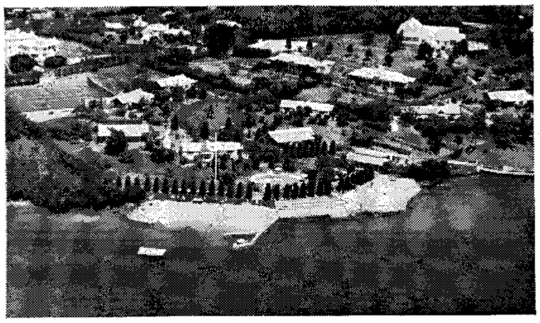

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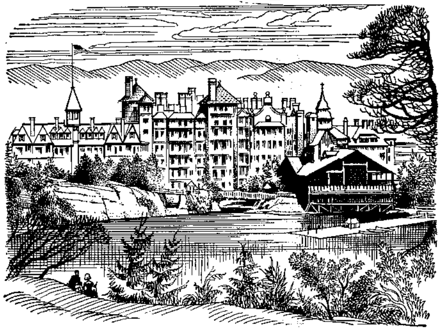

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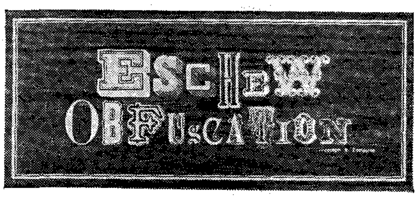

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woman," the secretary in the center said, holding out the certificate.

Ahmed took it. In very small letters, next to Khadija's name, the *moqaddem* had written out the word "*siyida*"—"woman."

The secretary in the center took the certificate back. A woman was a wife, he told Ahmed. The Prophet had said so. No one could be a woman and not be married. It was not only immoral and even illegal, it was impossible. There was no word for such a woman in Malikite law.

"Perhaps the *moqaddem* has made an error," Omar said hopefully.

"That is no concern of ours," the secretary in the center said.

"The *moqaddem* makes no errors," the secretary on his right added.

Ahmed bent down over the secretaries. "There has been a little problem," he whispered. "What the *moqaddem* meant to say is that there has been this little problem. There is a case at the Tribunal—"

The secretary in the center sniffed. "It is fine for the Tribunal to make these distinctions between women and women," he said. "But we do not acknowledge them. It is very simple. If the girl is a woman, then she has a husband. And if she wants to remarry, she must come back with a divorce certificate, or with twelve witnesses who will swear that she is divorced, or—"

"Yes?" Omar said.

"Or with a new certificate from the *moqaddem*," the secretary said, waving the wedding party from his office. "One that says she is a virgin after all."

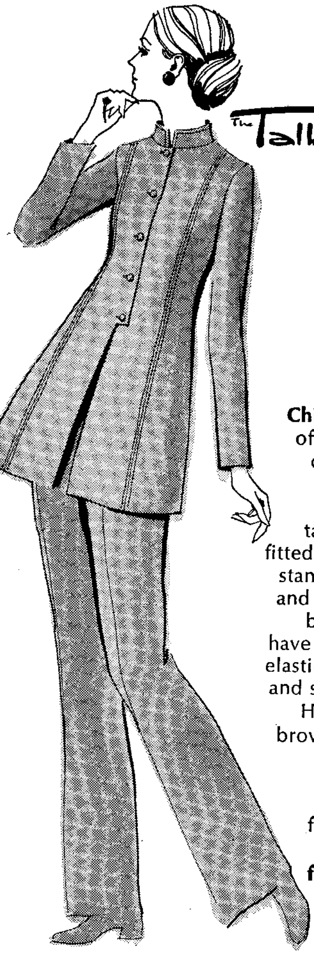
Omar, Ahmed, and the women backed out quietly. Then they all began to talk at once. Omar said that now he would either have to bribe the *moqaddem* to write that his daughter was a virgin or go to the Palais de Justice and bribe the prosecutor to write that she was, in fact, *siyida* but had been divorced.

He preferred bribing the prosecutor, he said, because it would be helpful to have the prosecutor's friendship when Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed's case came up in court.

Ahmed, on the other hand, wanted Omar to bribe the *moqaddem*. "If you go to the Palais de Justice and say that you want to give away your daughter, the prosecutor will make us wait a hundred days," he said. "That is *his* law. A girl who has been stolen must wait a hundred days to marry."

"To see whether she is pregnant," Madame Hugh explained.

Yemna started giggling. It was



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hshuma for a woman to say such things in the presence of men.

"We will go to the *moqaddem*," Ahmed said stubbornly. "A hundred days is too long for me to eat in restaurants. I cannot wait a hundred days to get a woman in the house."

THURSDAY, AUGUST 3RD: All day yesterday, the Widow Rabha and her five daughters sat in their courtyard kneading bread and mending caftans while they waited for Omar to cross the alley and formally present them with the handsome engineer. Taking Omar at his word, Rabha had squeezed Azziza's ample body into a silvery caftan. She had circled the aging virgin's chins with all the family beads and necklaces. In a moment of enthusiasm, she had even dusted her cheeks with a chalky, seductive powder made of ground stones.

Today, Azziza was back in her old gray caftan, and the Widow Rabha, cursing her perfidious neighbors in the name of Allah, the Prophet, and Sheikh el Kamel, was plotting her revenge. She was watching through her open door when Omar left this morning for the Palais de Justice—Omar had finally convinced Ahmed that it was wiser to take their problems to the prosecutor—and she was still watching, at noon, when a taxicab pulled into the alley and deposited Fatna in front of Omar's house. Fatna had come home to borrow the family's best blanket, which her husband wanted to take to the beach at Casablanca on his annual vacation from the Sidi Said Hospital. She had also come home, as always, to complain. Her husband, who did not want Fatna to miss a week of valuable practice at stenographers' school, was refusing to take her on vacation with him, and her sister, it appeared, was marrying an engineer who not only was rich and handsome but was willing to pay the girl's entire bride price by himself. Life at the moment was more than usually unkind to Fatna. She was sniffling loudly as she stepped out of the taxi, wearing a pair of bright, purple pedal pushers such as the Widow Rabha and her five daughters had never seen.

The widow and her daughters slid toward their door, grinning.

"Whore!" Azziza screamed, pointing a fat finger at the purple trousers.

"Pig!" Fatna screamed back, running into her parents' house and slamming the door.

A group of Sidi Yussef women stopped on their way to the water pump and waited for the fight. Seconds later, the door opened. Dawia walked slowly

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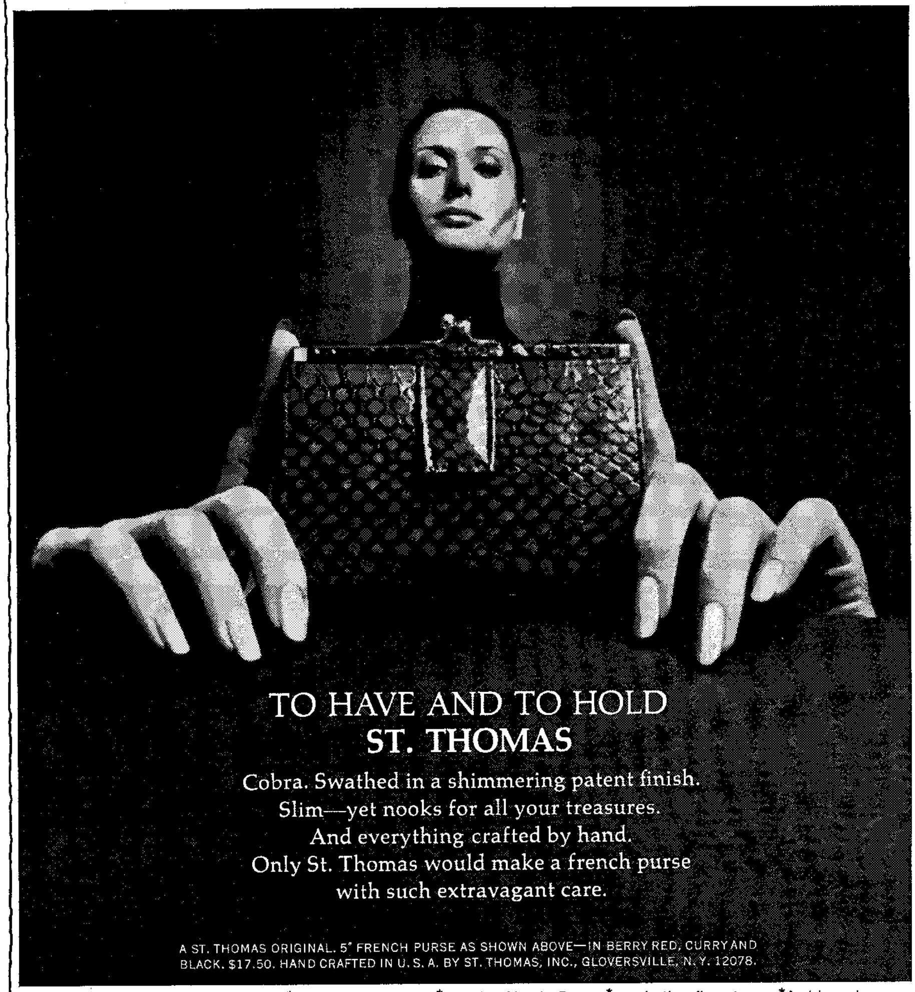

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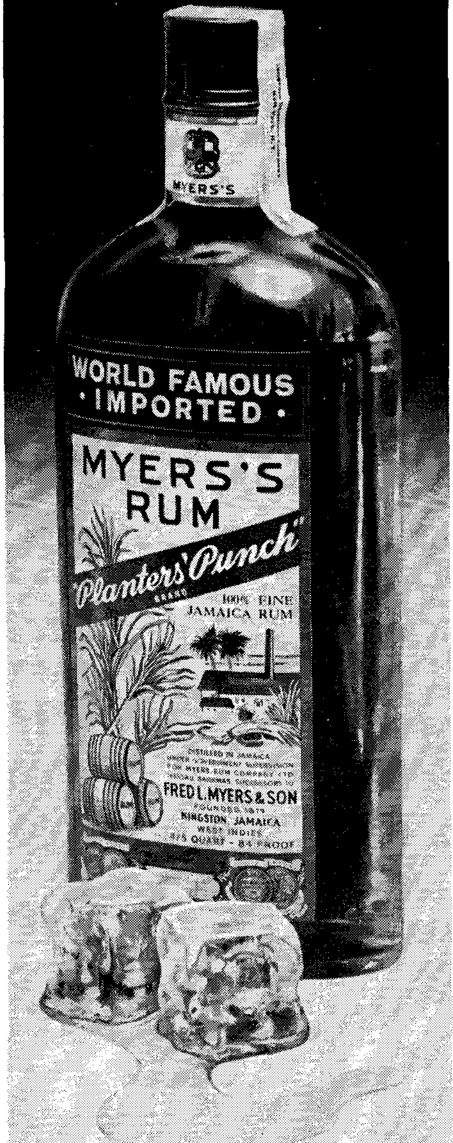

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into the alley, with Jmaa at her breast and Abderrahman beside her.

"What did your daughter say to my daughter?" Dawia called over to the Widow Rabha.

The Widow Rabha put down the caftan she was mending and stood up. "Your daughters are not like the daughters of good families," she said.

"My daughters are as good as any woman's daughters," Dawia said quietly.

"It is shameful to have daughters who wear pants and who disappear," the Widow Rabha said, nodding with satisfaction to the women who were listening. "Everybody knows about your daughters."

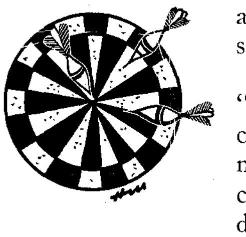
The women stepped closer. Some of the neighbors opened their doors, and the men in the coffeehouse around the corner put down their cards.

"If my daughters disappear, it is not your business!" Dawia shouted. "Pay attention to your own daughters! Keep *them* in the house!"

"My daughters are always in the house, but *you*, you are the mother of whores!" the Widow Rabha screamed.

Abderrahman picked up a stone from the alley and flung it at the Widow Rabha. The stone missed Rabha, but it bounced off one of the men from the coffeehouse, who had just come filing out to watch the women fight.

Dawia quickly shooed Abderrahman back into the house. "I know that you are jealous!" she called to the Widow Rabha. "You are jealous because my daughter was stolen and had many problems and, even so, has found a husband who is an engineer, a husband who is handsome and young. Your daughters have no problems, but everyone knows that not one of them has found a husband."



"My daughters are *good* girls," the Widow Rabha whimpered.

The widow's five daughters, huddled in their doorway, nodded modestly.

The neighbors looked at them, but then they turned to look at Fatna, who had just come out again. Fatna had covered her face with a thick black veil, and she was wearing her mother's jellaba over her purple pants.

"You have been bothering me for a long time!" Fatna shouted at the Widow Rabha. "And now you say to my mother that her daughters are not like other daughters! Well, I ask you, who was the real father of *your* daughters? Who was he?"

All the neighbors gasped, and the Widow Rabha, her eyes bulging, ran at Fatna and began to tear at Fatna's hair. Two men from the coffeehouse pulled her away, just as Omar turned into the alley and saw the crowd.

Omar was whistling. He had put his problem to the prosecutor, and the prosecutor had agreed that Khadija should be married immediately. He had written all the necessary papers, he had shaken hands with Omar, and then—to Omar's great joy and amazement—he had categorically refused a bribe. Omar had hurried home at once to tell his wife the news. When he saw the people in his alley—there were forty or fifty neighbors watching the fight by now—he waved and smiled, hoping to be invited to a wedding or a circumcision feast. Then he heard the Widow Rabha shouting. He pushed through the crowd, grabbed his wife and daughter, and shoved them back into the house.

"What are you doing now?" he said, turning to the Widow Rabha.

"I have nothing to tell you," the widow said. "Anything that I could tell you, you already know. *Everybody* knows."

Omar looked around at all his neighbors. "Why do you listen?" he shouted. "If what she says is true, you are all experts on what has happened to my family!" Then he looked at the Widow Rabha. "Ask them," he said. "Perhaps they can tell you something. Perhaps you will discover more gossip for your wicked tongue."

The Widow Rabha glared at Omar. "I know that my meals do not give pleasure to my neighbors," she told him. She was still talking about the platter of couscous she had made for Dawia.

"Aha!" Omar shouted. "So you regret the couscous! Well, tomorrow I will make *three* platters of couscous and leave them at your door!"

All the people in the alley laughed and clapped.

The Widow Rabha stamped into her house, furious, but in a minute she was back. "Tell me, what kind of a neighbor are you?" she screamed at Omar. "I do not want such a neighbor!" Then she threw back her head and shouted to the hot noon sky, "I demand that Allah separate us immediately!"

Omar waved his hand at the Widow Rabha. "We are separated!" he shrieked. "You have your house and I have mine! But you—you are not content to live only in your house! You live in your house *and* in mine! It is because of *that* that there are always problems!"

"Allah will punish you!" the Widow Rabha shrieked back. "We have shared our tea, and now you have broken the friendship! You will be punished!"

Omar shrugged. "You ask Allah to separate us," he said. "And then you ask Allah to punish me." He started laughing wildly. "But now we will wait and see who is going to be punished. We will see which family is the first to leave this quarter."

"I am ashamed to talk to you!" the Widow Rabha shouted. "My family has never done the terrible things your family has done!"

Omar approached her, screaming. "Each person belongs in his *own* house!"

The Widow Rabha fled to her doorway. Omar turned on his heel and walked slowly across the alley to his house. He bolted the door, but he could still hear the Widow Rabha shouting.

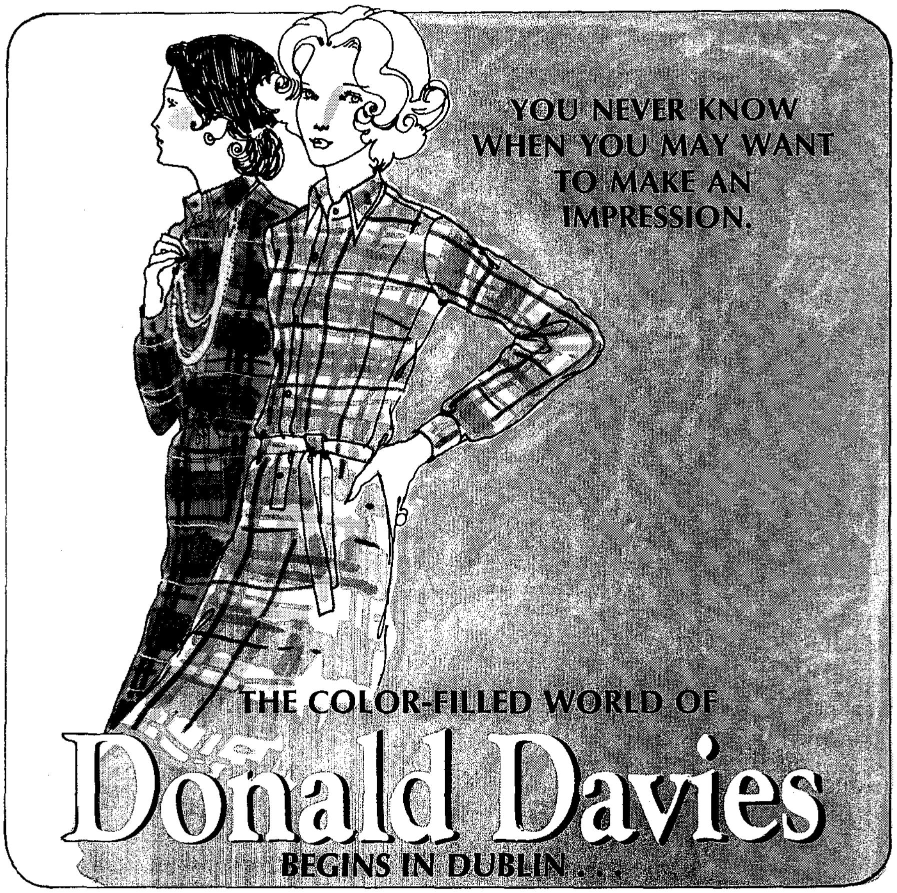
"Our doors are not far enough apart to end relations," Dawia, who was waiting in the courtyard with the children, told him.

Omar shook his head sadly. "It is just as I have always said," he murmured. "It is a burden, having daughters. Even now, it is a terrible burden."

Friday, August 4th: Khadija and Ahmed began their wedding today. The fight with the Widow Rabha had persuaded Omar to give his daughter to the engineer as quickly as possible. He had been hoping to put off the celebration for a few days, to give Ahmed more of an opportunity to buy presents for the family, but he knew that now the widow would be busy spreading her gossip, and he feared that in time her stories would reach Ahmed and make him change his mind. Early this morning, he rushed Khadija to the *medina* in a taxi and proudly presented Ahmed with her divorce from Mohammed ben Mohammed, stamped by the prosecutor and dated exactly one hundred days ago.

At 9:01, in the Notary Palace, under the pious gaze of the *qadi* and the *qadi's* three secretaries, Omar solemnly pressed his thumbprint onto his daughter's act of marriage.

It was an odd contract, as the *qadi* remarked, although it was not nearly so odd as the marriage act that he had witnessed a year ago for Fatna and Driss. Ahmed agreed to pay in full a *sdaq* of seven hundred and fifty dirhams, but, inasmuch as Ahmed argued



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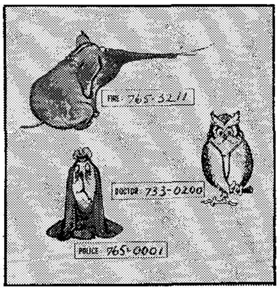

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that it would be unreasonable for Omar to expect two bride prices for the same daughter, Omar himself agreed to pay back to the engineer whatever money, up to but not exceeding the seven hundred and fifty dirhams, and less the fees of the powerful Maître Solomon, the Tribunal saw fit to extract from Mohammed ben Mohammed ben Mohammed's relatives.

Omar was not entirely content with the agreement. What with bribes, taxi fares, money for the *shuwwaf*, and sugar and tea for half the old women in Sidi Yussef, Khadija's problems had already put him in debt for more than three hundred dirhams, and now, on top of everything, he had a wedding feast to give. Ahmed's *sdaq* would cover these expenses, but Omar, who was anxious to buy his mule, had been counting on some extra money from the prisoner. In fact, he was of the opinion that a fat, healthy mule was just the sort of compensation he deserved for all his sufferings. Still, no mule was worth another day with Khadija shut in the red room and complaining about swimming pools and abandoned caftans. Omar was finally getting rid of another grumpy, troublesome daughter, and he put his thumbprint to the act of marriage with a smile on his lips and a kind word for Allah in his heart.

Once the marriage act was sealed, the wedding party had a busy day. Ahmed ran around the *caesaria*—the street of fabric stalls in the *medina*—trying to locate tailors who would make Khadija's bridal robes by sunset, when his mother and his sisters were to carry them on their heads to Sidi Yussef, stopping along the way for the neighbors to appraise and admire his generosity. Khadija herself was paraded to the *hammam* by three old women to be bathed, shaved, and hennaed for the festivities. Dawia baked bread and started to prepare a sugary wedding couscous. Abderrahman, Ali, Sidi Mohammed, and Saida went scampering down the alley with invitations for all the neighbors but the Widow Rabha and her five daughters. And Omar walked to the goat *souk* to bargain down the price of a young male goat for the nuptial sacrifice. The wedding goat was actually the responsibility of the bridegroom, but Ahmed had said this morning that he refused to buy one. "No virgin, no goat," he had told Omar. And Omar was obliged to agree that there was much justice in what his new son-in-law had said.

By early evening, Omar was standing at his door, waiting to receive the women of Ahmed's family and their

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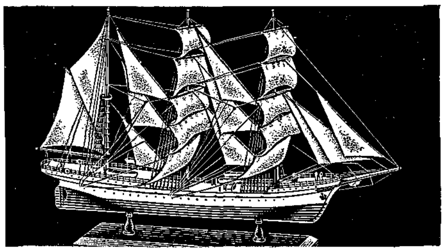

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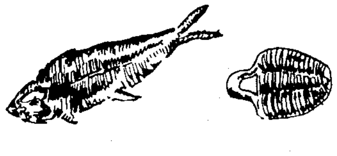

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gifts. He knew that they were coming soon. Ahmed himself had come an hour ago to see the goat, and had proceeded to stuff it into the trunk of a waiting taxicab and send it to the *medina*, where it would lead the procession of women back to Sidi Yussef. It would bring great *hshuma* to them both, he had explained to Omar, if the neighbors along the ladies' route were able to say that Ahmed ben Hassan was too unfeeling to provide his own wedding goat. Ahmed, at the moment, was sitting comfortably in the *bit dyaf*, chatting with Monsieur Hugh about the trials and the advantages of married life.

Omar could just make out, somewhere in the distance, the music of the flutists and the drummers who were accompanying the goat, the women, and the wedding caftans on their slow, proud journey through town, and he yelled into the house for Dawia and Madame Hugh. The women came out of the kitchen, where they had been kneading extra loaves of bread for the feast tomorrow, to wait with Omar at the door. Madame Hugh was covered from head to foot with flour. She had been kneading dough since early morning, when Dawia, who was afraid that the Widow Rabha would persuade one of the neighbors to poison everybody at the wedding, had announced that, of all the women in the city, only the *nesraniyya* would be welcome in her little kitchen to help with the preparation of the bridal dinner. Such poisonings were not uncommon, as Dawia had explained to the American. She had heard of one this very week in Sidi Yussef. It had been prompted by jealousy, like the jealousy of the Widow Rabha, and had sent an entire circumcision-breakfast party to the Sidi Said Hospital. Now, at the door, Dawia gestured knowingly across the alley; the door to the Widow Rabha's house was firmly and pointedly closed. Then she waved at Musa, who had also heard the music and was trotting down the alley to join his friends.

"It is time to buy the honey and butter for the musicians," Dawia was saying when Musa arrived.

"So it is poor Omar, after all, who is going to pay for everything," Omar said, looking gloomy. "It was Omar who bought the goat, and look—now they are leading it here as if it were *their* goat."

"People do those things," Musa remarked. "I know a man who borrowed twenty-five sacks of sugar and fifteen sacks of farina at the *souks* before his wedding. He had them driven to the wedding in a big cart, for everyone to

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see, and then, that night, he returned them all while his guests were busy with the wedding feast."

"But I am spending all my money," Omar complained. "All of my money from France. All of my daughter's *sdaq*—"

Dawia frowned at him. "Ahmed is spending money, too," she said. "Today, he spent four hundred dirhams just for caftans and jewelry."

"Yes, but it is Ahmed, not Omar, who is getting married," Omar said.

"Omar, you tease me," Dawia said, laughing. Then she turned to Madame Hugh. "Nothing can begin without the honey and the butter," she told her. "That is the custom."

"As the butter and the honey are sweet, so shall the life of the two lovers be sweet forever," Musa added, with appropriate solemnity.

Madame Hugh reached into her big brown pocketbook and pulled out ten dirhams with her floury fingers. Musa took the money and left to buy the honey and the butter.

Omar looked relieved. "Wait until Zahara's wedding," he whispered to Madame Hugh as Musa disappeared up the alley in the direction of the butter merchant. "You will never get honey and butter at my brothers' house."

"Mokhtar and Mustafa are very selfish," Dawia said.

"You will see," Omar went on. "The poor musicians won't even get a glass of tea for their troubles. And the neighbors will get nothing to eat."

"It is *hshuma*," Dawia said. "So many presents from Bushta, and they won't even spare a glass of tea."

"*Hshuma*," Madame Hugh agreed, smiling.

"You will never see a wedding as fine and happy as the wedding I am giving for my daughter," Omar said. "Even if she is not a virgin."

Dawia put a finger to her lips and nodded down the alley. Mokhtar and Mustafa were coming toward them. Mustafa, dressed in his fine gray suit and tattersall vest, was on the family mule, and Mokhtar was walking beside it in his baggy trousers and his torn undershirt.

"Abderrahman has come to us with an invitation," Mustafa said as soon as the brothers reached the doorway.

Dawia smiled. "I invite you to the marriage of my daughter," she said.

The brothers were speechless. Mustafa stared at Omar with his mouth open, and Mokhtar toed the ground, kicking at stones.

"This husband you have found—you have told him all the problems?" Mokhtar said. "You have explained everything?"

Dawia nodded.

"He is young and handsome and an engineer," Omar said. He glanced at his brothers and added, "And rich. Much richer than the one you have chosen for our sister."

Mustafa squirmed on his mule. "You really have explained everything?" he asked Omar.

"*I* am a man of honor," Omar said. "And he is a modern man. He understands these things that happen. He does not approve of locking virgins in the house all day, without exercise. He says that it is bad for their . . . for their . . ."

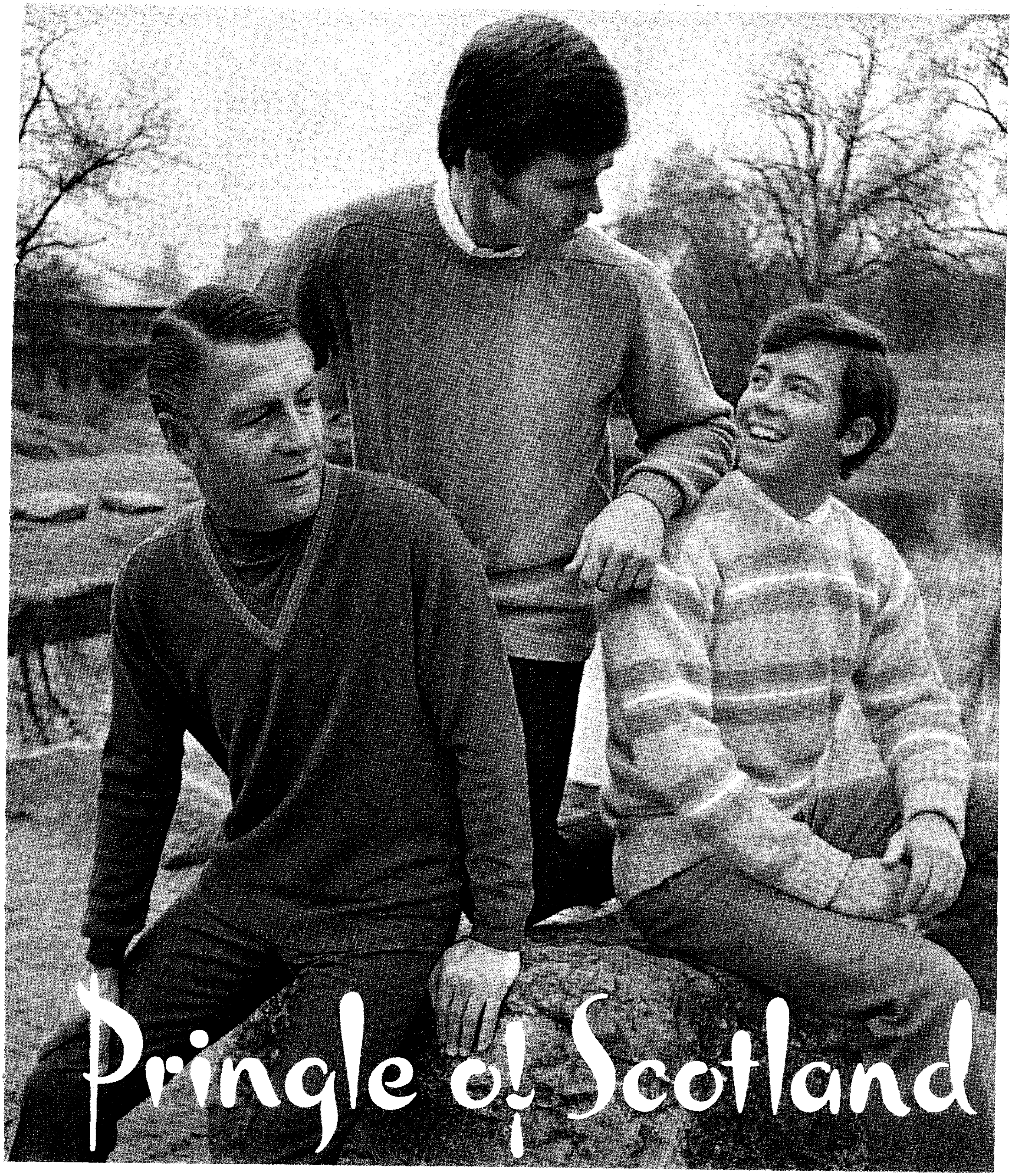
"For their circulation," Madame Hugh suggested.

"Exactly. Bad for their circulation," Omar said.

Mustafa looked down at Omar and Dawia. "Very well, then, we will assist you at the girl's wedding," he said grimly. Then he punched the old mule's rump. The mule bucked and took off down the alley, with its long ears flopping in the evening breeze. Mokhtar ran after it, shouting to Mustafa that it was his turn to ride.

Omar and Dawia watched them go, laughing and pointing and nudging Madame Hugh. Jmaa, who had just crawled out of the courtyard, cooed, oblivious, until the *nesraniyya* picked her up. There was a large open sore on one side of Jmaa's mouth which looked to Madame Hugh like the beginning of yaws. Driss had painted it with gentian violet last night, on his way out of town for his vacation. He had charged only a dirham, as he was hoping to appease Omar, who had just learned that Fatna would not be coming to the wedding, and who was threatening to take his blanket back. Fatna had sent a message to her father. Khadija, the message went, was more than a filthy beast, a *hisha mwusskha*. Khadija not only had disgraced the family, she had been the cause of Fatna's great humiliation in the alley yesterday afternoon. Fatna would rather stay home with her mother-in-law in the *medina* and practice her stenography than dance at the wedding of such a terrible girl.

Dawia, seeing Madame Hugh with the child, blushed into her towel and said in a low, confidential voice, "Ahmed is a just man. He did not ask that we bring Khadija to him tonight, even though it is his privilege, now that the marriage act is signed. He said that



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he would wait until the proper wedding."

"He is anxious enough to begin his amusements," Omar said.

Dawia clucked at him. "And Ahmed is good and thoughtful," she went on. "He says that we will have the marriage exactly as if the girl had not been stolen. He says that he knows the neighbors will be waiting."

"You are crazy," Omar said, glaring at the Widow Rabha's closed door. "The neighbors know everything."

Dawia ignored him. "Just this morning, Ahmed said, 'I am going to make your faces proud and happy at the wedding,' " she told Madame Hugh. "He said, 'You will have no shame in front of the neighbors.' "

Omar shrugged. "How?" he said.

"Ahmed said that tomorrow night he will come with a pigeon and a sharp knife," Dawia whispered, lowering her eyes. "Do you know what he is going to do? He is going to slaughter the pigeon, and then, when the wedding is over, all the neighbors will see that there is blood on my daughter's bloomers."

"Bloomers?" Omar cut in. "What is this nonsense about bloomers. You cannot show bloomers to the neighbors. It is not proper. It is the *sheet* that you must show."

Madame Hugh suppressed a grin.

"Ahmed says that sheets are for peasants to show," Dawia told him. "He says that civilized people, in the city, show bloomers."

"Bloomers—it is not right," Omar said.

"You are not a shepherd anymore," Dawia said. "You are getting an engineer for a son-in-law. It must be bloomers."

"Sheets," Omar said.

"Bloomers," Dawia insisted.

Then they turned to Madame Hugh. Madame Hugh said that she wanted to consult her husband on the question of bloomers. She handed Jmaa to Dawia, and then she ran into the *bit dyaf*, where Ahmed and Monsieur Hugh were drinking tea and smoking cigarettes by candlelight. Ahmed was telling Monsieur Hugh about his younger sister, who had brought many problems to the family. This sister, whose name was Naima, had been permitted to marry a young man of roughly her own choosing. The young man had divorced her when she turned sixteen and was beginning to show signs of wear. "It was her own fault," Ahmed was saying. "What can a woman know about selecting husbands?" In the end, he had had no choice but to promise her to an old man. "Ah, the poor, poor

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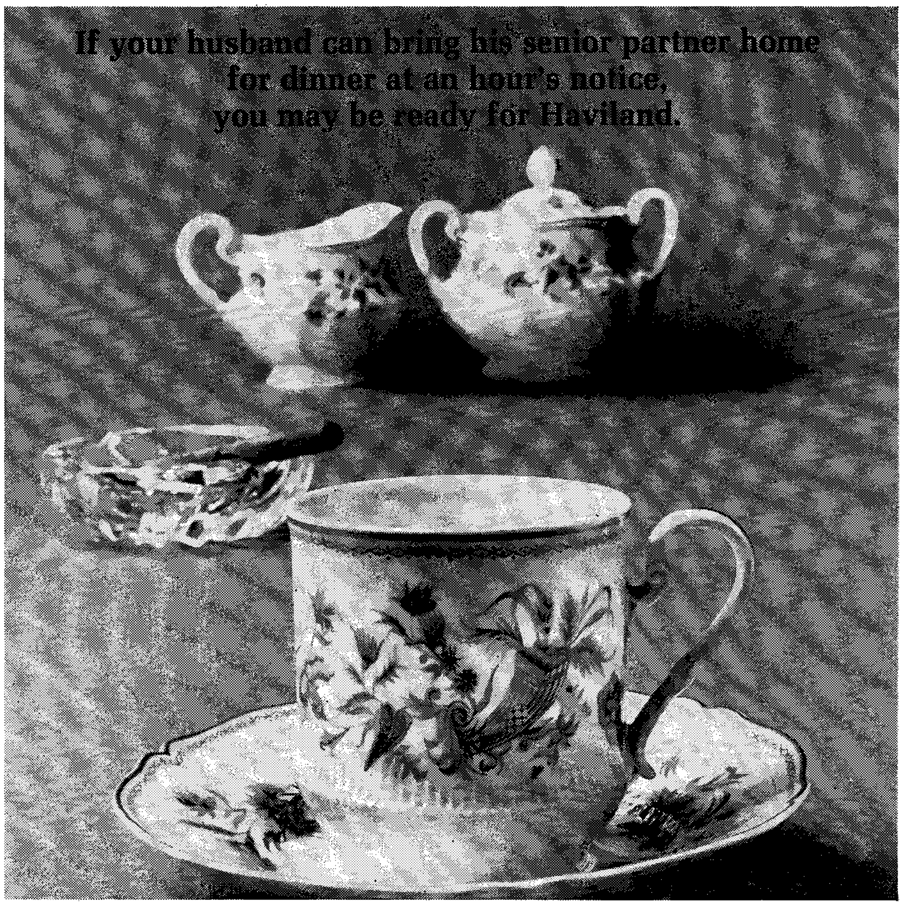
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girl," Ahmed said, with feeling. "She despises him."

"But who arranged this awful marriage?" Madame Hugh asked him, walking in and sitting down on the floor.

"Why, I did," Ahmed said, looking surprised. "There was nothing else to do with the poor girl. Certainly she could not stay in the house unmarried—"

"Not even until you could find a nice young husband for her?" Madame Hugh interrupted.

Ahmed shook his head. "There would be trouble—she has been married once and she can no longer be trusted," he said. He turned for support to Monsieur Hugh. "Everyone knows that once a girl has been married, even for a single night, she can never be trusted to guard herself again. Some man will meet her at the *souk* and offer her a present, and she will follow him." Then he sighed. "So, you see, it was necessary to find a husband for my sister while there was still time," he said. "But I am lucky. I have found a man who wants her. Next week, we will have the marriage."

"I think that's very cruel," Madame Hugh said.

"But you do not understand," Ahmed said. "Moroccans are different from the *nesraniyyin*. You *nesraniyyin*, you do not have to lock up your wives. But here, if I do not lock up my wife, a man will open my door and she will go with him. And bring me great *hshuma*."

"Poor Khadija," Madame Hugh said. "She will never get to wear a miniskirt after all."

Monsieur Hugh poked her.

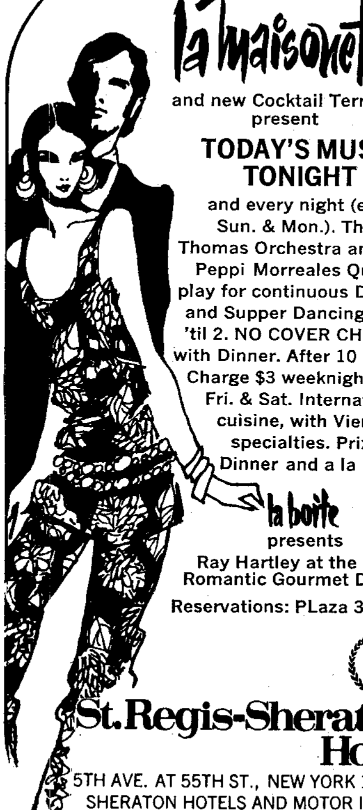
"I have heard that in your country even a man who sees a woman dancing does not follow her," Ahmed said. "That would never happen in Morocco." He looked at Monsieur Hugh and added, "I have seen it all at the movies. The men in America think of nothing but business. But here no one thinks of business. We think only of stealing women. We are very virile, very hot-blooded."

Monsieur Hugh shrugged.

"And the women here are not like the *nesrani* women," Ahmed went on. "The women here will shame their husbands for a few dirhams. They love money."

"All women love money," Monsieur Hugh said.

Ahmed thought for a moment. "Ever since my divorce, I have been spending money on women," he said. "There was one—I walked with her



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one day, and then I asked her parents to make the marriage. They agreed, but they demanded a *sdaq* that was unthinkable." Ahmed paused. "After all, I had already walked with her," he said. "Twice."

Madame Hugh stood up, brushed some of the flour off her bluejeans, and left the room without a word about Khadija's bloomers.

Ahmed watched her go, shaking his head.

"It is difficult to explain, but in America men and women have the same rights," Monsieur Hugh said, smiling. "They are considered . . . equal."

Ahmed slapped his knee and laughed. "Oh, that is very good," he said.

"Well, what happened to the girl?" Monsieur Hugh asked him.

"I said no to her parents, of course," Ahmed said. "I told them that I would never marry their daughter, even if she came free."

Monsieur Hugh chuckled.

"That is why I sent my mother here, to the *bidonville*," Ahmed went on. "I said to my mother, 'Show me a poor girl and I will show you a scandal in the family.' "

Monsieur Hugh looked confused.

"You see, I wanted a girl who was young and had been in trouble," Ahmed explained. "I knew that then there would be no problems with money. No stories. No disobedience. I knew that a poor girl would always obey me, because I had rescued her. And I knew that her parents would be grateful. I knew that if I beat her she could not run home, because her parents would bolt the door and tell her, 'Go back to your husband, who has rescued you.' "

Ahmed sat back, contented, as the sound of flutes and drums and singing filled the alley. Then, when the procession reached the house, he leaned over and shut the door. It would not be modest, he said, to show himself to the neighbors with so many of his gifts around.

Outside, Omar and Dawia welcomed the women of Ahmed's family. Yemna came first, leading the goat by a rope and balancing the bundle of wedding caftans on her head. There were five caftans in all. Khadija would wear them, layer on layer, throughout her wedding, in stuffy tribute to her husband's generosity.

Yemna tilted her head, and the bundle tumbled to the ground at Dawia's feet.

Dawia examined the caftans, exclaiming loudly so that the neighbors, standing at their doors, could hear

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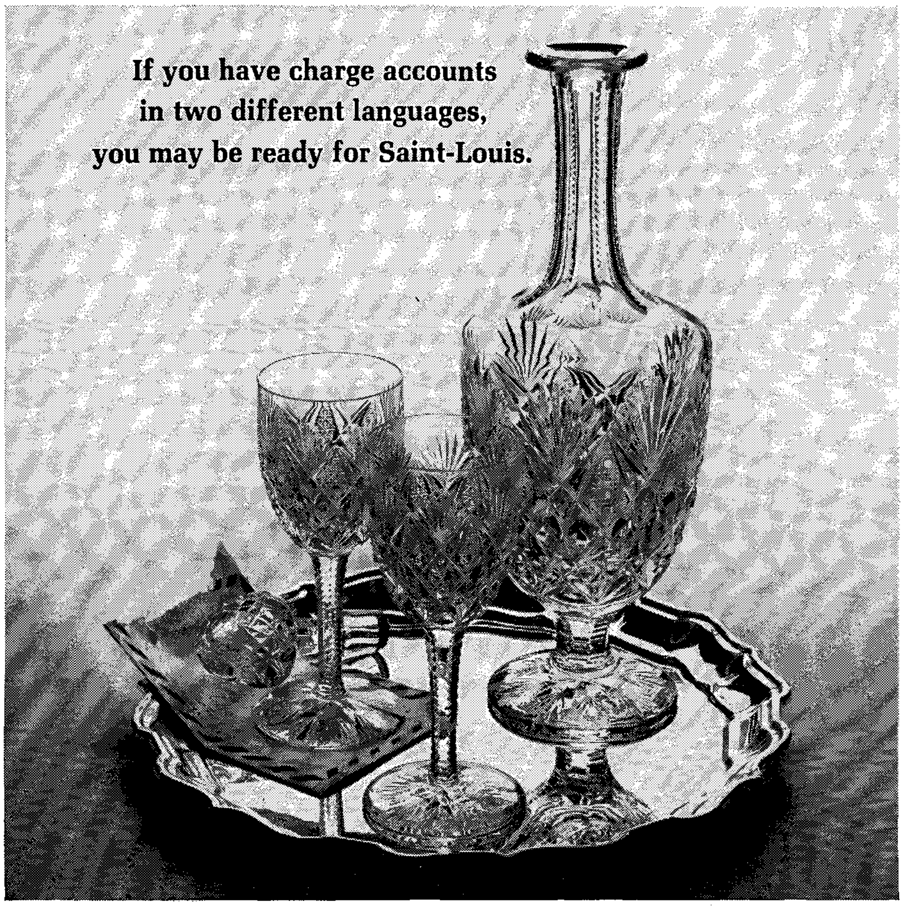

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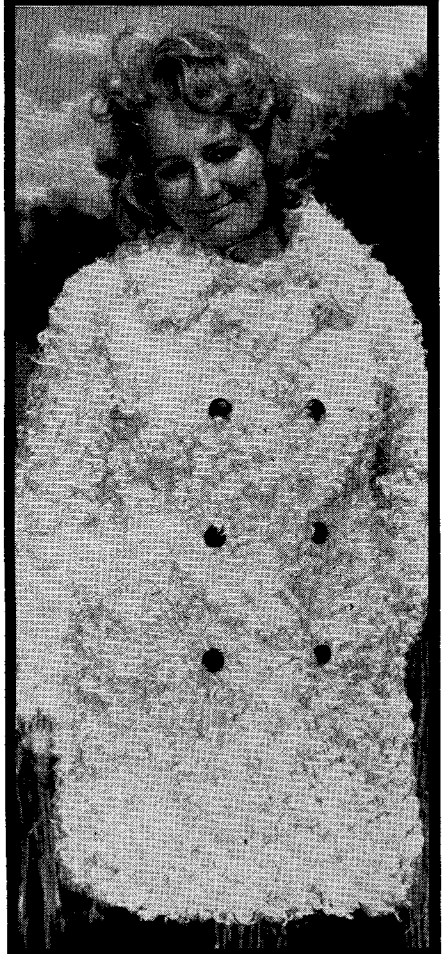

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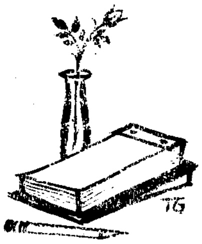
her. "Ah, five beautiful caftans!" she shouted.

Omar nodded energetically. "Five beautiful caftans!" he yelled.

"And two beautiful pairs of shoes," Ahmed's twin sister, Hada, said, dumping her bundle at the feet of the happy parents.

"Two beautiful gold belts, three nightgowns, and a European pin!" Naima called out, adding her own bundle to the pile.

Dawia scooped up the clothes and ran into the red room, where Khadija was sitting with a jagged piece of mirror, smearing some of Madame Hugh's blue eye cream across her eyelids. Madame Hugh, behind her, was combing the snarls out of Khadija's long black hair. She took the bundles, and Dawia ran back to the alley to greet the musicians.



There were four musicians in the wedding procession. Two of them were drummers. The other two carried elegant little flutes made of apricot wood. For the moment, they had all stopped playing and were pacing back and forth before the doorway, waiting for their butter and honey. In honor of the occasion, they had skipped lunch.

Dawia beamed at them. "You see, Ahmed has paid for *two* flutes," she said to Omar.

Omar nodded glumly. Now *he* was obliged to pay for two flutists for the feast tomorrow. There would never be an end to his expenses, he whispered to Dawia. Then, as Musa turned in to the alley holding up a big package, he invited the musicians into the house for honey and butter. The neighbors shut their doors, satisfied.

Abderrahman dragged the goat up the narrow stairs that led from the courtyard to the roof, where it would soon be sacrificed and skinned and hung to dry. Dawia took the women into the red room to help put Khadija into her five new wedding gowns.

Ahmed, in the *bit dyaf*, closed his eyes. "Well," he said. "It has finally started."

"Praise be to Allah," Monsieur Hugh said.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5TH: All the wedding guests arrived this afternoon. Musa was the first to come. Fresh from a nap, he walked proudly up the alley, his black turtleneck sweater still damp from a scrubbing in a bucketful of Tide, and his black hair smooth and shiny with a touch of olive oil. Habiba followed him to the wedding at a respectable, wifely distance, with a daughter cradled in each of her plump arms and a prospective son bulging under the dark jellaba that was shielding her bright, red Berber party clothes from the scrutiny of Arab alley boys. Mokhtar and Mustafa came next, with *their* wives and children, and their father and mother. Zahara, unaccustomed as she was by now to going walking, stumbled along behind them in a pair of stiff new shoes. Then Bushta came, armed with a stick and uninvited, to defend his fiancée against the melon merchant, who stayed home. The neighbors came in huge families, trailing babies and grandmothers and distant cousins. Yemna came, on foot, with Ahmed's Meknasi sisters and his three small sons. And Ahmed's friends from the *medina* came by taxicab, alone, muttering to one another about the huts in Sidi Yussef and the unpaved roads.

Finally, just as the sun dropped out of sight behind the sacred mountain where Khadija had been stolen, Monsieur and Madame Hugh turned in to the alley in their car. Monsieur Hugh had added a necktie and a plaid jacket to the blue shirt and khaki pants he always wore to Sidi Yussef, and Madame Hugh had abandoned her bluejeans and little skirts for a long, silky orange dress that turned miraculously into trousers when she moved around. Madame Hugh told Dawia, who was very much impressed with this exotic costume, that it was called a culotte and was worn by ladies across the ocean in the city of New York.

Some Moroccans would say that it was bad luck for men to look at the women at a wedding. Others would say that it was *haram*—forbidden—in the eyes of Allah. But most Moroccans would say that women at weddings were simply too beautiful to be safely seen. All the young women and the virgins at Khadija's wedding came oiled and hennaed and drenched to a steamy allure with their favorite perfume, which was called Nuits Arabes. Silvery bracelets jingled on their arms. Plastic beads from the *medina* glittered at their throats. It was clear to them all that, in their perfume and jewelry and shimmering acetate caftans from the *caesaria*, the young women of Sidi Yussef were much too beautiful to be looked on, and only when they were closeted in the red room with Khadija did they throw off their veils and their gray jellabas and step into the candlelight to admire each other.

Madame Hugh, in her culotte,

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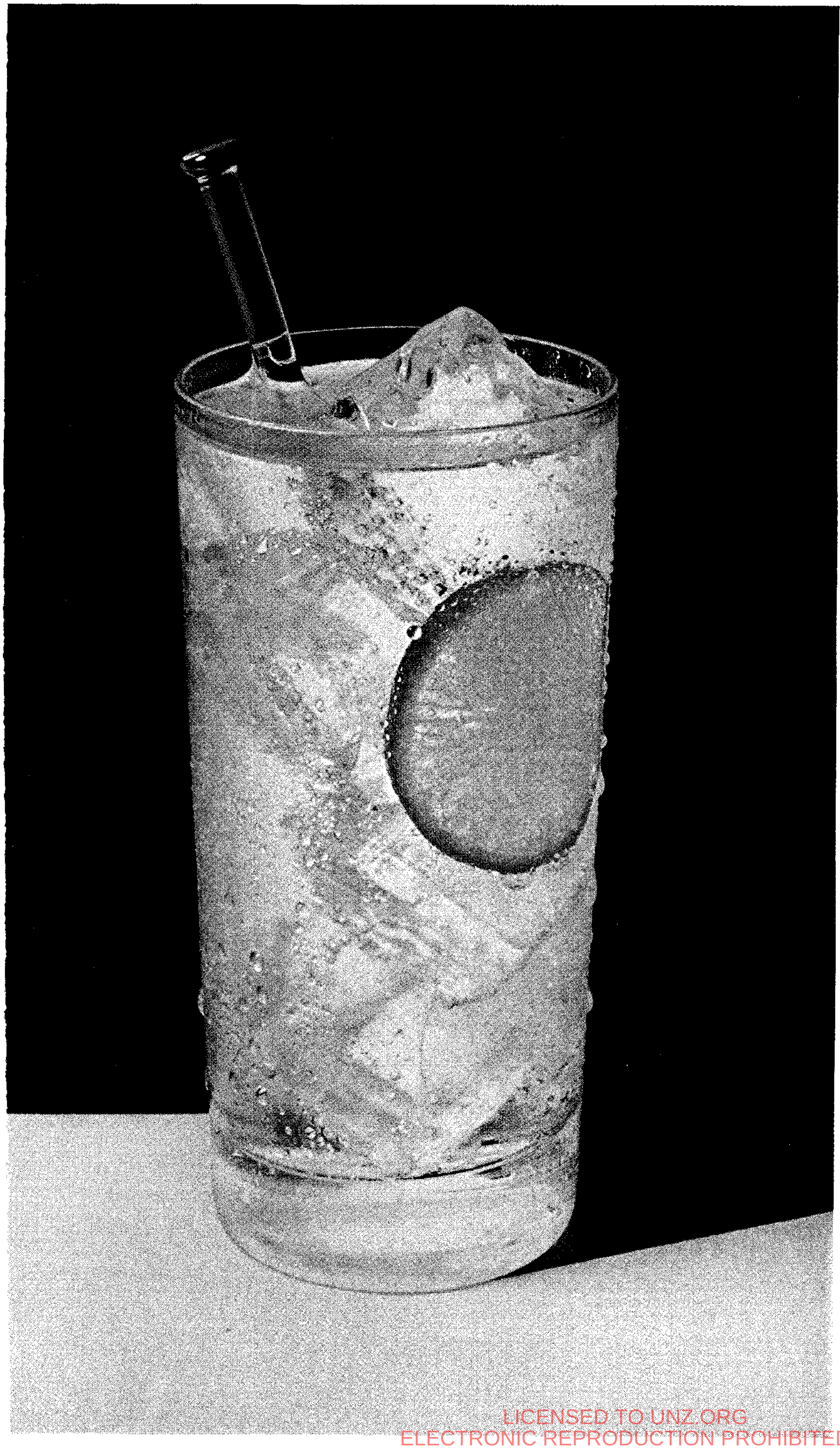

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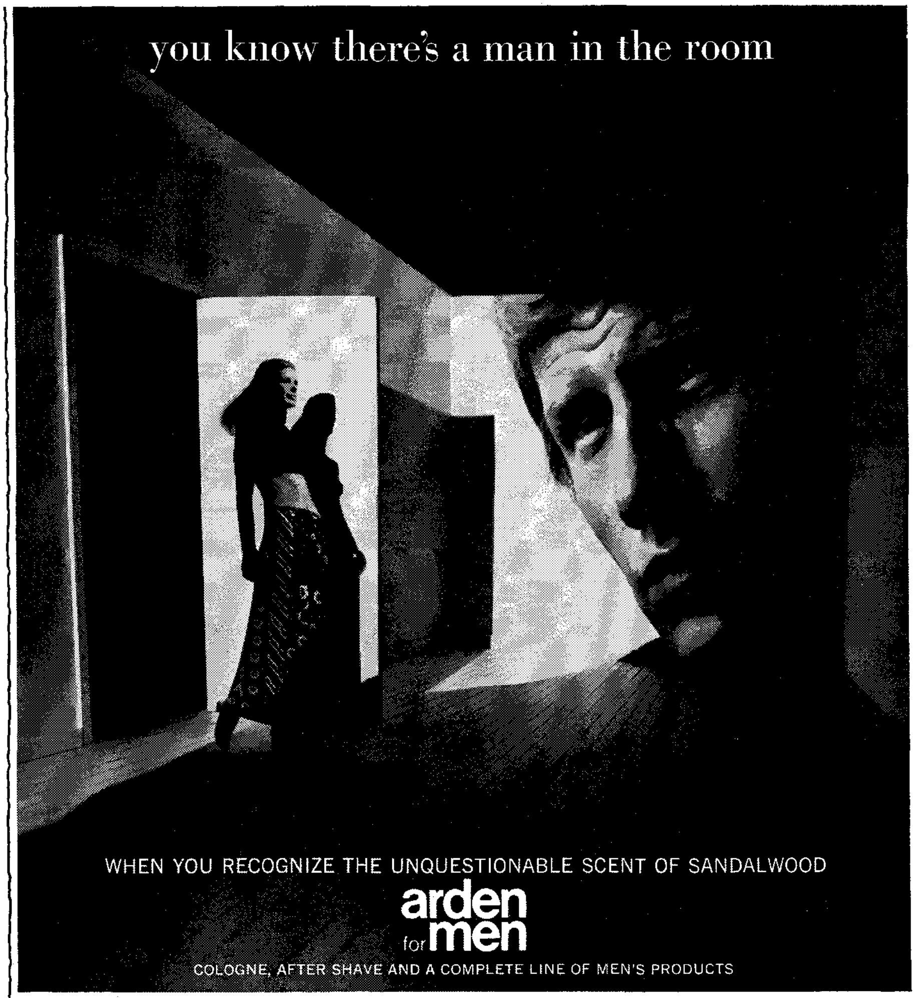
walked into the courtyard, where Yemna and the old women of thirty-five and seventy sat, like vigilantes, with the small children, burning incense and gossiping about the price of chickens and the price of brides. Then the door to the red room opened, and a bare brown arm reached out and pulled the *nesraniyya* inside. Monsieur Hugh, at the edge of the courtyard, watched her disappear into the makeshift harem. He stood there for a while, smiling bashfully at the old women, but when they began to ululate—to youyou—disapprovingly he ran up the stairs to the roof to join the men.

Omar's roof was chilly after the closeness downstairs, where the smells of sweat, acetate dyes, moist henna, Nuits Arabes, and babies had mingled with the burning incense to produce a pungent, nearly suffocating incense of their own. Only this morning, the *shuwwaf* had remarked to Dawia that the forty days of heat, which had come to Meknes at the time Khadija was stolen, would end tonight, in honor of the girl's deliverance. Omar had laughed at the prediction—"If he is blind, tell me, how can he count?" Omar had asked when his wife came home—but now he was forced to admit that the *shuwwaf*, for once, had told the truth. A sharp westerly wind was blowing over the city, and the men on Omar's roof, who had come to the wedding in their thinnest summer jellabas, were huddled together on little rugs and blankets, trying to keep warm.

"It is just as the *shuwwaf* said!" Omar called to Monsieur Hugh when the American's head popped up out of the dark stairwell. "The *smaym* has gone. It is a good omen."

Monsieur Hugh shivered, and he took his place on one of the striped Berber blankets Musa had donated to the wedding decorations. Around him, the men, in their small huddles, were talking together softly, ill at ease. The wedding of a *siyida* was an awkward occasion—even the old men of Sidi Yussef, who sat in a corner warming their hands at a brazier, seemed at a loss for the proper protocol. They stared into the brazier or out over the neighbors' rooftops and did their best to ignore the mutterings of Ahmed's friends. Only Musa kept his eyes on the young men from the *medina*. They had stationed themselves on one of Musa's finest blankets, and not one of them had remembered to take off his shoes. Musa was ready to snatch his blanket out from under them. He was waiting for the first smudge.

Ahmed, sitting with his friends, was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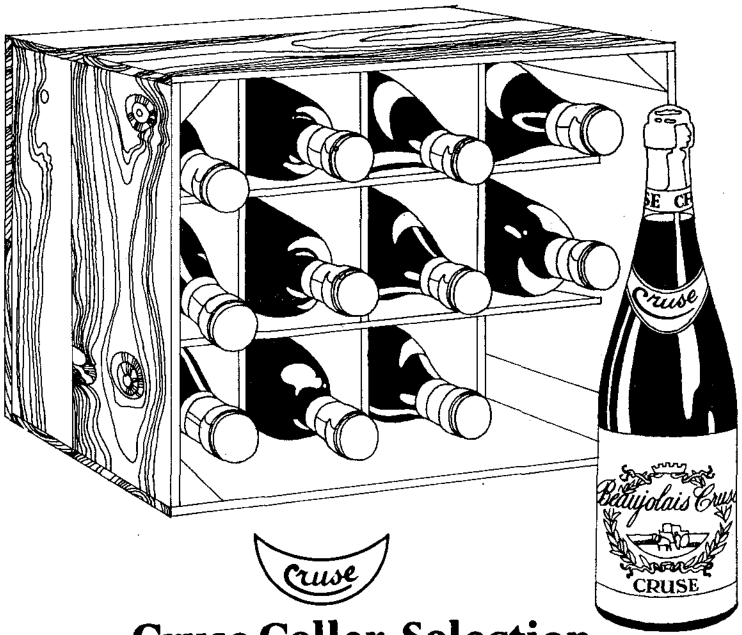

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also trying to ignore their comments. First, they had snickered at Omar, in his post-office uniform, and now they were passing the time until dinner joking about the poverty of the quarter and about the cheap tea they were drinking and the raggedy condition of everybody else's clothes. Ahmed, for the third time tonight, was explaining to them his reasons for choosing a wife in Sidi Yussef. His first wife had been lazy, he said. Money meant nothing to her. She never worked to get the best prices at the vegetable *souk*, and once she even spent a dirham at the tailor, having his pants mended, rather than mend them herself. Ahmed's friends nodded, looking glum.

Mokhtar and Mustafa, meanwhile, were spending a quiet evening in a dark corner of the roof. Mustafa, who on arrival had crumbled a little chunk of hashish into his mint tea and almost immediately passed out, was lying on his back, snoring peacefully. Mokhtar, who had shared the tea, was squatting on his heels, grinning at everyone. Their father, next to them, pretended that Mokhtar and Mustafa were not around. Allel had come to the wedding with his mangy prayer rug, and at the moment he was waiting for the muezzin at the mosque to climb to the roof with his bullhorn and wail out the invocation to evening prayer. He had just asked his aging future son-in-law to check the time again.

Bushta, standing in the corner, put his stick down and consulted a gleaming, chromium-plated pocket watch. He could not tell Allel when the prayers would start, but he knew from the giggles and shrieks of the little boys who were hanging over the big square opening in the middle of the roof that it was time for the virgins and the young women to come out of the red room and begin their dancing. He seized his stick, waiting for one of Ahmed's friends to make a move. When none of the young men budged, he brandished his stick regardless and hollered into the night that he himself was going to guard the opening.

The little boys scattered, laughing. Three of them were Ahmed's sons. They had lost their old mother, in accordance with the Prophet's law, when Ahmed divorced her, but they had just had a look at a new mother with bright-blue eyelids and five beautiful wedding gowns. Earlier, they had also had a look at Abdeslam, the driver, who was lying in the alley getting drunk on a forbidden bottle of Meknes burgundy. Abdeslam was still celebrating.

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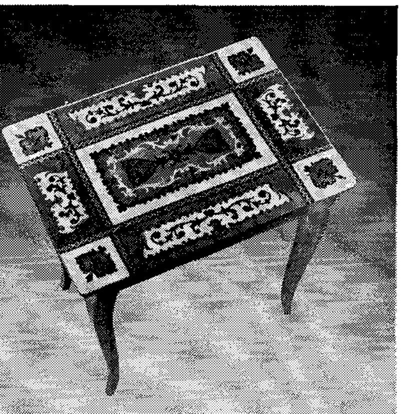

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women and the virgins settled into a wide circle on the floor and took the tall clay drums that Dawia was handing out of the red room. Khadija got the first drum. It was an enormous purple *gwal,* and it rocked and slid around when she tried to rest it on her shoulder. Finally, Khadija kicked off her new white shoes, squatted barefoot on the floor tiles, and clamped the *gwal* firmly in place between her knees. She rolled up the drooping sleeves of her outermost caftan—a white, satiny caftan stamped with pink and yellow rosebuds. She rubbed her smarting eyelids. And she began to play.

Dawia, beaming, shooed the children into the *bit dyaf* for a nap on the mattresses that she had stitched together for the consummation of Khadija's marriage.

One by one, the young women and the virgins stood to belly dance. Habiba danced first, because Naima, who had never seen a Berber belly dance, pulled her, protesting, into the center of the circle. But Habiba could barely move a muscle of her swollen belly, and soon Naima started dancing herself. She was a plump, rosy girl with a tangle of black ringlets on her forehead, and she danced on and on around the circle while the rest of the women youyoued with pleasure and banged their drums. Then, coming to Zahara, she held out her hands. Zahara shook her head, reached up under Naima's swishing caftan, and tried to pull her bloomers down. Both girls tumbled to the floor, laughing.

"My new husband is going to be older and fatter and uglier than yours," Naima shrieked, tickling Zahara in the ribs.

Zahara howled, rolling her round brown eyes in the direction of the roof. "*Mine* is worse," she said. "Go up and see for yourself."

Naima, still laughing, crawled over to Madame Hugh. "It is Allah's will—what can I do?" she asked the American lady. Then she grabbed Madame Hugh by the hand and dragged her into the center of the circle. She wanted to learn a beautiful American dance, she said. Ahmed had seen it in the movies, and Madame Hugh, perhaps, had seen it too. It was called "the Twisting."

To claps and youyous and the beat of the big clay drums, Madame Hugh began to dance. The old women, sitting along the courtyard walls, stared in terror at the thumping, jerking spectacle, and even Dawia, who had gone back to the kitchen to guard her couscous from treachery, came out to watch. In a minute, all the virgins and the young women but Khadija were

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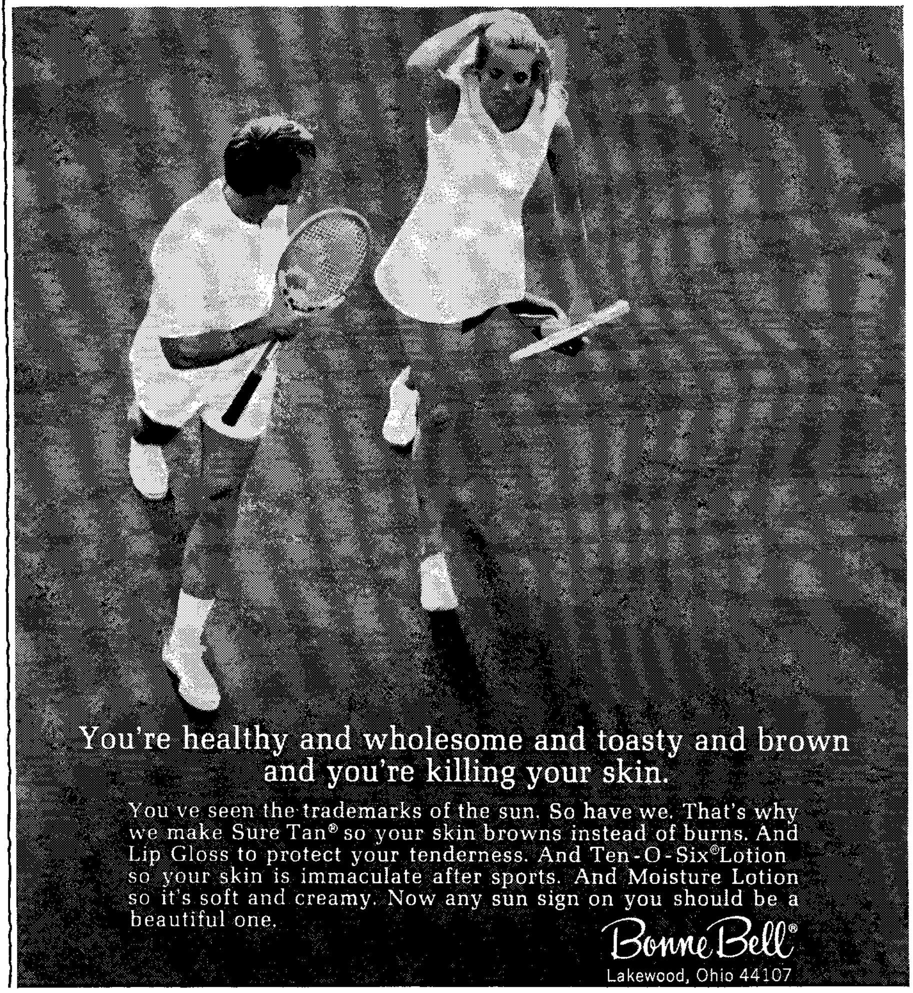

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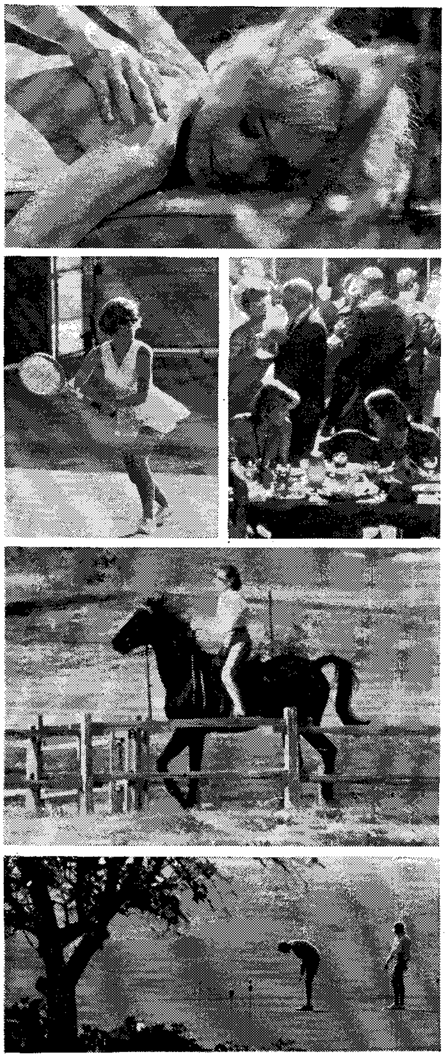

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busy learning Twisting from Madame Hugh. For a bride, dancing was very *hshuma*.

Suddenly, the old women along the walls began to youyou excitedly. Out in the alley, the wedding musicians had just signalled their arrival with a wail of flutes, and the men were running down the stairs to welcome them. The young women and the virgins turned away demurely when the men ran by. The old women covered their faces with their shawls.

Omar was the first man out the door. He had paid two drummers and two flutists for the evening, and now, in his honor, the drummers and the flutists were serenading Omar with the wedding music from his native village. They stood at the door playing as the men filed out. Then, grinning, they stepped aside, and a large, perspiring young woman with kohl-rimmed eyes and a mouth that was nibbled to a brilliant crimson came dancing out of the darkness up to Omar. The young woman was a *shikha*, a dancing whore who travelled from city to city, *souk* to *souk*, and pilgrimage to pilgrimage with a troupe of wandering musicians. Her mother, who was retired from travelling, ran a small brothel in Meknes, and the *shikha*, whenever she was homesick, liked to pass through town and pay a visit to her mother's house. Omar was one of her oldest clients. Today, she had heard the news about his daughter's wedding and, out of respect for the family, she had decided to come out to Sidi Yussef to entertain his guests. As soon as all the men in the alley were singing and dancing to the wedding music, she offered her arm to Omar, and they began to dance. Then she danced with Mokhtar, who was also one of her admirers. So, in fact, was Mustafa, but Mustafa, as Omar had noted with satisfaction, was still snoring in his corner of the roof. Omar watched Mokhtar and the *shikha* dancing for a minute, and then, with a host's prerogative, he snatched the lady from his brother and danced her around the alley again.

S
P
Judith Shahn

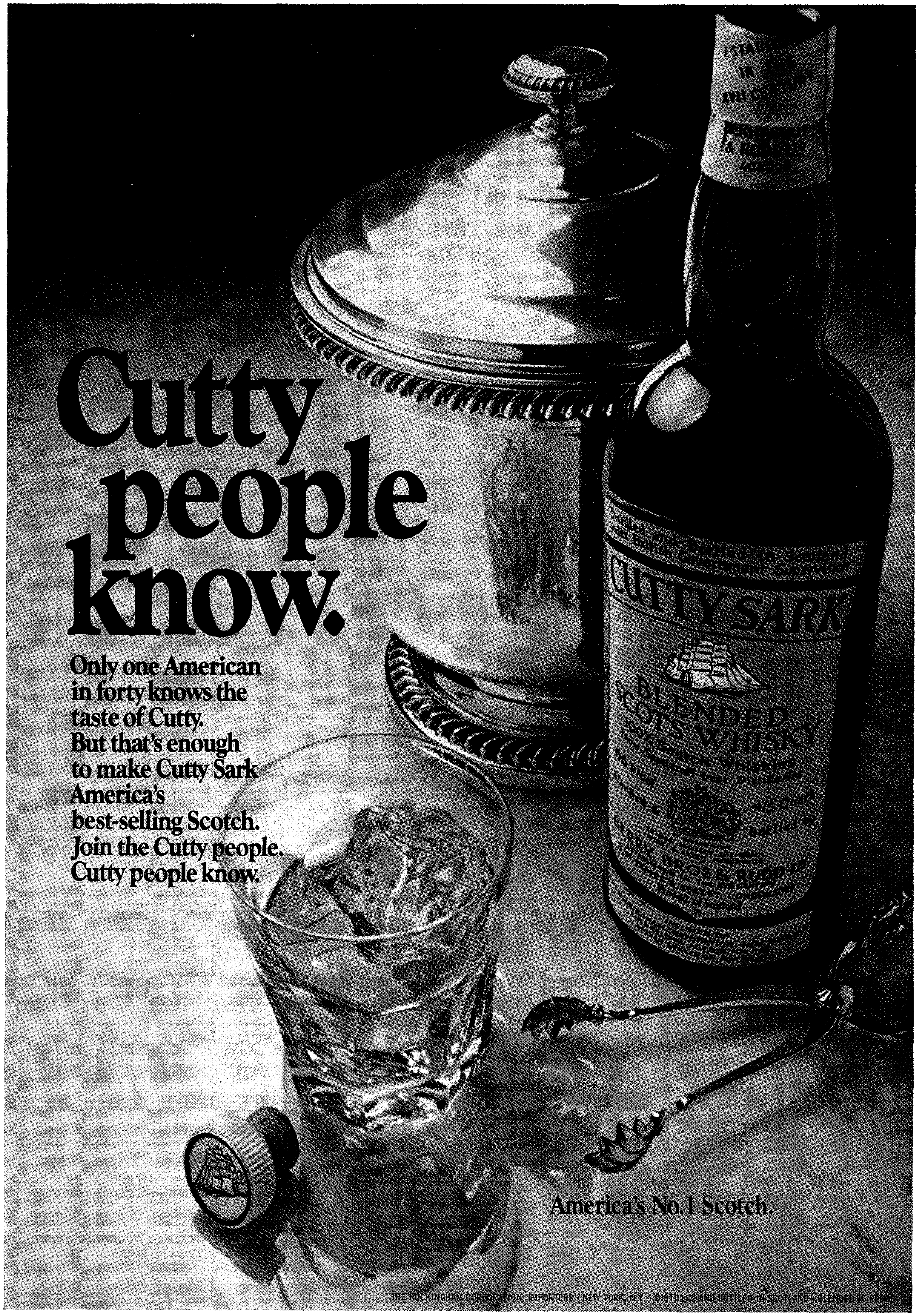
An hour later, Dawia opened the door a modest crack to say that the wedding feast was being served.

Madame Hugh was still Twisting when the *shikha* walked into the courtyard, hand in hand with Dawia. It was clear that she startled the *shikha* with her strange dancing and her orange costume, because the *shikha*, dropping Dawia's hand, pulled Madame Hugh down onto a pillow to examine her. The *shikha* admired the miraculous trousers, as well as the pearly-pink paint on Madame Hugh's toenails. Then, showing the *nesraniyya* her tattoos, which covered her forehead, her chin, her arms, her legs, and her ankles, she announced to the women that she was going to perform her special wedding dance. All the women and the virgins clapped.

The *shikha* stood up, smoothed the skirt of her gauzy caftan, and marched around the courtyard. Finally, by the kitchen door, she spotted one of the bottles of Sidi Ali's holy water, which Khadija was going to drink tonight to insure a fruitful marriage with many male children. She held up the bottle for the women to approve. Then, placing it under her caftan, she danced over to Khadija and began to sing.

The young women and the virgins rolled around on the floor, laughing. Soon they were all singing with the *shikha*. Yemna and the old women were singing. Dawia, back in the kitchen, was singing. Even Khadija, who had been sulking about her lost opportunity to learn Twisting, was singing as the *shikha* jiggled the bottle of holy water up and down. None of the women heard Abdeslam pounding on the door and hollering that he had come to claim the bride—Abdeslam, after his second bottle of burgundy, had stopped celebrating and started regretting—and none of them noticed Omar and Ahmed race down the stairs to drive him away. Abdeslam left the alley with a black eye just as the *shikha* completed the last stanza of her wedding song.

Up on the roof, the men sat shivering around clay platters and dug their fingers into the wedding couscous and the goat stew. Ahmed's friends, alone on Musa's blanket, were grumbling about the meal, which they said was not up to *medina* standards as a wedding feast, but Bushta, who had already eaten his way through two platters of stew, was belching contentedly. Omar, prowling around the roof with a flashlight to see to his company, announced to no one in particular that this was the finest wedding he had ever been to. He scooped up a handful of couscous from the platter that the Sidi Yussef men were sharing, smacked his lips loudly, and then walked over to the corner to wake up Mustafa. The women, downstairs, had started eating, and soon it would be time for Mokhtar and Mustafa, as the bride's paternal uncles, to stand in the middle of the courtyard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and call on the wedding guests for gifts.

With Mokhtar's help, Omar managed to get Mustafa on his feet and down into the courtyard by the time the women finished eating. Dawia had just come out of the kitchen with a bowl of wet pounded henna, and Zahara, kneeling before Khadija, had rolled up her sleeves and was ready to apply it to her niece's hands and feet. All the women were youyouing. They crowded around Khadija, making a screen of shawls and caftans. Then Zahara solemnly dipped her hands into the henna and reached out for the bride's right foot.

"Who has the first present for Omar's daughter?" Mokhtar shouted.

One of the Sidi Yussef women tossed him a flat silvery box. There was a pretty picture of Mary, the mother of the *nesrani* prophet, on the cover of the box, but Mary's face had been replaced by a piece of cellophane to reveal—"Praise be to Allah, what have we here?" Mokhtar shouted—a long yellow nylon nightgown in two layers.

Everybody murmured approvingly. The Virgin Mary's nightgowns were highly prized in Sidi Yussef. They came all the way from Spain to the *medina*, where they could be purchased at five dirhams a layer, and they were considered wedding presents in impeccable taste. Five more women passed their boxes of nightgowns over to Mokhtar. He opened them all, and held up each of the nightgowns for the other women to admire.

"Thank you in the name of Allah!" Mokhtar called over the din of the youyouing.

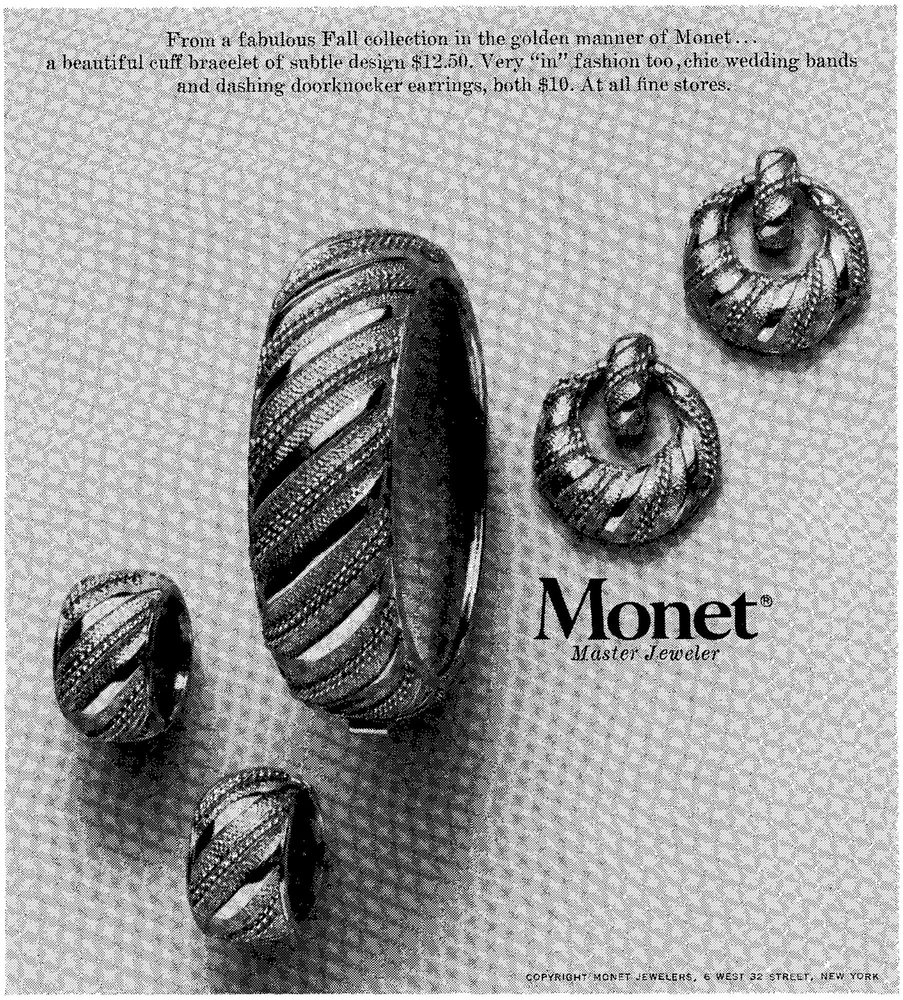
"And in the name of the Prophet," Mustafa added, staggering around the courtyard. "And in the name of Sidi Ali, Sidi Ahmed, Sheikh el Kamel, Moulay Idriss—" Mustafa tripped over one of the old women and fell down. In a minute, he was snoring again. Omar and Dawia dragged him into the kitchen to sleep.

"And who else is going to give?" Mokhtar said, leaping into the middle of the courtyard and calling up to the men on the roof. Several hands reached out over the opening, clutching coins and bills. A shower of dirhams bounced off Mokhtar.

"Five dirhams from Hassan ben Gdar!" a voice from the roof called down.

"Ten dirhams from the family of Labid ben Yussef," another voice said.

"Five dirhams from Hassan ben Gdar, ten dirhams from the family of Labid ben Yussef!" Mokhtar shouted. "May Allah bless you! May all the



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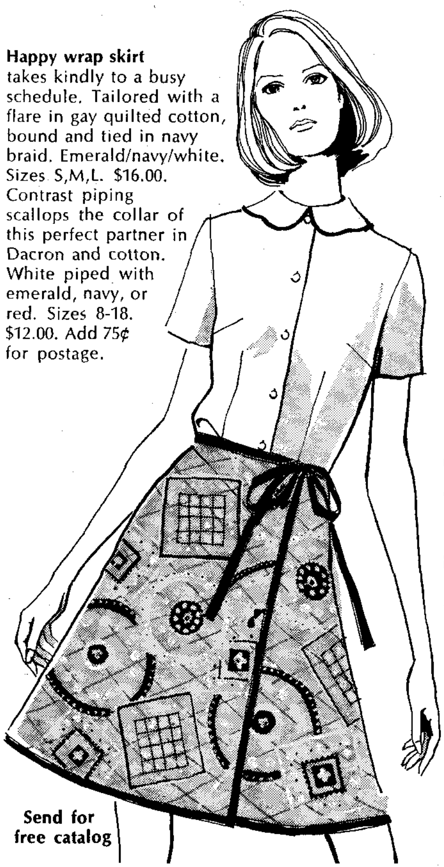

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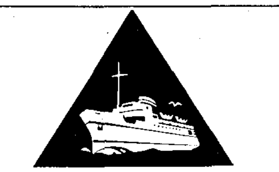

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saints of the land bless you! May Sidi Ali and Sidi Ahmed and Moulay Idriss bless you!"

Zahara dipped into her bowl and reached for Khadija's left foot.

The *shikha* marched up to Mokhtar, with a toss of her damp black hair, and slapped five dirhams into his outstretched palm. Mokhtar made an appointment for Tuesday afternoon.

Suddenly, a fifty-dirham bill floated down into the courtyard.

"Fifty dirhams from Bushta," came the deep, cracking voice of Zahara's fiancé.

Mokhtar jumped up and down in his torn undershirt, waving the money for all the wedding guests to see. "Fifty dirhams from the fine Bushta, the generous Bushta, the worthy, honorable, beautiful Bushta!" he shouted.

Omar looked stunned. He turned to Dawia, at the kitchen door, and whispered, "Bushta must be very happy to have his driver back."

"Everything is for the best," Dawia said.

The hennaing went on. By the time Zahara set aside an empty bowl and wiped her hands on her caftan, it was two in the morning, and Mokhtar had collected more than a hundred dirhams and eleven nightgowns. The women had settled down in the courtyard to wait grimly for the consummation of the marriage, and the men, up on the roof, had settled down to wait for tea.

Dawia scooped up the money on the floor, tied it in a rag, and stuffed it into the bosom of her caftan, where it swung around slowly, like a bulky pendulum. Then, dragging a dozen sleepy children from the *bit dyaf*, she dusted the mattresses for Khadija and Ahmed. At first, when Ahmed had announced that he was actually coming to his own wedding, instead of waiting with his friends in the *medina* for his bride to be delivered to him, Dawia had said that such a wedding was *hshuma*. Even Yemna, who knew that her son was saving money that would otherwise go to feed a second dinner to the wedding party, had acknowledged that it was not done. But now Dawia looked proud that Ahmed was going to spend his wedding night in Sidi Yussef. Humming to herself, she lit a tall white candle that was standing on the floor in a broken saucer. Then she called softly to Khadija, who left the courtyard, modestly sobbing.

Khadija took her place on the bridal mattresses. Dawia covered her daughter's face with a long shawl and laid an odd white package at her side. When she was back in the courtyard, pouring tea and chattering gaily to the women,

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Ahmed tiptoed down the stairs and into the *bit dyaf* and shut the door.

Half an hour later, Dawia looked up from her glass of tea and let loose a piercing youyou into the early-morning air. The old women, the young women, and the virgins jumped to their feet. Wide-eyed and exclaiming, they raced after Dawia into the *bit dyaf*. Then they began to youyou, too. Even Madame Hugh, who had never mastered the women's art, was youyouing. Ahmed had gone. Khadija, lying on the mattresses in her five wedding gowns, was smiling slyly, and Yemna was standing beside her, balancing a big brass tea tray on her head. Spread across the tea tray, for everyone to acknowledge, there was a pair of beautiful and very bloody bloomers.

Up on the roof, the drummers and the flutists began to play.

"It cannot be," the old men of Sidi Yussef whispered to one another.

"This is not what we have heard," Ahmed's comrades grumbled.

"This is impossible," Bushta said.

Ahmed and Omar, however, stood before them all, grinning proudly, and Yemna was already up the stairs with the brass tea tray and the bloomers on her head.

Joining the men in a circle around the old woman and the tea tray, Musa proposed the first song of the morning in honor of the bride's virginity. It was a Berber song, from Musa's mountain village, and he sang it once alone, in the high, clear voice of mountain men. "Honor to the bride," the song went. "Honor to the bride like the pigeon that guards its grain under the clove tree."

"There is a saying," Omar whispered to Monsieur Hugh, who had walked up to the circle with his mouth open. "It is that he who speaks last speaks truth."

In a minute, everyone was singing.

—JANE KRAMER

(*This is the last part of a three-part article.*)

•

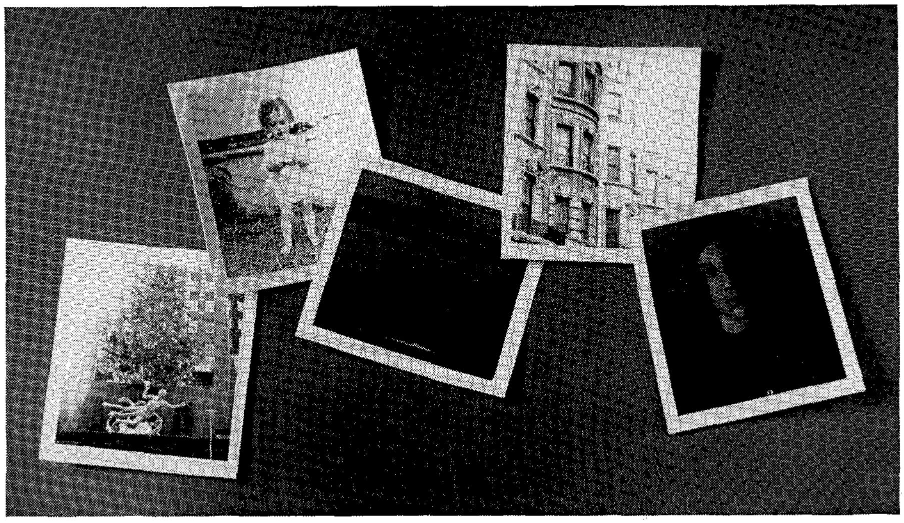
Mills has filed harbor pollution suits against seven alleged pollutors of Portland Harbor—four oil companies, a tow boat operator, a tanker and a teacher.
—*Bangor (Me.) Daily News.*

They're the worst, those pedagogues!

•

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Fraser Jr., of Philadelphia, are pictured at Delphi, Greece, where they exploded antiquities.
—*Photo caption in the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Doing their own thing, very likely.



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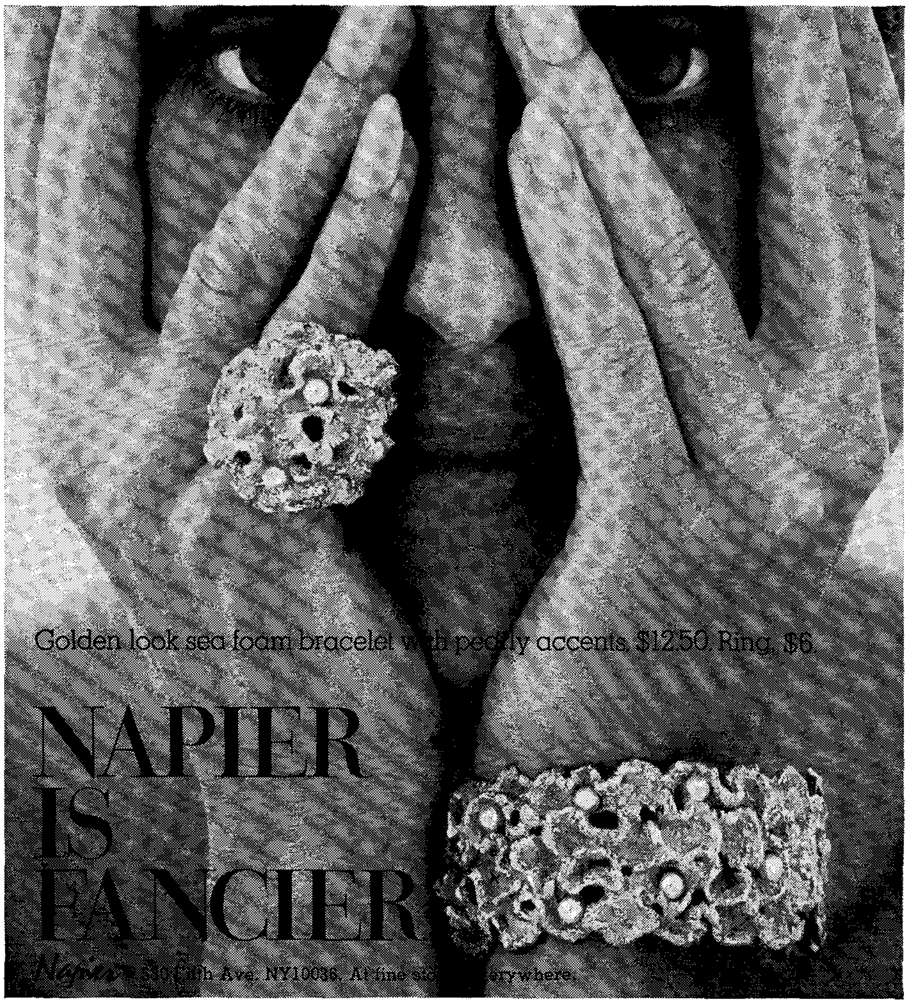

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THE RACE TRACK

A Toast to Ta Wee

LADIES and gentlemen, I give you Ta Wee, who last week won the Fall Highweight Handicap under 140 pounds on the opening day of Belmont Park's autumn meeting. Quite apart from the sheer excitement and pleasure of seeing a good, game filly in action, I thought the race was, in a way, as notable as any I've watched. Thumbing through my old charts, I can't find a record of another filly's carrying 140 pounds—to say nothing of her beating colts under that weight. Some racetrackers I know have a notion that Pan Zareta, an almost legendary runner from Texas, once carried 138 pounds, and maybe more. That was fifty or sixty years ago. I'll string along with Ta Wee. She gave eight seasoned sprinters of the opposite sex from six to twenty-one pounds, ran third for most of the six furlongs, took the lead when she was ready to, and passed the post a neck ahead of Towzie Tyke and Distinctive. To me it was a performance comparable to the best by her half brother Dr. Fager.

Ta Wee, at four, is no longer a "little sister." She has grown into an individual with much quality, a beautiful, intelligent head, and the soundest, smoothest legs you'll see in a month of Sundays. She looked a picture as she stood in her stall in the paddock, cool and calm while Scotty Schulhofer, who trains her for the Tartan Stable, saddled her, and Johnny Nerud, who developed her but has now moved up to the general managership of the stable, hovered in the background. After a good start, Rotz, who rode her, eased her off the pace in the run to the far turn. There she went round the leaders. For seconds, as they straightened out in the stretch, it looked as though Distinctive might take all the money; in fact, he led for a few strides, but, with the unshakable determination she's shown before, she passed him and then withstood the closing rush of Towzie Tyke. (It would have been unfortunate if an animal with a name like that had won.) The time for the six furlongs was 1:10⅖, which is a fifth of a second slower than her time when she won the race a year ago under 130 pounds. Nerud has said that Ta Wee may run two more races before she is retired for breeding, but he didn't say when or where. If you ask me, she couldn't end her racing days on a higher note than the one she touched in the Fall Highweight.

In comparison to the Fall Highweight, the Maskette Handicap later in the week, for fillies and mares, at a mile, was pretty dull. It was merely a tune-up gallop for the Beldame this weekend. For the record, it was won by Native Partner, with Taken Aback second and Hasty Hitter third.

THE two-year-olds are coming out in droves at Belmont. There were three races for maiden fillies at six furlongs the other afternoon, and Ed Neloy saddled the winners of two of them—Artistically and Mudville. The former is owned by Cynthia Phipps, whose colors—"purple, yellow sleeves and cap"—are those of her grandfather, Henry Carnegie Phipps, who died years ago. Mudville carried her grandmother's colors—the "yellow, purple sleeves and cap" of the Wheatley Stable. By the way, the morning horse-watchers say that Mudville is the stable's top filly. I might add that she's one of the better-named Wheatley Stable racers, being by Bold Lad out of Batter Up. The Rokeby Stable's Canterbury Tale, who came up very fast in the final furlong, putting Mudville to a drive, is also worth remembering.

STILL speaking of two-year-olds, word comes, on a slow boat from Eire, that Minsky, Nijinsky's younger brother, made his first start at the Curragh of Kildare recently and finished second. The race—the Erne Stakes, which his brother won a year ago—had nineteen runners, and Minsky, working his way through the pack, got to the front half a furlong from home but tired and lost by a short head to something named Loch Lomond.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

"A lot of us have formed the Commercial Property Owners Association," said Lewis Rudin on the phone. The Rudins are very extensive landlords indeed. "What we want to do is try and halt legitimate abuses and also investigate various accusations."—*Robert Sylvester in the News.*

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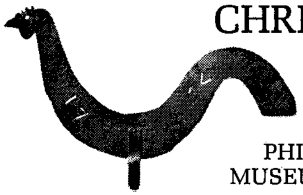

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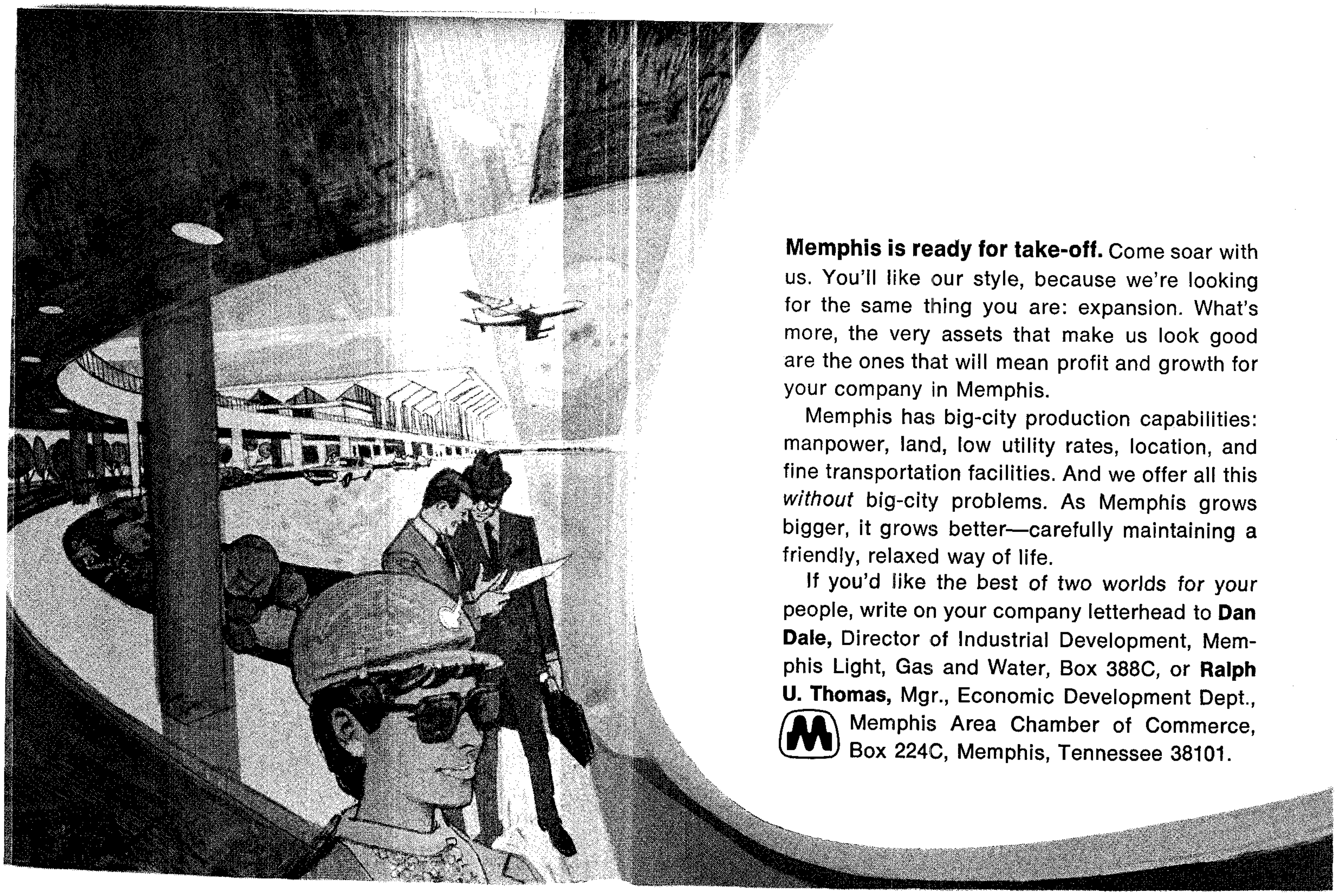

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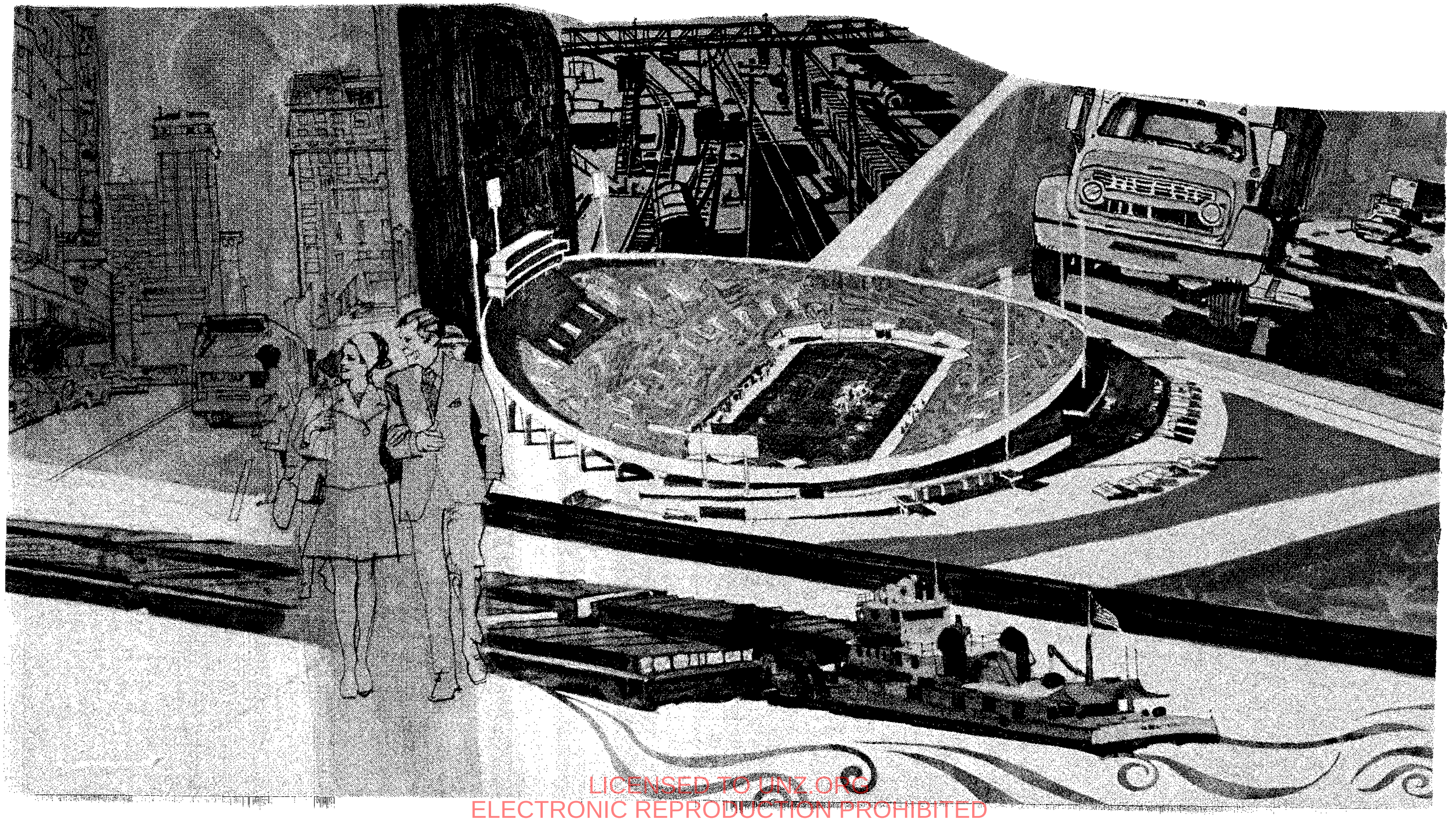


BOOKS

Robert to the Rescue

BEGINNING on Friday, January 10, 1845, and ending on Friday, September 18, 1846, R. B. and E. B. B. between them wrote five hundred and seventy-three letters, which in the two-volume edition of "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, 1845-1846" (edited by Elvan Kintner, and published, at thirty dollars, by the Belknap Press of Harvard University Press) take up a thousand and eighty-seven pages. I can think of no more striking example, firstly, of the extraordinary energy of the Victorians, and, secondly, of their sense of having plenty of time for everything. In this century, it is impossible to imagine two lovers in the same circumstances writing a third as much. It was the duty of Mr. Elvan Kintner, as their editor, to read every single word, and it must be said at once that he has done a magnificent job, which could not be improved on. The annotation is particularly admirable. This, says Mr. Kintner,

> undertakes not only to identify people, places, and literary allusions, but to furnish bits of biography, quotations from newspapers and periodicals, cross-references between letters, and even exegesis at a point or two where Browning's prose gets confusing.

As for the text of the letters themselves, he has attempted something more than exactness:

> The holograph letters are full of variant readings, alterations, and cancellations, some of them dramatically decisive, others still legible. Some of these are directly alluded to in the text itself; others provide a reading in depth that clarifies the meaning or the tone or both of a sentence or a letter.

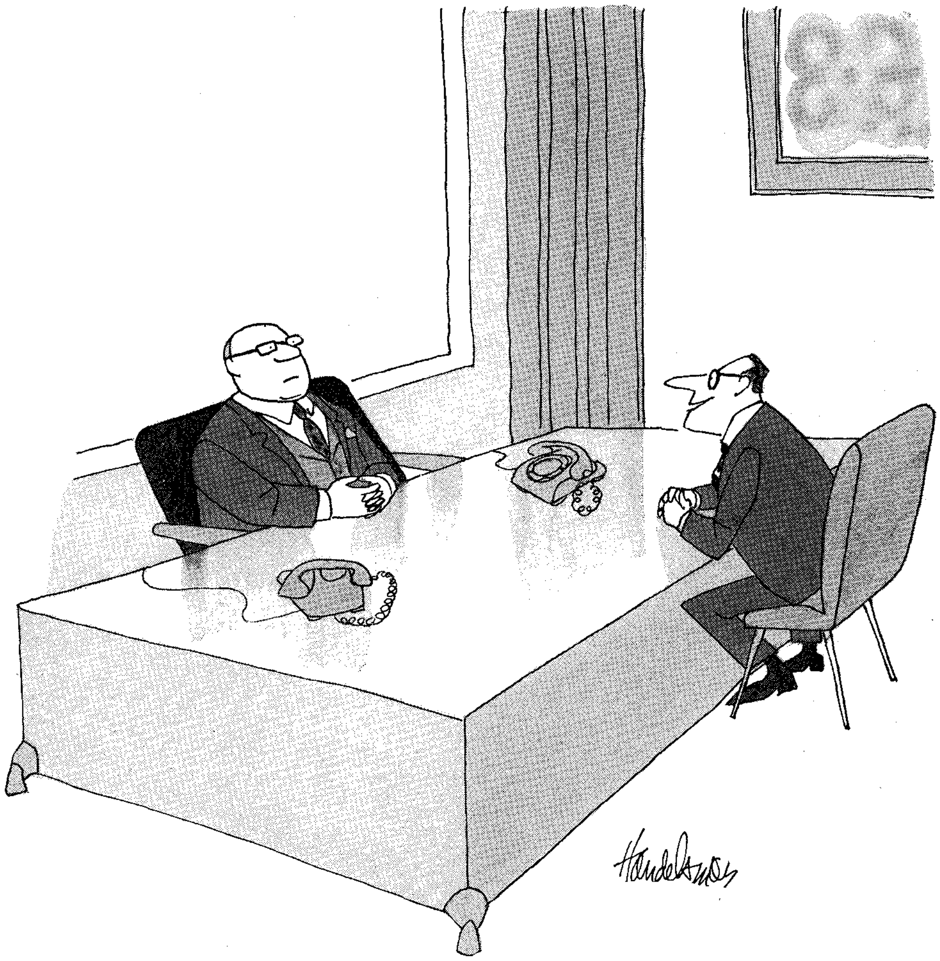
Lastly, his introduction is pleasantly modest in length but gives all the relevant historical facts. I have only one question. Mr. Kintner says that at the time "the line between upper middle class and gentry was blurring," which seems to suggest that he thinks that Browning was born into the upper-middle class. Had he not been a poet—the social status of a writer or artist is always something special—I would have said that by birth he belonged to the middle-middle or even lower-middle class. In England, when I was a boy, neither a businessman (someone "in trade," as we said) nor a dissenter was considered *quite* respectable.

Well, for our profit, Mr. Kintner has read every word of these letters, but I cannot see any other human being doing the same. The vocabulary of love and endearment, like that of sex, is very limited. To the lovers themselves, there is no such thing as repetition; pledges of undying affection, benedictions, and so on cannot be renewed too often. For the detached outsider, it is otherwise. Luckily for the detached outsider, however, the actual story of Browning's courtship of E. B. B. and their elopement is so extraordinary, so dramatic, even melodramatic, that their correspondence remains the most interesting collection of love letters ever published. Furthermore, their mutual affection aside, both parties are intelligent, well read, highly articulate persons with whom one is glad to become acquainted. Readers of Browning's poetry know how fascinated he was by the grotesque in Nature. Take these lines from "The Englishman in Italy":

> . . . our fisher arrive,
> And pitch down his basket before
> us,
> All trembling alive
> With pink and grey jellies, your
> sea-fruit;
> You touch the strange lumps,
> And mouths gape there, eyes open,
> all manner
> Of horns and of humps,
> Which only the fisher looks grave
> at,
> While round him like imps
> Cling screaming the children as
> naked
> And brown as his shrimps.

Every now and again in the prose of his letters one encounters the same kind of vision. For instance:

> What a fine fellow our English water-eft is; "Triton paludis Linnaei"—*e come guizza* (*that* you can't say in another language; cannot preserve the little in-and-out motion along with the straight-



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MORROW

forwardness!)—I always loved all those creatures God *"sets up for themselves"* so independently of us, so successfully, with their strange happy minute inch of a candle, as it were, to light them; while we run about and against each other with our great cressets and fire-pots.

As for her letters, it is a pleasant surprise to discover what one would never have guessed from her poems: that she possessed a sense of humor. Here is her description of the young men who courted her sister Henrietta:

> Two years ago, three men were loving her, as they called it. After a few months, & the proper quantity of interpretations, one of them consoled himself by giving nic-names to his rivals. Perseverance & Despair he called them . . . & so, went up into the boxes to see out the rest of the play. Despair ran to a crisis, was rejected in so many words, but appealed against the judgement & had his claim admitted—it was all silence & mildness on each side . . a tacit gaining of ground,—Despair "was at least a gentleman," said my brothers. On which Perseverance came on with violent reiterations . . insisted that she loved him without knowing it, or *should* . . elbowed poor Despair into the open streets . . who being a gentleman wouldn't elbow again—swore that "if she married another he would wait till she become a widow, trusting to Providence" . . did wait every morning till the head of the house was out, & sate day by day, in spite of the disinclination of my sisters & the rudeness of all my brothers, four hours in the drawing-room . . let himself be refused once a week and sate all the longer . . allowed everybody in the house (& a few visitors) to see & hear him in fits of hysterical sobbing, & sate on unabashed, the end being that he sits now sole regnant, my poor sister saying softly, with a few tears of remorse for her own instability, that she is "taken by storm & cannot help it."

There are other surprises, at least for me. Though I had heard that Elizabeth took some drug, I did not know that this was a mixture of morphine and ether, and the chief item in her household expenses. The later portraits and caricatures of Browning make him look like a man who had never known a day's illness in his life. It turns out that as a young man he was a martyr to nervous morning headaches, and E. B.'s letters to him are almost as full of anxious inquiries and suggested remedies—he should drink wine and put his feet in hot water at night—as his to her. More extraordinary still, after they have decided to get married, Browning writes that he will have to have a separate room because "I could never brush my hair and wash my face, I do think, before my own father: I could not, I am sure, take off my coat before you *now*—why should I ever?"

Since the final outcome of the drama was so completely dependent upon either their discretion or their ignorance, the characters of the supporting cast are perhaps more interesting than those of the protagonists. Firstly, of course, Papa. "Assuredly, Mr. Barrett was no monster," says Mr. Kintner, and one should never forget that, though a slave owner, he petitioned for Emancipation. (What a curious coincidence it was that both the Brownings and the Barretts should have come from slave-owning families.) At the same time, however, his behavior to his children can only be described as monstrous. Elizabeth was, it seems, his favorite child, and she probably understood his character better than his other children. In her opinion, his basic mistake was one of the intellect rather than the heart—a total misconception, due to a misreading of the Scriptures, as to the rights and duties of a parent. Whatever the cause, the effect on his relations with his children was disastrous, both for them and for him:

> After using one's children as one's chattels for a time, the children drop lower & lower toward the level of chattels, & the duties of human sympathy to them become difficult in proportion. And (it seems strange to say it, yet it is true) *love*, he does not conceive of at all. He has feeling . . he can be moved deeply . . he is capable of affection in a peculiar way—but *that*, he does not understand, any more than he understands Chaldee, respecting it less of course.

In consequence, his family refused him their confidence, would tell him nothing of what they were doing, feeling, and thinking:

> He isolates himself—& now and again he feels it—the cold dead silence all round, which is the effect of an incredible system. If he were not stronger than most men, he could not bear it as he does.

It has always seemed to me most extraordinary that, given both his revulsion at the idea of his children's marrying and his knowledge that Browning was a frequent visitor, he should never have suspected that the relation between him and his daughter was anything more than a literary friendship. The reason, presumably, was that which she gave—his inability to conceive of sexual love. And, of course, if he had no suspicions, nobody else was going to arouse them:

> Let there be ever so many suspectors, there will be no informers . . I suspect the suspectors, but the informers are out of the world, I am very sure:—and then, the one person, by a curious anomaly, *never* draws an inference of this

order, until the bare blade of it is thrust palpably into his hand, point outwards.

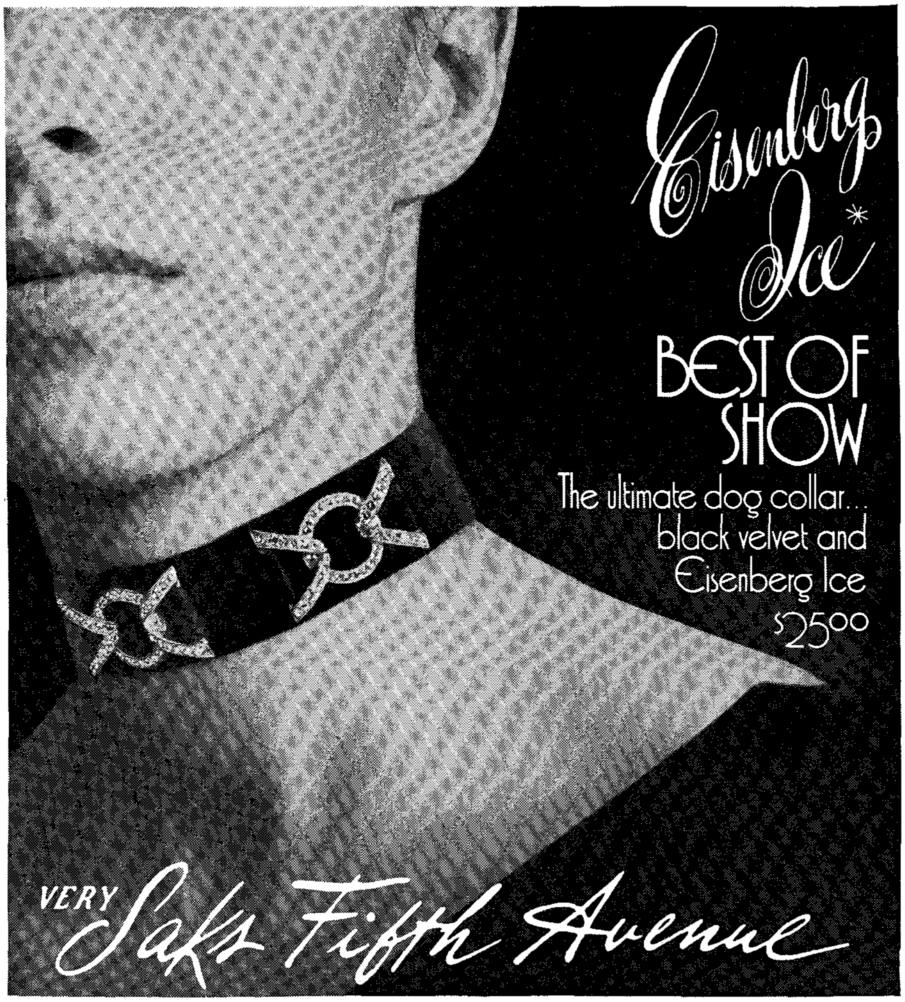
Yet, as Elizabeth realized, had he been a kinder, more demonstrative father, she might never have got married:

> For me, he might have been king & father over me *to* the end if he had thought it worth while to love me openly enough—yet, even *so*, he would not have let you come too near. And you could not have come too near—for he would have had my confidence from the beginning, & no opportunity would have been permitted to you of proving your affection for me, and I should have thought always what I thought at first.

Then there is the enigmatic figure of Mr. Kenyon. To what extent was he conscious of playing the role of Cupid? It was he, a close friend and admirer of both Robert and Elizabeth, who suggested to the former that he enter into a correspondence. Also, as a frequent visitor at Wimpole Street, he was in a position to observe any changes in Elizabeth's manner when Robert's name came up. She records how he sometimes scared her by looking at her through his big spectacles and making such remarks as "But I don't see why I should ask you, when I ought to know him better than you can" and "Now that his book is done, I suppose Mr. Browning will come without excuses." It seems probable that he guessed what was happening but preferred not to know for certain. Robert wanted to tell him outright, but Elizabeth advised against it—rightly, I think:

> I know perfectly that either he would be unhappy himself, or he would make us so. He never could bear the sense of responsibility. Then, as he told me today, and as long ago I knew . . he's "irresolute," timid in deciding. Then he shrinks before the daemon of the World—and "What may be said" is louder to him than thunder.

Knowing, too, that, when they did get married, anyone who seemed to have had foreknowledge would be cast by her father into outer darkness, she was anxious to keep the number as small as possible. Her sisters had to know, but neither her brothers nor Robert's parents. She did confide in Mr. Gould, her former Greek teacher, who had long been blind. An old servant of her grandparents, Trippy, a real Creole mammy, who disapproved of Emancipation and dined at Wimpole Street every Sunday, had guessed, and so, of course, had her personal maid, Elizabeth Wilson. Trippy was too old and too privileged to suffer, but Wilson would certainly be put into the street



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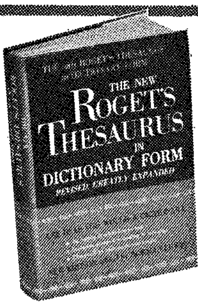

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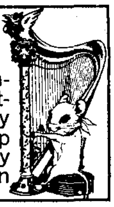

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without a character, so Elizabeth was determined to take her with them to Italy.

Then, of course, there was Flush, her spaniel and the subject of one of her best poems. As she once wrote to Robert, "I am your Flush and he is mine." Flush obeyed her every wish and nobody else's:

> You would laugh to see me at my dinner.. Flush & me—Flush placing in me such an heroic confidence, that.. after he has cast one discriminating glance on the plate, &, in the case of "chicken," wagged his tail with an emphasis.. he goes off to the sofa, shuts his eyes & allows a full quarter of an hour to pass before he returns to take his share. Did you ever hear of a dog before who did not persecute one with beseeching eyes at mealtimes? And remember, this is not the effect of *discipline*. Also if another than myself happens to take coffee or break bread in the room here, he teazes straightway with eyes & paws.. teazes like a common dog & is put out of the door before he can be quieted by scolding.

Flush, it would seem, was jealous of any rival for her affections, for on July 8, 1846, he bit Robert. According to Elizabeth, Flush repented and forgave, since, when, a little while later, she asked, as she had often done before, "Do you love him?," he wagged his tail for the first time.

Though endearments in themselves are not very interesting, in a correspondence such as this the way in which the writers sign their letters is a revealing indication of the stage of intimacy and trust at which they have arrived. Thus, on January 11, 1845, when answering Robert's first letter, Elizabeth signs herself "Your obliged and faithful Elizabeth B. Barrett." By May 17th, this has become "Ever yours, E. B. B." On May 20th, Robert paid his first visit, and immediately wrote a letter proposing marriage, which she answered:

> You have said some intemperate things... fancies, which you will not say over again, nor unsay, but *forget at once*, & *for ever, having said at all*—& which will die out between *you & me alone*, like a misprint between you and the printer.... Your friend in grateful regard.

Only ten days later, this has become "Ever yours, my dear friend;" by July 21st, "May God bless you my dear friend, my ever dear friend!" Her letter of September 16th is simply signed "E. B. B.," possibly because she did not want Robert to overoptimistically misconstrue what she says in it:

> ...if I were different in some respects and free in others by the providence of God, I would accept... the great trust of your happiness... & give away my own life and soul to that end. I *would* do it.. *not, I do*.. observe!

By September 26th, she has almost capitulated:

> If He [God] should free me within a moderate time from the trailing chain of my weakness, I will then be to you whatever at that hour you shall choose—whether friend or more than friend

and she finishes with "May God bless you on this [day] & on those that come after, my dearest friend." In her own family, she was known by the nickname Ba, and on December 24th she so signs herself for the first time. Rather oddly, it was not until July 2, 1846, that she first dared to address him as Robert.

Exactly how serious Robert's intentions were when he made his first proposal we shall never know. Elizabeth, certainly and very naturally, thought they were not. For some years, she had been an invalid who had to be carried up and down stairs, there was no objective reason to suppose that her health would improve, and unless it did a marriage would have been out of the question. Miraculously, though, she slowly got better. On January 18, 1846, she was able to write:

> Now, shall I tell you what I did yesterday. It was so warm, so warm the thermometer at 68 in this room, that I took it into my head to call it April instead of January, & put on a cloak & walked down stairs into the drawing room—walked, mind!... It was a feat worthy of the day—& I surprised them all as much as if I had walked out of the window instead.

On May 11th, while driving in Regent's Park:

> I wished so much to walk through a half-open gate along a shaded path, that we stopped the carriage & got out & walked, & I put both my feet on the grass.. which was the strangest feeling!.. & gathered this laburnum for you. It hung quite high up on the tree, the little blossom did, and Arabel said that certainly I could not reach it—but you see!

On May 28th, she went out and mailed a letter for the first time, and on June 7th wrote her first letter downstairs in the drawing room. From then on, her excursions and visits become frequent. Mr. Kenyon takes her to see the new Great Western locomotive, which terrifies her. With Mrs. Jameson, she visits Samuel Rogers' house and is overwhelmed by her first sight of the great Italian painters. Then, on September 5th, she does something which, even for a Victorian spinster in perfect health, would have been considered very daring. On September 1st, Flush had been stolen by a gang of dog thieves, who were holding him to ransom. She now actually goes herself to find the leader of the gang:

> I went . . . with Wilson in the cab. We got into obscure streets,—& our cabman stopped at a public house to ask his way. Out came two or three men . . "Oh, you want to find Mr. Taylor, I dare say"! (mark that no name had been mentioned!) & instantly an unsolicited philanthropist ran before us to the house, & out again to tell me that the great man "wasn't at home!—but wouldn't I get out?" Wilson, in an aside of terror, entreated me not to think of such a thing—she believed devoutly in the robbing & murdering, & was not reassured by the gang of benevolent men & boys who "lived but to oblige us" all round the cab—"Then wouldn't I see Mrs. Taylor," suggested the philanthropist:—and, notwithstanding my negatives, he had run back again and brought an immense feminine bandit . . . fat enough to have had an easy conscience all her life . . who informed me that "her husband might be in in a few minutes, or in so many hours—wouldn't I like to get out & wait" (Wilson pulling at my gown) (the philanthropist echoing the invitation of the feminine Taylor.)—"No, I thanked them all—it was not necessary that I should get out, but it *was*, that Mr. Taylor should keep his promise about the restoration of a dog he had agreed to restore."

The letters written during the last two and a half months of their engagement are exciting reading. In 1845, Elizabeth had nearly gone to Italy herself, but the plan fell through at the last minute. Next year, there was talk in the family of her making the trip, and a close friend, Mrs. Jameson, had offered to take her. What *could* she say? She knew Mrs. Jameson was to be trusted, but she did not want to burden her with the truth:

> "But *you!* Have you given up going to Italy—?" I said "no, & that I had not certainly"—I said "I felt deeply how her great kindness demanded every sort of frankness & openness from me towards her,—and yet, that at the moment I could not be frank—there were reasons which prevented it . . Would she promise not to renew the subject to Mr. Kenyon? not to repeat to him what I said?—& to wait until the whole should be explained to herself?"

On June 28th, Elizabeth copied out passages from travel books about Italy, and she and Robert started discussing where they should settle. Their first idea was La Cava, a town between Naples and Salerno, described as "enchantingly beautiful, very good air & no English." Other possibles were Vietri and Amalfi. Then she learned from an acquaintance that "La Cava is im-

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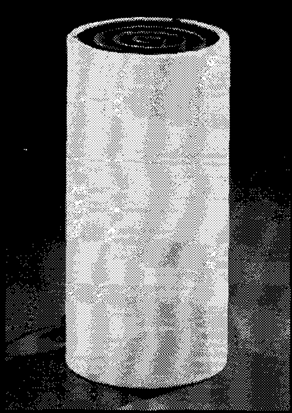

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possible for the winter owing to the damp and cold. At no season should any person remain out at the hour of sunset. . . . Salerno has bad air too near it, to be safe as a residence. Besides, it is totally without the resources of books, good food, or medical advice." Robert thought that the "bad air" was probably an Italian superstition but that it would be better to take no risks. Finally, they decided on Pisa, though somewhat worried about newspaper reports of earthquakes. It is interesting to note that Florence, where they were in the end to make their home, was at this time firmly rejected:

> As for the travelling English, they are horrible, and at Florence, unbearable . . their voices in your ear at every turn . . and such voices!—I got to very nearly hate the Tribune for their sakes.

In addition to where to go, there was the question of how to travel. Would it be less of a strain on her if they went all the way by sea, or crossed over to France and made their way overland? They finally decided on the second alternative. Then there was the embarrassing question, at least for Robert, of Elizabeth's private income of some four hundred pounds a year. Robert had not yet reached the point of earning his living through his writings, and had hitherto depended on an allowance from his father. (On the marriage certificate he describes himself not as Poet or Author but as Gentleman.) Elizabeth drew up the following provisional will:

> In compliance with the request of Robert Browning, who may possibly become my husband, that I would express in writing my wishes respecting the ultimate disposal of whatever property I possess at this time, whether in the funds or elsewhere . . . I here declare my wishes to be . . that he, Robert Browning . . . having, of course, as it is his right to do, first held & used the property in question for the term of his natural life . . . should bequeath the same, by an equal division, to my two sisters, or, in the case of the previous death of either or both of them, to such of my surviving brothers as most shall need it by the judgement of my eldest surviving brother.

At the last minute, two crises occurred. On September 1st, Flush was kidnapped; on September 9th, a Wednesday, Papa announced that the family would be moving to the country, possibly on the next Monday, to stay while the town house was repainted. If this happened, they would have to wait a year, since it would be too dangerous for Elizabeth to travel during the winter. On the Friday, therefore, Robert paid his last visit; on the Saturday, they were married in St. Marylebone Church, the two witnesses being a cousin of Robert's, James Silverthorne, and Elizabeth's maid, Wilson. After the ceremony, Elizabeth sent Wilson home and went herself to the house of Mr. Boyd, where

> I was made to talk & take Cyprus wine,—& my sisters delaying to come, I had some bread and butter for dinner, to keep me from looking too pale in their eyes—At last they came, & with such grave faces! Missing me & Wilson, they had taken fright,—& Arabel had forgotten at first what I told her last night about the fly. I kept saying, "What nonsense . . . what fancies you do have to be sure" . . trembling in my heart with every look they cast at me. And so, to complete the bravery, I went on with them in the carriage to Hampstead . . as far as the heath,—& talked & looked.

Actually, matters were not quite as urgent as they had feared; they did not leave for a week, and had time to discuss how their calling card was to read. Robert thought:

> "Mr. & Mrs. R.B." on *one* card—with the usual "at home" in a corner. How shall we manage *that* by the way? Could we put "In Italy for a year"?

Elizabeth disagreed:

> You must not think of putting any "At *home*" anywhere, or any other thing in the place of it. . . . Put simply the names, as you say, on one card, only without abbreviation or initial, & no intimation of address, which is not necessary, & would be under our circumstances quite wrong.

In the postscript to her last letter, she pays tribute to her maid and, indirectly, to herself:

> The boxes are *safely sent.* Wilson has been perfect to me—and *I* . . calling her "timid," & afraid of her timidity!—I begin to think that none are so bold as the timid, when they are fairly roused.

They did not actually get to Pisa until October 15th. In the following April, they moved to Florence, and lived happily for an "ever after" that was to last fifteen years.

To read about these two as human beings is as exciting as it ever was, but our judgment of them as poets has changed. When they met, Elizabeth was a well-known and much admired poet—Poe dedicated "The Raven and Other Poems" to her—while Robert's work was known only to a few. Today, one hundred and twenty-five years later, Browning is rightly ranked with Tennyson as one of the two great Victorian poets, while she is read only by literary historians. I am afraid that George Saintsbury's verdict is just. "Her ear for rhyme," he says, "was probably the worst on record in the case of a person having any poetic power whatever," and cites in evidence

From my brain the soul-wings budded,
waved a flame about my body,
Whence conventions coiled to ashes. I
felt self-drawn out, as man,
From amalgamate false natures, and I
saw the skies go ruddy
With the deepening feet of angels, and
I knew what spirits can.

On which he comments:

> Now only conceive anyone who had just used "budded" suggesting the pronunciation "buddy" for "body" at a few words' distance! These things are horrible and heartrending. They make the process of reading Mrs. Browning something like that of eating with a raging tooth—a process of alternate expectation and agony. Nor is the diction much better than the rhyme. This, in some ways, certainly, elect lady appears to have been congenitally destitute of all power of mental association; and you turn not many pages from the "ruddy buddy budding with soul-wings" before you come to a "*confluent* kiss"!

True, I say. But what proportion of her total output have I read? A third? Now that I have read these letters, the first thing I shall do is tackle "Aurora Leigh." —W. H. AUDEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

LOST NAMES, by Richard E. Kim (Praeger). The young Korean novelist (he now lives and teaches in the United States) recalls his childhood, when Korea was occupied—permanently, as far as anybody knew—by the Japanese. Mr. Kim's family were resisters, not collaborators, and, because they were Christian, educated, and moderately well to do, they had a sort of local eminence that made the Japanese keep an eye on all of them, including the schoolboy author. The Japanese meant to erase Korean nationality by drafting Koreans into their army, extinguishing the Korean language, enforcing Shinto observance, and—this gives the book its title—making Koreans take Japanese names. (Since that act broke an ancestral chain very important to all Asians, even a few Japanese thought it unnecessarily brutal.) Mr. Kim's retrospect is somewhat relieved by his final chapter: the Koreans take over his town after the Japanese surrender. Yet despite this happy ending the author's clear, evocative narrative describes a terrifying experience—foreign occupation. Its homely detail demonstrates how

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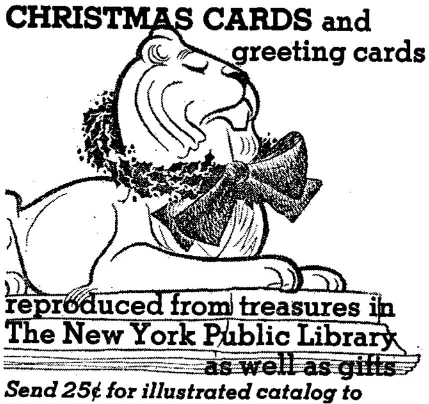

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pervasive nationality is, and how painful any attempt to destroy it.

LONDON: THE BIOGRAPHY OF A CITY, by Christopher Hibbert (Morrow). "In the London Library alone there are well over two hundred feet of shelves devoted to books on the history and topography of London," Mr. Hibbert writes, and then lists a hundred and fifty of the books that are the most interesting and useful. His own text-and-picture book, chronologically arranged from the first century A.D., when London was a Roman garrison, to the present day, is a worthy addition. Surveying nearly two thousand years in less than three hundred pages, Mr. Hibbert's history is as concise as a catalogue and as teeming with life as the city itself. He has a genius for finding facts throughout the centuries that seem to have come from today's newspapers. We read, for example, that in the seventeenth century John Evelyn complained of the "horrid smoke" which "obscures our Churches, and makes our Palaces look old, which fouls our Clothes, and corrupts the Waters," and that a hundred years later pollution was far worse: Boswell reported that on his return from Germany, where he had not taken off his clothes for over a week, he was forced to change his linen every day. It is social history that interests Mr. Hibbert, but as the reader progresses through his stories of kings and whores, crooks and eccentrics, ordinary and extraordinary people, the topography of the city falls into place, piece by piece, until it is all there. The illustrations, almost one to a page and many of them in color, are full of pleasant surprises—a portrait of Christopher Wren looking like John Gielgud in "Love for Love," an Inigo Jones costume sketch of 1605 that suggests a Eugène Berman, and photographs of the cat's-meat sellers, chimney sweeps, match sellers, and slum dwellers of nineteenth-century London that are as formally beautiful as the written descriptions of their lives are horrifying. "Uniquely emotive, uniquely seductive, uniquely beautiful"—Mr. Hibbert's words for the city—apply as well to his book. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

FACES FROM THE PAST, by Richard M. Ketchum (American Heritage). This selection of daguerreotypes and photographs of more than thirty (mainly) famous Americans is a treasure. (A short essay accompanies each portrait.) One sees, for instance, that Dolly Madison, who was photographed toward the end of her life, can never have been a beauty, but, oh, the charm and good humor in that aged face! Young Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, on the other hand, is beautiful but cheap, while young Lizzie Borden looks like the puzzle she was—innocent, maybe, or crazy. Some photographs—the one of Chief Joseph, the leader of the Nez Percé resistance, taken long after his defeat—are posed précis of history; a few reproduce faces so familiar (Calhoun, with his intense eyes, and Stonewall Jackson, in his vast beard) that we feel the pictures restate what we already know. Yet the unevenness of John Brown's features seems to offer a new clue to the man, and Booker T. Washington's earnest, direct gaze says who he was better than much discussion. Middle-aged Norman Thomas snapped at his college reunion wearing a funny hat explains why, in contrast to many other crusaders, he was lovable.

THE VAN WYCK BROOKS-LEWIS MUMFORD LETTERS: THE RECORD OF A LITERARY FRIENDSHIP, 1921–63, edited by Robert E. Spiller (Dutton). In his brief, affectionate introduction, Mr. Mumford recalls what he and the late Van Wyck Brooks had in common when they met in 1920—mainly, a belief in American cultural achievements that was comparatively rare at that time. Their intellectual compatibility developed into a personal warmth that saw both men through some rough patches and survived a couple of arguments, and their extensive, engaging correspondence reveals two things: the seriousness of their artistic concern and the fine style of their language. Twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

NOTE: "A Friend of Kafka," a collection of short stories by Isaac Bashevis Singer, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. A number of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . Little, Brown has published "Bed Riddance," a collection of verse for the convalescent by Ogden Nash. Again, some of the poems first appeared in this magazine.

•

Similarly, works by Seymour Haden, Whistler's brother-in-law, well may start to rise on Whistler's cocktails.—*Sylvia Porter in the Grand Rapids Press.*

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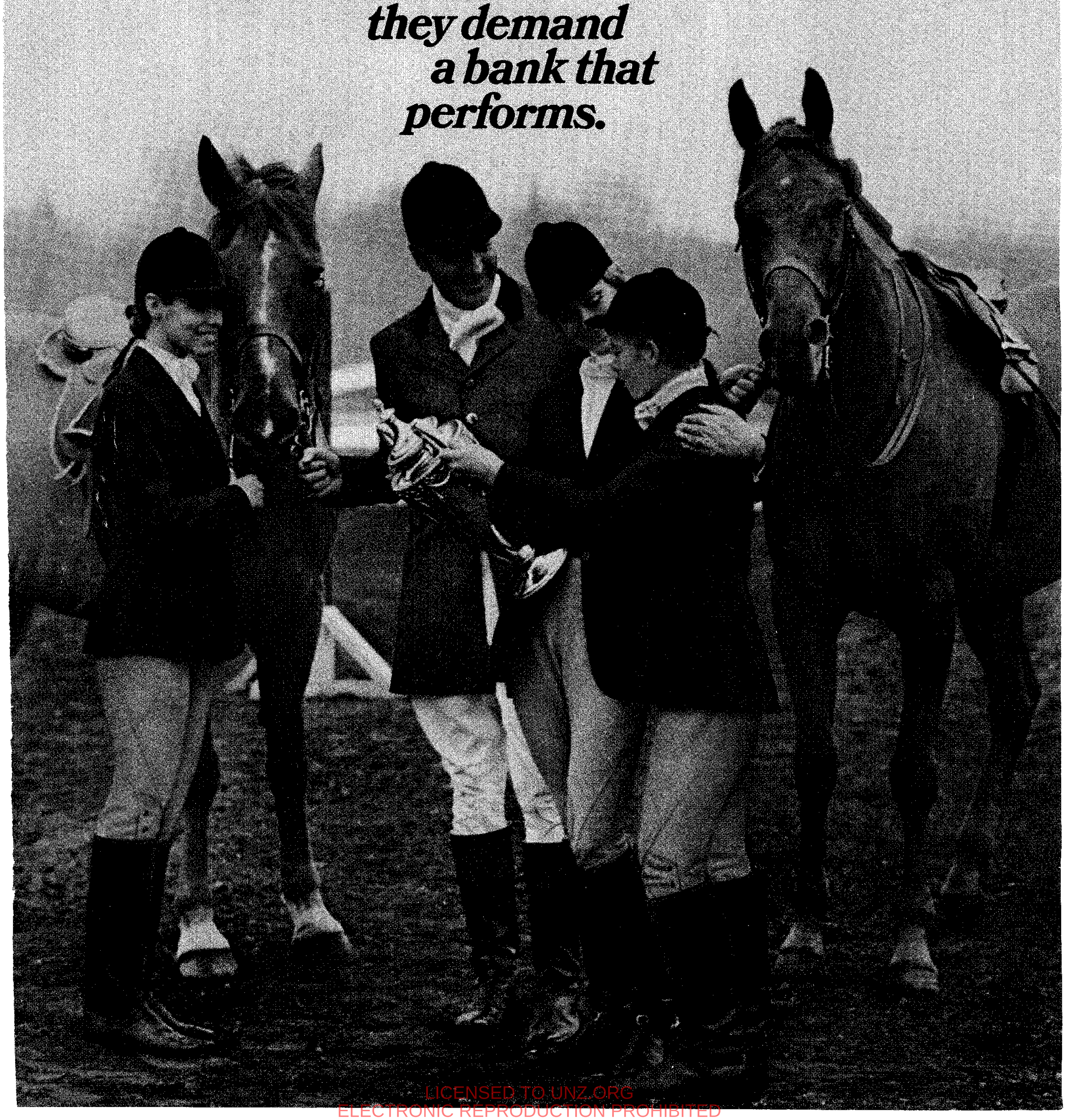

Bonaparte au Mont St.-Bernard. Peinture par Jacques-Louis David. (Musée de Versailles)

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